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Memorials of a Consecrated Life.

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Memorials of a Consecrated Life.

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PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.

Your ever affectionate friend
Ann Lutton

From a photograph taken at the age of

MEMORIALS

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T. V[illegible]A, CITY ROAD,
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1882.

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MEMORIALS

OF

A CONSECRATED LIFE

COMPILED FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY, LETTERS, AND DIARIES OF

ANNE LUTTON

Of Moira Co. Down, Ireland, and of Cotham, Bristol

"CONSTRAINED BY THE LOVE OF CHRIST, SHE GRATEFULLY LAID HER ALL UPON THE ALTAR OF CONSECRATION, AND HER LIFE WAS AN ACCEPTABLE SACRIFICE TO GOD."—*Rev. William Hirst.*

LONDON
T. WOOLMER, 2 CASTLE STREET, CITY ROAD,
AND 66 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
1882.

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PREFACE.

I WILL not offer any apology for the publication of the present volume, because I do not consider that it needs one. On the contrary, I think that an apology would have been due, not only to the large circle of Miss Lutton's friends and admirers, but to the Christian public generally, if her memory had been allowed to perish, and if the large mass of papers which she left had not been utilized.

The world can ill afford to lose an example of whole-hearted devotedness, of firm consistency, of intellectual vigour, and yet of womanly tenderness and child-like simplicity, such as were combined in this emphatically Christian gentlewoman.

Miss Lutton is practically her own biographer. By far the larger portion of the present volume is from her own pen, in the shape of autobiography, diary, letters, and poems.

Connecting links have been supplied by the Editor, and an account has been given from the reminiscences of various friends of her later days, when blindness had laid the busy pen to rest, twenty years before the inspiring mind had ceased to work.

I have in my possession several of Miss Lutton's diaries, both of an earlier and later period. These have been consulted and occasionally extracted from, but not largely quoted, because their publication in a separate and consecutive form is one of the possibilities to which I look forward, and the history of the spiritual life suffers by being dealt with in a fragmentary manner.

The leading features of her life and happy Christian experience are given in her letters, and my difficulty has been an *embarras de richesse*, owing to the multiplicity of material.

I tender my thanks for help received in this compilation from many sources—

To the relatives of Miss Lutton, descendants of her sisters, Mrs. Tucker and Mrs. Murray, and of her cousin, Mr. William Lutton of Breagh, near Portadown, for family traditions and letters.

To Dr. Lynn of Armagh, a dear and much prized friend of Miss Lutton's, for valuable communications.

To the Rev. G. Bowden, her friend and pastor, for exact statistical information.

To the Rev. W. Murdoch, curate of Maralin, who took much pains in searching the registers of the parish of Moira.

To the Rev. T. Pearson, of the Manse, Moira; and to Averill Shillington, Esq., J.P., of Portadown, and Miss Shillington, for important local information.

To J. L. Douie, Esq., of Moira, who supplied an old

plan of the place, by which I was able to identify the Lutton properties there.

To several of Miss Lutton's correspondents, who have given me letters to add to the large mass already in my possession, which had been returned to her during her lifetime.

Many of my friends, younger as well as older, have also assisted me in the task of copying letters and papers. To each and all of these, as though named individually, I tender my best thanks. I would also name those to whom I am indebted for other services, viz.: Miss Cecile Warren of Clifton, who aided my researches in Chepstow; Miss Florence Westcott of Liverpool, my companion in my Irish journey, to whose skilful pencil I am also indebted for many of the illustrations of this volume; and Miss Gertrude Everett Green, who has executed the design for the cover.

Last, but not least, I would recognise gratefully the very valuable help given me by Mrs. Everett Green of London, who devoted most of her summer holiday to the editorial portion of the work, and who has also passed it through the press. Without her direction and assistance, this memoir could not now have appeared.

J. H. W.

LLANBERRIS VILLA, COTHAM,
BRISTOL, *Nov.* 21, 1882.

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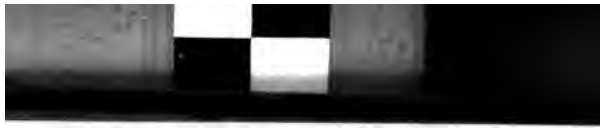

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MOIRA CHURCH.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

AS no human character, however distinctively it may stand out from its surroundings, is wholly independent of their influence upon its formation, it may be well to preface the autobiography of Miss Lutton by a slight sketch of her ancestry.

As early as the fifteenth century, the family of Lutton from which she descended was settled at Knapton, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, and they were "armigeri," or bearers of family arms, at a time when the distinction meant something, being conferred by the heralds on landed proprietors only. The arms were: on a field *gules*, a chevron *argent*, between three crosses *or;* crest, on the stump of a tree eradicated, a peacock close proper; motto, "*Malo mori quam fœdari*," or "Death before dishonour."[1]

[1] Harleian MSS. 1394, f. 111; 1415, f. 88 *b*; 1420, f. 87, British Museum.

The crosses were said to be granted as a reward for signal service done in the holy wars by an ancestor of the family. These arms are recorded as borne by the family as late as 1665. The Irish branch had a slight difference in the arms—the field was azure, not gules, the crest a cross-crosslet fitchy gules. Miss Lutton took pleasure in the thought that the cross formed a leading feature in her family escutcheon. She also, genuine Irishwoman though she was, rejoiced in her English descent, and would playfully allude to her ancestral country as her "Grandmother."

In 1649, William Lutton, one of her ancestors, then seemingly a young man, had to compound with Parliament for having joined the King's party in the late civil war, but all his property consisted in his mare and wearing apparel, valued at £12, equal to £60 of our present money, for which he was fined £2, at the customary rate of one-sixth.[1]

In the year 1690, when William III. went to Ireland, to subdue the adherents of James II., two officers, brothers Ralph and William Lutton, of Knapton, one married, the other unmarried, accompanied the king.

They had an ancestral connection with the sister isle, for Philip Lutton, who was living in 1612, had married Anne, daughter of Thomas Appleby, of County Kildare. On his Majesty's return, and the disbanding of many of his troops, these two brothers chose to remain in Ireland.

William had two grandsons, brothers. William, born 1709, died 1801, had nine children, and among them a daughter Anne, born 10th October 1751.

Ralph, born in 1723, married Catherine Brown. He was proprietor, either by purchase or inheritance, of several estates in and about Moira, County Down, where he filled the office of churchwarden in 1752, 1758, 1774, and 1777. He died in middle life in 1778. His only daughter died before him, and he left an only son Ralph, born in 1751.

[1] Royalist composition papers, G. 216, f. 743. Public Record Office.

This Ralph, in 1770, when only nineteen years old, married his young cousin Anne Lutton, of the same age as himself, the sixth child of his uncle, William Lutton. They were the parents of a numerous family, many of whom are alluded to in the following pages, viz. :

Ralph, born 1771, educated as a surgeon, and practised in Dublin, where he died in 1816.

Mary, born 1772, and after a short but saintly life, died in 1800, unmarried.[1]

Martha, born 1774; married about 1795 to Mr. Sam. Tucker, son of a Wesleyan minister; died in 1847. Two of her grandsons, the Revs. P. A. Trotter and John C. Trotter, entered the Wesleyan ministry in Ireland in 1872.

Catherine, born 1777; married in 1798 to Mr. Hugh Murray; died in 1850. She had a large family; one of her sons, Hugh, entered the Irish Church, and became first curate at Sligo, and then rector of Athlone, where he died. Her daughter, Anne Murray, is still a resident at Moira.

Thomas, born about 1778, described as a droll and brilliant fellow, who would amuse himself, and beguile his listeners, by taking up a newspaper and improvizing its supposed contents. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. His descendants are still living.

John, born 1786, a remarkable and saintly child, died in 1795. A brief sketch of him was printed in the *Irish Methodist Magazine* for 1809.

John Wesley, born 1787, who died young and very suddenly.

William, born 1788, educated as an army surgeon. He retired to Waringtown in old age, and died at Lisburn.

Charles, born 1789, became, on his father's security, agent

[1] A sketch of this sister was written by Miss Lutton from early recollection and family tradition. It was lost for half a century, but has lately been recovered, and may possibly be published.

to the Marquis of Downshire, and married. His wife Ellen was buried in the family grave at Aghalee.

Robert, born 1790, was not possessed of his brothers' powerful physique, and in early life his conduct caused his parents much anxiety; but he was converted to God in 1813, and in 1823 went to America, where he entered the Wesleyan ministry, and died in 1859.

Anne, the subject of this volume, born in 1791, died in 1881.

Two children born after her died in infancy.

Miss Lutton describes her ancestors as "Protestants "of the old stamp, capital church-goers;" and adds, "They "prided themselves so much on never having had a Roman "Catholic in their family, that I secretly suspect they did "not like St. Peter as well as the other apostles, because "of the attempts made by their illiterate neighbours to "prove him a Papist!"

The place of their residence is thus described by her:—

"A hundred years ago, the little town of Moira presented "to the eye of a stranger something extraordinarily interest- "ing. It consisted of one long street, each side of which "was ornamented by a regular row of full-grown lime-trees. "In the branches sat and sang many a bird; around them "played merry groups of children; and old men and "women, sitting on large smooth stones placed at nearly "every door, enjoyed the sunshine, and talked to one "another. Just where the houses terminated, at the lower "end of the town, were two gates, exactly opposite. Each "gate opened into a long avenue of tall trees; each avenue "led to a noble edifice. One was the parish church, the "other the castle of the Earl of Moira; so that from the "one majestic pile to the other seemed but one continued "avenue, with a lovely lawn of green at either end of it."

These noble avenues of beech, lime, and elm-trees still remain, but the castle itself is totally demolished. From its

site there is a beautiful view, through the long green vista of trees, of Moira church, with its tapering spire. The church was built about 1726, when Moira, formerly belonging to the parish of Magheralin, or Maralin, became itself a parish. It is of mixed Grecian architecture; the porch is decorated with Doric triglyphs and pilasters; the west door is of carved wood; but all ornamentation is confined to the exterior. The interior of the church is plain almost to rudeness. It consists of a middle aisle, with long seats of painted wood on each side, and a gallery at the west end, and would seat about 400 persons.

The ancestral home of the Lutton family retains the aspect of an antique mansion. It is of three storeys, with seven front windows in each upper row; but it is now divided into three tenements. It still has in the rear a large old-fashioned garden.

"The town," writes Miss Lutton, "was encompassed by "plantations; a wood rose on one side, groves and orchards "flourished on the other, so that it was difficult, as you "drew near to it, to decide whether it was a wood in a "town, or a town in a wood."

"One day in the year 1756, the Earl of Moira sent a "servant to the clergyman to request the key of the church, "that the Rev. John Wesley might preach to the people. "The clergyman declined giving the key, and was ac- "customed, during the course of a long life, to boast in "company that, even to oblige a nobleman, he would not "tolerate the Methodists. The Earl was greatly annoyed "at the rector's refusal, but he was determined that nothing "should prevent Mr. Wesley from preaching; so he sent "the bellman through the town, to summon all the people "to the lawn before the castle, and Mr. Wesley stood on the "top of a long flight of steps before the grand entrance-hall."

The introduction of Methodism into her father's house, though it occurred before Miss Lutton's birth, is thus

described by her from family tradition:—"It was Sunday; "the people were just returned from the morning service in "church, and whilst careful mistresses were looking after "due preliminaries of the approaching dinner-hour, and "younger members of the household were lolling over "books, or idly gazing on the occasional figures which "flitted past the windows, a stranger rode up to the prin- "cipal inn, dismounted, gave his horse in charge to the "usual attendant, unstrapped a huge pair of saddle-bags, "and flinging them over his arm, walked into the house.

"All this was observed by some juvenile loungers in the "house adjoining, who found great amusement in looking "at the new-comer, and forming conjectures as to who he "was, and what brought him there. He was not like any one "they ever saw before; plain, but not in Quaker costume. "Then those mysterious saddle-bags! What could be in "them? For he seemed specially attentive to them, and "even looked almost affectionately at them. The thing was "too puzzling for their comprehension, so off they ran and "reported the matter to their father. He immediately ob- "served it was most probably a Methodist preacher, and as "he believed those men were generally very poor, and the "stranger might not order a dinner at the inn, he should "wish to ask him to come in and share theirs. 'My dear,' "said he, addressing his wife, 'have you any objection?' "To this she replied with right hospitable warmth, and in "half an hour the master and mistress of the mansion, two "grown-up daughters, a son, and some five or six junior "members of the family, sat around the dinner-table, with "Mr. John Grace, the Methodist preacher, occupying the "most honourable place beside the lady!"[1]

"That memorable Sabbath," she writes, "when my

[1] The date of this event is ascertained by reference to the Minutes of Conference. It was in the year 1791, a few months before Anne Lutton was born, that Mr. John Grace was stationed at Moira.

" father invited the Methodist preacher to come in and eat " bread with him, was the 'beginning of days' to a house- " hold which had hitherto 'sat in darkness.' They were all " charmed with the winning manners and sweet conversation " of their guest. He attracted and held them fast bound by " some secret spell they never felt before. He seemed to " awaken new powers of mind, and give new subjects for " thought and converse. The little circle sat wondering, " and delighted to find that religion was not clad in sable, " repulsive, and exacting. The voice of the stranger operated " on their hearts like the gentle breeze stealing over the " chords of an Æolian harp, producing soft music, soothing, " and subduing. From that day the Methodist preachers " were regularly entertained at my father's house; and as no " chapel was then, nor for many years afterwards, built in " that little town, his parlour and hall were the places where " sat the congregation, whilst the laborious and pious men " of God sought to save the souls of them that heard them."

Miss Lutton's father was a man of dignified presence, tall and stately, with well-proportioned limbs, which the dress of the period—breeches, with knee-buckles and long stockings—set off to advantage. He was a classical scholar and a linguist, and was frequently applied to for advice and assistance in their studies by the young men of the neighbourhood who were preparing for college examinations. He had also a good voice, fine musical taste, and played well on the violin, but he was partially blind from cataract. He went to Dublin and submitted to an operation in his early married life, but its success was only temporary, and through life he required to be constantly led out of doors, and frequently read to in-doors.

Mrs. Lutton was a fine, handsome woman, of gracious presence, and very popular amongst her neighbours and acquaintance, and also possessed strong literary tastes; but her large family and blind husband left little leisure for

their development. The country people retained then a superstitious belief in the efficacy of Mrs. Lutton's touch for whooping-cough, because of the consanguinity of herself and her husband, and poor people often came to her house to obtain the touch of her hand and the accompanying dole of food. Strange to say, this superstition also was entertained in reference to her daughter Anne.

With this brief introduction, the reader will now pass to an account of Miss Lutton's early life from her own pen, written in the year 1834, when she was in her forty-third year.

DONAGHCLONY HOUSE.

CHAPTER II.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, ETC.—1791-1816.

"IN the year 1791, December 16th, I was born,[1] and bap-
" tized by the clergyman of the Established Church,
" whose ministry, strictly limited to Sabbath morning prayers
" and sermon, was duly attended by all our family. I was
" taken to church when almost an infant.[2] I was also
" equally early and well familiarized, as will be easily sup-
" posed, to the Wesleyan preaching on Sunday evenings;

[1] It is a tradition in the family that Anne was an infant of such an unusual size, that one of her brothers weighed her, and found her weight to be upwards of ten pounds.

[2] The parish clerk at Moira, in leading the responses of the congregation, gave his own peculiar intonation to the response, "Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law;" he pronounced the last two words as "the sloe," and the child greatly marvelled as to what sloe was indicated, and where it might be possible to find it, as she had to find before she could keep it!

"and thus, by the combination of the two systems, I was "preserved from extremes: the arrogant exclusiveness of "High Church prejudices, and the contracted bigotry of "hostile sectarianism.

"Both my parents were steady adherents of the Estab- "lished Church of England, and they had also joined the "Methodist society.

"My parents caused all their children to conform to their "wishes by meeting in class and attending all the other "religious ordinances from their tenderest infancy. I do "not presume to say whether or not this was a judicious "plan. I can only bear my testimony to its usefulness in "my own case, and I believe I shall bless God whilst I "have being that I was not left to choose my religion for "myself, without the advantage of those early impressions "which were made on my mind in the select and solemn "means of grace with which I was privileged, and into "which I might never have entered had not the kind con- "straining hand of a beloved mother led me.[1]

"The seed was sown early and late, and though for many "years there was no appearance of fruit in my becoming "converted, yet my being always identified with Methodism "saved me from a thousand worldly follies; it also made "me respect a cause and people which were so dear to my "parents, whom I idolized, and I became well informed on "several subjects which, many years after, proved of great "service to me. But still I was unchanged, and the carnal "mind would often manifest itself in enmity to the things

[1] A Methodist Pocket Book for 1801, containing a likeness of Mr. Alexander Mather, aged 68, was in that year given to her, inscribed, "The gift of Samuel Steele to his little sister, Anne Lutton. Moira, March 24th, 1801." A society ticket for June 1802 is pasted inside the cover, with the text (Isa. i. 18), "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

" of God; and till I had passed the years of childhood, I " was a stranger to the religion of the heart, 'without God " and without hope in the world.'

" The curate of the church at Moira was a sensible, well- " informed man, who eked out his miserable stipend by " instructing a few pupils in the classics; and having seven " small children to maintain, he lived most economically. " Duly at seven o'clock each morning, with carefully closed " doors, into which no person could ever find admittance " till an hour afterwards, he sat down with his wife and " little ones to breakfast on potatoes or a little oatmeal " gruel, unable to procure better sustenance, and unwilling " to have his poverty suspected. Many an evening did " he spend with my father, who enjoyed the intellectuality " of his society, and my mother contrived numerous pre- " texts for having his wife just one hour when tea was on " the table. Only a few houses distant, the two in each " house became strongly attached to the other two, and in " the end exceedingly useful.

" Mr. —— felt interested in my father's report of the " Methodist preachers, spent some time with them occa- " sionally at our house, then stole in to hear their dis- " courses, then more openly sat on the chair behind which " stood the humble minister, and then began to seek his " own salvation, and labour incessantly for the souls of his " parishioners. In the church he proclaimed Christ cruci- " fied; in barns and cottages in the country he held weekly " lectures, when the sons of toil returned from their day " of labour. He was blessed and made a blessing. His " wife, simple and quiet-minded, of domestic habits and " a retiring disposition, found a treasure in vital godliness; " gave her heart to the Lord, joined the same class that " my mother met in, and in a few years was 'numbered " with the saints in glory everlasting.' She died in peace " and triumph.

"It is a difficult thing to determine what is our own "real character, and a no less delicate matter to give the "opinion we have formed of it to others. There is a "natural self-love prone to look through a pleasing medium "at even defective points, and draw us into extenuation "of real errors. On the other hand, there is, when re-"generate, a gracious self-abhorrence, which scarcely allows "us to do justice to the peculiar mould into which we "were individually poured when brought into existence; "and this term *mould* best expresses the idea I entertain "and wish to convey respecting human nature. We are "all fallen, all so far fallen that every one is included in "the collective designation 'children of wrath,' and must "perish everlastingly, unless saved through the death of "the Lord Jesus Christ. We are all a mass of mixed and "deteriorated metal, but some are so moulded as to exhibit "more agreeable mental proportions than others. There "is a gentleness, an amiability of disposition in some young "persons, which makes them general favourites, and too "often blinds the eyes of partial friends and fond parents "to the danger of those loved ones being deceived, and "losing their souls. By themselves and by their affec-"tionate relatives, that sacred truth is not sufficiently "recognised, 'Ye must be born again.' What! that sweet, "even-tempered, cheerful, kind, attentive child—must she "become 'a new creature'? She whose unselfishness is a "proverb; whose gladsome spirit, warm and sunny, makes "the house the abode of pleasure; who weeps at sorrows "not her own, and watches for opportunities of obliging "and being useful—must she be born again? Yes; or "never enter the kingdom of heaven! So says the blessed "Bible, recording His declaration whose every word is "true, fixed, and immutable.

"It is highly probable that my natural disposition and "ordinary conduct were of the kind already alluded to;

"several things tend to confirm me in this opinion. First, "neither my own memory nor that of my parents ever "supplied an instance of my having given them pain by "opposition to their will or otherwise. Just before the "death of my father, who survived my mother twelve "years, he told me to this effect; and oh how it comforted "me to think that, in early years, when yet I knew not "the voice of the Lord, I was preserved from grieving "those dear friends who were so careful of me and "indulgent to me!

"From my first consciousness, all my happiness was in "the keeping of those I loved. If they frowned, I was "miserable; if they smiled, I cared for little else, satisfied "with their affection, and supremely seeking to please them. "Such a turn of mind is usually commended, and is sure "to be attractive and interesting; but it has its great "liabilities to evil, and largely partakes of the sad effects "of original taint and corruption. It induces or cherishes "a morbid sensitiveness, which in after-life receives a "thousand inflictions, and unless counteracted by a con- "siderable measure of judgment and resolution, it will "leave the opinion and conduct to be influenced and "operated on to any extent, by the folly or wickedness of "designing associates.

"A second ground for believing I was looked on as "amiable and almost faultless when a child is the sur- "prise expressed by a very old and excellent woman—a "Methodist—when, at a more advanced age, I was converted "to God. 'Oh,' she exclaimed, 'she always was good!' "And my parents must have fallen into a similar mistake, "for they did not talk to me closely about my soul. Yet "that they knew the truth, I cannot doubt. Oh, when I "was 'born again,' how often did I wish they had long, "long before pressed experimental religion on my atten- "tion, and told me I was in danger of being lost for ever

" if I did not attain to it! But their eyes were not open to " my peril; and to the work of the Spirit within, exclusive " of all outward instrumentality, am I indebted for repent- " ance unto life and a hope which maketh not ashamed. " Bless the Lord for ever and ever!

" I was the youngest surviving child of my parents; two " others born after me died in early infancy, and though " my mother could boast of having eleven children with her " in the same room where the Wesleyan minister preached, " a few years scattered them abroad, and left only two little " boys and myself at home with her. Being the youngest, " and called by my mother's name, I was greatly indulged, " and as every one was kind, my heart overflowed with " affection. My spirits were buoyant, and my mirth and " drollery became excessively amusing."

The account here given by Miss Lutton is fully borne out by family tradition. In childhood she is described as a bonnie little girl, with clear brown eyes, dimpled cheeks, soft fair shoulders, plump and round as a pin-cushion, but she early attained the stature of a woman. She inherited from her father a tall and well-proportioned figure, and so stately was her gait that she was playfully designated "the lady Anne." Her only natural defect was extreme short-sightedness, and the consequent convexity of the eye.

Her childhood was a joyous one. Her father gave her a pony, on which she was allowed to gallop over the fields, sometimes unattended. She lacked the companionship of a sister, as her sister Mary died when she was young, and her two other sisters, seventeen and fourteen years older than herself, married early, and left the parental home; but she had the merry company of brothers not much older, who were her constant playmates. They delighted, as brothers do, to coax their little sister to share their sports, and to assist in building on the lawn the great man of snow, which remained frozen from the winter into the cold and late spring.

They loved to watch her eager gaze as they brought her some living treasure from the woods, to look at as closely as her short-sight required; and to procure for her the stories of marvel or magic, which, though the staple of the juvenile library of the eighteenth century, were banished from the nurseries of the early decades of the nineteenth, and re-introduced, with an intellectual flourish of trumpets, into those of the latter part of the century.

The young Anne had wild spirits and ready wit. On one occasion she was permitted, at her earnest request, to nurse an infant of her sister, Mrs. Tucker. The little one was given to her wrapped in a small blanket, which she was charged to hold tight. By and by came a bump, followed by a scream, and poor baby was found on the floor. The little nurse was seriously reprimanded for her carelessness, but she had a ready excuse. "You told me to hold the blanket tight, and I did as I was bid, only baby, she rolled out of the blanket!"

The autobiography thus continues:—

"Once only was I corrected, and never can I forget the "fault and its concomitants. It is one of my earliest recol- "lections. I could not have been more than three or four "years old. I was exceedingly attached to my eldest "sister; she was my grandmother's favourite. The old "lady had relinquished housekeeping, and had come to "live with her only son. My sister did not then enjoy "religion. She had some pique at grandmother for a day "or two previously. I saw it, but neither knew nor cared "who was to blame: my own dear Mary was vexed, and "that was enough for me; so having been often laughed at "for my odd conceits and humorous imitations of what "was ridiculous, I tried my capabilities on my good old "grandmother, purely to avenge Mary's wrongs, as I sup- "posed them. She became aware that I was mocking "her, and declared her fixed resolve to tell my father.

"It was a fine morning in summer, when, rising from my "bed, I submitted to the customary ablution and dressing "so indispensable to health and cheerfulness. A very tiny "thing, I was almost as round as a football, full of mirth "and glee. Glad that every tape was tied, I gently pushed "to the now opened door, to give a sort of impetus to the "little body prepared for motion, and delighting in it. So "off I went to the parlour, and my father, as was his wont, "took me on his knee, kissed me, and joined me in singing "a hymn which I greatly liked, 'Behold the Saviour of "mankind,' etc. How could I forget my naughtiness dur-"ing the past night? Yet it never once occurred to me; and "there I sat, and sang the most solemn and sacred truths "without any sort of penitence, till, just as breakfast was over, "and my complacency with myself and everything around "me was at its height, in came my poor old grandmother, "verging on her eighty-second year, a confirmed invalid, "not able to rise early, and full of infirmities. Then came "her complaint; then followed a severe reprimand; and last "of all, my father called me from my little chair into which "I had retreated, took me again on his knee, not to kiss "his cheek, not to sing my darling hymn, and hear how "much he loved me, but to receive three smart strokes with "his open hand, and, far more dreadful, to see him frown, "and hear him call me a bad little girl, and one he could "not smile on till I grew far better. That was the hour of "woe indeed; my heart felt breaking, and I sobbed con-"vulsively, unable to restrain myself. Deeply did I mourn "my fault; I saw it in all its aggravation, for never was "there a kinder or more generous grandmother than "mine, and it was cruel and ungrateful in me to vex her "spirit.

"Well, my stripes did me much good; they awakened "conscience, as well as punished delinquency, and from "that hour of my acute sorrow to the present day, I have

"been a different creature in one respect. Many a year "has passed over, through many a trying scene have I "travelled, and no doubt often have I grieved my fellows, "but never, never wilfully, deliberately, designedly, as I "then did.

"I will yield to none in my love for children, except to "a mother—she feels as none else can do; but dearly as I "love them, delightedly as I watch their every movement, "and listen to their exuberance of uncontrollable pleasure, "and, when no censor's eye is on me, aid their innocent "rompings, yet am I fully persuaded that no reasoning "process, no manifestation of disapprobation, can effect "what a little physical suffering judiciously administered, "with accompanying exposition of the fault, will do. The "Supreme Governor of us all exhibits, in His providential "discipline, the same varied process which by precept He "inculcates on earthly parents. 'What son is there whom "his father chasteneth not?' Bodily suffering is intended "to be instrumental to our salvation. 'Before I was "afflicted I went astray.' Many saints in heaven will "rejoice that an afflicted, weak, or sickly frame was their "remembrancer of duty, or detector of error, or medium "of instruction. Many a one on earth at this moment "blesses God, as I do, for 'stripes in season.'

"'Foolishness,' says Solomon, 'is bound up in the heart "of a child, but the rod of correction will drive it far from "him' (Prov. xxii. 15).

"I had no regular systematic education. My native "place afforded few opportunities, and of even those few a "trifling incident precluded me the advantage, and left me "apparently to mark out my own course; but is not every-"thing not only occurring, but operating, by Divine per-"mission, and over-ruled and directed to the best possible "end?

"There is no chance in the world, and mere infants are

" not responsible for the results of certain almost involun-
" tary actions, arising from unaccountable antipathies or
" constitutional sensitiveness.

" My earliest recollection can only embrace one circum-
" stance. When in my nurse's arms, a new servant
" attempted to kiss me; but loving officiousness from a
" stranger was odious to me, and my loud outcries soon put
" the foe to flight. Such things are common to children,
" and would perhaps have been forgotten 'long, long ago'
" by me, had not the remembrance been perpetuated by a
" circumstance which took place twelve months afterwards,
" and which gave a colour to all my after-existence. When
" about three years old, I was taken to a dame's school,
" where, for a small gratuity, the children of respectable
" parents were taught to spell and sing as soon as they
" could distinctly articulate. It was a very select company
" indeed, for none of an age to go anywhere else were sent,
" and the mistress, having been an upper servant in an
" aristocratic family for great part of her life, had imbibed
" a distaste for poor people, and was, in return, not very
" kindly regarded by them.

" To this school then I went, and there was safely
" deposited by my conductor. It was a very short distance
" from my home, and the walk was no mighty achievement.
" When I entered it, being very young, I was placed on a
" low form, beside a child two or three years older, to
" whose care the teacher committed me, that I might not
" fall or be without a little friend. My guardian was
" faithful to her trust, and sought to please me, but had
" not been in office many minutes when the thought crossed
" her mind of kissing her little *protegée*. That was the
" signal for my flight; down I rolled from the form, in
" pin-cushion fashion; off I went through the open door,
" and fast as I could foot it, did I wend my way to 'home,
" sweet home.'

"Scarcely had my mother time to congratulate herself "on being relieved from my society during the morning, "when a loud thumping of little fists and feet was heard "at the hall door, with the admixture of sundry significant "shouts from strong lungs and a small personage, 'to "open, open.' No time was lost, the door was opened, "and, breathless but victorious, I clasped the knee of "my mother. The instant after, and before the door had "time to close, my mistress rushed in, and claimed her "pupil. But in vain; no entreaties could prevail with "me, promises were spurned, and nothing could move "me but stern authority, which at no period was ever "used towards me. The discomfited and disappointed "preceptress slowly retreated, and my first term at school "finished.

"How very trifling are the things which tend to mould "the character! I was a child of extreme sensitiveness, "and susceptibility of impressions never to be obliterated, "and the loving officiousness of a strange school-girl, when "I was only three years old, was the primary cause of my "being secluded in my habits, shy and reserved in my "manners, and thrown on what is usually termed my own "resources for almost all I ever learned.

"Fifty years ago, the education of the girls in a family "of middle rank, in a retired spot in the north of Ireland, "was very plain, extending usually to reading, writing, "plain and fancy work of a certain kind, household "management, and the single accomplishment of dancing. "This last had been liberally bestowed on my sisters; but "the year of my birth ushering in to my family what must "ever be considered the 'golden age' of Methodism, I "was preserved from the snares which might have been "the accompaniments of this graceful accomplishment; "and by my exclusion from participation in such lively "scenes, was still further pressed back into the obscurity

"of quiet and unattractive alienation from my fellows. "As I grew up, my eldest brother Thomas taught me "writing in a few lessons. I could read almost as soon "as I could talk pretty intelligibly, and a schoolmaster "superintended my progress in figures for an hour in the "day, till all the common rules of arithmetic were con- "quered. I had some instruction in plain needlework, "and at the age of seventeen, went to a Moravian estab- "lishment to learn satin-stitch and embroidery, English "grammar and geography, which completed my stock of "knowledge obtained from others.

"I was excessively fond of reading from my infancy. "Books were not then so abundant as they are now. Of "course I had little opportunity for choice, and no one "to superintend or direct me. My father's large bookcase "was stuffed with odd volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine* "and other miscellaneous matters,—Anacharsis' *Travels in* "*Greece*, Robertson's *America*, Goldsmith's *History of Eng-* "*land*, Adam's *Rome*, Wesley's *Sermons*, and Fletcher's con- "troversial volumes. All these had been read by me, either "for my own amusement, or aloud to my father, whose sight "had been lost for years through cataract, and to whom much "of my time was devoted in this way. He liked pious works, "I did not; still such was the difficulty of procuring books "from any quarter, that I was glad to read anything.

"As I grew up, I still read with avidity all I could lay "my hands on, and was not at all fastidious. Unfor- "tunately I got novels, plays, etc., and read them privately. "Had these not come in my way, I might have sooner "listened to the teaching of the Holy Word and the voice "of conscience. But their pages fascinated me; they "introduced me into a world congenial with my fallen "nature, and gave me false tastes and morbid sensitiveness. "My parents remonstrated, but I heard in silence, and "only became more intent on concealment. I do not

"believe they ever knew how much I disobeyed them "in this affair. That was a dark page in my history. "Oh, if I could live it over again, how differently should "I act! But I cannot, and all that remains for me to do "is to enter my protest against such works of fiction. I "have heard much of their possible advantages; but I "firmly believe the very best of them does considerably "more harm than good, and were there a 'Society of Total "Abstinence' from all such reading, I should exhort every "person, children, aged, invalids, and melancholic, to join "it immediately. We need not such appliances. We are "sure to suffer if we make use of them.

"I have always been subject to the *cacoethes scribendi*. It "first attacked me in my fifth year, when the sight of a dead "mouse awakened my dormant energies, and sent me, full "of the finest sensibilities, to write its epitaph. The impulse "was irresistible; to say truth, I did not even think of "resisting it; my only difficulty lay in devising how to "accomplish what all within me said must be done. I knew "as well how to inscribe Egyptian hieroglyphics as to write "a single sentence. Indeed it is probable any attempts "I should have made in the latter way might have been "mistaken for the former by many lovers of the antique, "especially had the material on whose surface I thus figured "away been of a less determinate modern character than "paper, and dug out of the ruins of Persepolis, or— "what would have done just as well—said to have been "found there.

"I could not write, but I could read. I was, even at "this early period, a book-worm, and had crept through "the contents of every small book within my reach, besides "occasionally taking a short excursion through larger "tomes, as a pretty engraving or still prettier story chanced "to attract my infantile fancy. What was to be done? "There was no alternative; I must either print my first

" effusion or endure the agony of compressed thought,
" struggling to find a medium of communication. I did
" print the lines on a small slate; and, placing this monu-
" ment of my mental capabilities on the mouse's grave, I
" hung over it with indescribable sensations of mingled
" pity for the dead and admiration of the living!

" As I gazed on my doggrel verses, with all the love of
" infant authorship, and pride of literary importance, I felt
" conscious of newly developed powers, and looked forward,
" with an eye of sparkling expectation, through the long
" vista of future years, to the period when I should burst on
" the world of letters in all my glory. From that deciding
" era, I ceased to act or seem like other children.

" As I advanced in years, my ruling passion grew with
" my growth, and strengthened with my strength. I was
" constitutionally a scribbler, and habit rendered the pro-
" pensity inveterate.

" I am inclined to think it was hereditary, for after my
" dear mother's death, I found ample proofs, in preserved
" documents of her maiden days, that she had many of the
" most undoubted symptoms of the tendency in its incipient
" stages; but having married when very young, domestic
" avocations and family cares operated to its counterac-
" tion; and though my father and a few intimate friends
" well knew her early predisposition to this practice,
" and even occasionally witnessed unexpected returns of
" its power, no stranger, and scarce one of her everyday
" acquaintances, would have suspected her being subject
" to it.

" But to return to myself; from printing I soon learned
" to imitate written characters. Then commenced my
" career of uncontrolled composition; no trammels retarded
" my progress; free as the formation of thought within was
" the ready obedience of my nimble fingers; and as I aimed
" always at excellence in every department, without being

[redacted]

20 Portland Sq.re

24 May 1848

My Dear Mrs Bowling I was not
heard of Monday from Miss Pickford
of your elopement & should certainly
have watched each opening of the bitty
door of Sunday Evening with some
curiosity - as - you have taught her
to rely on your punctuality, with such
implicit confidence, that I cannot allow
all my friends - you seem absent-
yourself when you can -

" able to reach it in any, I was soon distinguished for my " calligraphy,[1] and quoted as a prodigy. It was even con- " jectured by an old man that I was endowed with peculiar " facility in the movements of the first joint of the thumb " of my right hand, and as he indicated that this was an " extraordinary gift, I am rather inclined, on each recol- " lection of the sage's opinion, to look on that thumb with " a degree of veneration.

" I first wrote a book of *bons-mots;* then I penned " parodies; next attempted elegies in a style of questionless " originality; from these I proceeded to pastorals; whence " reverting to prose, I sketched scenes, delineated cha- " racters, planned tales of wonder; in short, I tried my " supernaturally endowed thumb at everything. I rarely " succeeded in pleasing myself in my performances. I had " irrepressible enjoyment when in the act of writing, but the " first reading generally discovered to me some glaring " defect, which a second perusal rendered intolerable; and " as I had a continued succession of new subjects in my " head, each of which promised to excel its predecessor, I " could not endure the drudgery of filling up interstices, " and cutting off redundancies, and transposing the adjust- " ment of my machinery, at a time when higher themes " beckoned my aspirations, and more attractive forms flitted " before my mental vision.

" Let it not appear strange and incredible that I so " little resembled all other youthful writers in unqualified " love of their own offspring. I did love, dearly love, all I " ever wrote, till an eventful day, when, unable to repress " my inward exultation, and anticipating the pleasure I " should communicate by the disclosure, I made my dear

[1] A specimen is given on the reverse page of Miss Lutton's writing. Its extreme fineness and delicacy were retained as long as ever the eye was able to guide the hand, but for eighteen years before her death, imperfect vision prevented her writing except by an amanuensis.

" father the confidant of my feelings, and read to him my " poem of greatest length, and most accurate admeasure- " ment of feet in its diameter. He was gratified by this " proof of my affection and respect for him, but did not " seem at all surprised, which I afterwards learned to attri- " bute to the results of certain predatory incursions of my " elder brother into a little box, wherein I deposited my " 'cloth of gold' when cut out from the loom of my " imagination. My box was destitute of a lock, and I " devoid of the smallest suspicion that it needed any. Poor " boy, how unlike in his proceedings to all other plagiarists ! " He only purloined to procure pleasure to his parents, " invariably told the true author's name, and carefully re- " placed the pages in their original position. Would that " every poetic pilferer had as much honour !

" My father commenced his criticisms by commendation " and encouragement, just as all wise persons do who seek " to benefit their pupils. He had no splenetic humour to " indulge. I was his favourite, because his youngest child, " and he knew my disposition too well to dash my cup of " sweets immediately with the few drops of necessary " bitter; but after we had mutually indulged in some " moments of the triumph of genius, which would have " repaid me for an age of attempts at authorship, he entered " into detailed and delicate animadversion on the faults of " my composition. Then first my taste became fastidious " about my writings, and though ever since I have blundered, " and floundered, and stumbled, and sunk, and only rose to " sink again and again, and could never, for the last twenty " years, find leisure and inclination to polish a single page, " yet be it known to posterity,—that is if, fifty years hence, " my name be anywhere except in the parish register of my " interment,—that no one shall be able to point out my faults " as a writer with more accuracy than I could do myself."

None of the very early scribblings here alluded to are

extant; the earliest to which a known date can be assigned was written in 1811, when her father was about to leave Moira for a country residence; and she thus expresses her regret at parting with her Moira friends:—

"VERSES WRITTEN ON REMOVING INTO THE COUNTRY.

"Sweet are the vernal gales of spring,
"When wintry winds have fled the plain,
"When flowers their choicest odours bring,
"And all the charms of Flora's train;
"And sweet the summer's rich perfume,
"When evening calls us forth to rove;
"But sweeter far December's gloom,
"Enlivened by the friends I love!

"The blackbird strains his little throat,
"The linnet chants a sprightly lay,
"The thrush aspires with bolder note,
"And songsters perch on every spray;
"But, ah! the feather'd tribes in vain
"With sweetest music fill the grove—
"Can this assuage the bosom's pain
"When parted from the friends I love?

"Oft by imagination's power
"I paint the joys which once I knew,
"Recall each soft, each happy hour,
"And bring each much-loved friend to view;
"But soon the present scene appears,
"Destroys the web that fancy wove,
"Restores me all my cares and fears,
"When distant from the friends I love!

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"Thus for two years I was insensibly progressing to a "better state of existence."

I have before me a curious MS. in Miss Lutton's hand, dated Jan. 1812, entitled, 'A Congregation Surprised,' in which she describes a country Sabbath morning in a village, the careless and irreverent conduct of the worshippers, and the manner in which they were startled from the indifference shown in the earlier part of the service, by the stirring address of the clergyman, a stranger to them, who preached from Jonah i. 6: "What meanest thou, O sleeper? arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." She adds: "Give us such teachers, "capable of teaching men, who understand what they attempt "to explain to others, pastors interested in the salvation of "their charge, then religion will flourish in the land."

This clergyman was the Rev. Mr. Oldfield, with whom and with his wife and her family connections, the Greers of Lurgan and Moy, Miss Lutton became closely associated.

A diary kept by her at this time shows that she was striving earnestly after rectitude and purity, not only of life but of heart. On May 4th, 1813, she resolves, by the Divine help, never to speak ill of the absent; to do all the good in her power; to excuse, not to censure her neighbours; to keep secrets inviolably; to let love govern her thoughts, truth preside over her words, and honesty regulate her actions.

A few days after this, the Lutton family heard of an eminent dissenting minister who was to preach on August 8th at Tullyhuish, in their neighbourhood. The young people, and possibly their parents, had never been in a dissenting place of worship, and, prompted partly by curiosity, partly by a higher motive, proposed to go to hear him. The morning was unpromising, and some hesitation ensued, to which Anne put a stop by arguing, "'Tis but three miles off; if we should get wet clothes, we

shall hear a good sermon." So the car was got ready, and all departed. She had not before been to any place of worship except the Established Church, and she was struck with the heartiness of the congregational singing, joined in by all, not merely by a choir. She notes favourably the practical comments that were made on the lesson read, which was Matthew viii.; but her sense of reverence was offended by the sitting position used in prayer.

She describes in six closely written pages the sermon, which was from Hebrews iv. 16; and then a baptismal service, which was conducted in a very solemn manner, and with an earnest appeal to the father to promise to bring up the child carefully and well. The benediction then concluded the service, and the group returned home in a bright gleam of sunshine, after heavy rain, having much enjoyed the service.

A prose composition, a brief story called "The Old Woman of the Cairn Hill," must be placed in this early period, by the style of the handwriting, and by the elaborate circumlocution of the narrative, a true story of the sorrows of a poor Irish peasant, whom Miss Lutton visited, and of the pathetic patience and even cheerfulness with which she bore her many and heavy sorrows.

Returning to the autobiography, Miss Lutton writes:—

"A simple circumstance marked a new era in my life. "Up to this period (1813) my reading was exclusively "limited to English. I had a great desire from childhood "to learn those languages of which a few words occasion- "ally occurred in the volumes before me, but in vain. "I could obtain no preceptor in my secluded native village, "and I was taught to believe it impossible that I could "make any advance without one. My father had an "early classical education, and once proposed to instruct "me in the rudiments of Latin; but something interfered "to spoil the project, and I remained in ignorance. Twice

" I procured a French grammar, and in private essayed " that tongue ; but my attempts were discovered and laughed " at, and I was decidedly told I could never learn without " instruction. This was not to be had, and, disappointed " and discouraged, I abandoned the pursuit. Oh, how " often, during these twenty years of my life, when an odd " volume in a foreign language fell in my way, have I " taken up the book, gazed on it with enthusiastic fond- " ness, tried to pronounce its words, and with an indescrib- " ably sweet melancholy feeling, endeavoured to imagine " what might be its contents !

" When I turned my attention to the cultivation of my " flowers, I grew alienated from the sort of books I had " been reading ; my mind was sick of the light, superficial " stuff of circulating libraries, and I sighed for something " of a superior sort to all I had hitherto been familiar with, " which should essentially differ, by the impartation of " useful knowledge, and the giving enlargement and vigour " to my intellect. In this frame of feeling I was one day, " when my father requested me to take down some of his " books from a top shelf, and place them in the sunshine " on the little lawn before the hall door, that they might " be kept nicely aired and dry. I did so. One of them " particularly struck me as in a most dilapidated condition. " It had been well worn in school-boy days by my father ; " it had passed successively through the hands of four of " my brothers when at school also ; and now most of its " leaves were loose, many of its pages scrawled over, and " not a few of its words nearly obliterated. Oh, memorable " moment ! oh, precious book ! Pledge of pleasures in " rich reversion ! I have thee yet in safe keeping, nor " shall we part till death has broken the bond of union, " and I am laid in the dust, and thou most probably be then " consigned to the flames. It was Lily's Latin Grammar.[1]

[1] I have before me this grammar. The book was printed in Dublin

"It called for uncommon perseverance to come at its "contents, so much had it suffered from the use and abuse "of schools, the subsequent buffetings from corner to "corner, the mildews of neglect, and the perforations of "wormish marauders. But I was desperate; nothing now "could daunt me. I sewed, and pasted, and repaired, "and covered the old book, in the best manner I was "able, and then conned, and conjectured, and unweariedly "considered its contents, that I might comprehend them.[1] "My father, finding me resolved, gave me all the assistance "in his power, but my reliance was on my own persever- "ing and unconquerable determination to succeed.

"Never did any poor creature labour with more dili- "gence than I did to obtain the most accurate knowledge "of the language. I succeeded, read all the Roman "classics, and fast as I finished one author, I found some "friend willing to lend me another.

"My circumstances were perhaps well fitted to the task "of self-culture,—too straitened to admit of much expendi- "ture on books, but sufficiently easy to afford me plenty "of leisure to read and study them when they were lent "to me. At one time I longed to read Virgil, but could "not just then obtain it; night after night I dreamed "of it, and when, after many another book had been "read and dismissed, I did procure it, I was exquisitely "delighted with it.

"But Latin classics could not last for ever. I began "to dread a famine. My resources were nearly exhausted. "I scarcely knew by name a work of merit in that tongue "which I had not read and returned to its owner. What

by R. Cross, date 1788, and professes to be taken literally from a grammar printed at Cambridge in 1681 by John Hayes, the University printer. It has in it the names of "Thomas Lutton, *ejus liber*," "John Lutton," "Charles Lutton," "Anne Lutton."

[1] The latter part of the grammar is written entirely in Latin.

" was to be done? I had heard of Greek poets, historians, " and orators; might I not read them? I well knew I " could have no aid, but must rely on the Divine blessing, " which had by this time become, by the powerful operation " of the Holy Spirit, my never-failing source of strength. " But my late attempt had proved to me that I need not " despair, if willing to exert myself; so I procured a Greek " grammar, and soon made considerable progress. I first " read the New Testament almost throughout; then the " *Iliad* of Homer, not omitting a line nor leaving a word " obscure; then part of the *Odyssey*, which was recalled " before I could finish it. I next wrote Greek exercises, " as I had done Latin, and concluded with Plutarch, " Longinus, and Demosthenes. The book first coming in " my way was the book first read by me, no matter how " difficult, and usually my hardest study came earliest.

"The road was now open to me; my latent taste had " found its means of gratification; and the subordinate " business of my life seemed to be a strenuous and inces- " sant pursuit of knowledge, through the medium of new " languages. It is true there was a considerable interval " of at least three years in which I read not a line except " English. But at the end of this period, I resumed my " studies, and ever since continued them, with more or " less application, according to the greater or diminished " demands of outward duties. My father greatly encou- " raged me to go on in my favourite engagement, and as " there were no obstacles from the opposition of my friends, " and nothing else particularly incumbent, I learned, in " addition to Latin and Greek, French, Italian, Spanish, " Portuguese, German, and read some of the best writers in " these languages. Then I read Hebrew, Samaritan, Syriac, " Arabic, and Persian. With these I have been long con- " versant. Chaldee came in naturally, and I also have done " a little at Æthiopic, Hindustanee, Russian, and Irish.

" Now as I have never turned my knowledge of languages " to the end of teaching others, as I have not been a book- " maker, and rarely ever quoted a learned authority, it may " be asked, Has not my time been thrown away? Have " I not been wearing out life in mere selfish pursuits— " losing time, and gaining nothing valuable? Oh, far " from it! I look on the whole as a training process, " singularly marked out by Divine Providence, and con- " ducing powerfully to my preparedness for higher and " more hallowed duties. Few, perhaps no one, will be " placed in my circumstances in all points, therefore my " little history can be no precedent. In the present day " even the children of the poor have more facilities for " education than I had; and all my life I have had the " guidance of that Being who, by concurring peculiarities " in my lot, and strong aspirations in my spirit, has so " established my right course as to cause me always to hear " the voice, 'This is the way; walk in it.'

" By my love of languages meeting its gratification, and " maintaining its successive victories through years of happy " toil, I have had my mind drawn off the little and the " low engrossments of the world, commencing as it did " at a period of my life when want of occupation otherwise " marked out for me might have been ruinous to my future " peace and comfort. It has also tended to make me more " capable of enduring, more courageous in doing, and more " persevering in everything I felt assured I ought to under- " take. It put me to the strictest discipline. Often did I " rise at four o'clock in the depth of winter, and wrap myself " as warmly as I could, and, without fire, work diligently at " my books till the family had arisen and domestic over- " sight called me to the household. Every fragment of " time was seized; my pockets were divided and subdivided " for books, that in intervals of other matters, I could find a " word or ponder a sentence.

"The day was portioned out conscientiously, and as soon "as the allotted time was expired for each thing, nothing "could induce me to continue the study, no matter how "congenial or absorbing. I have stopped in the middle of "a sentence, I have been on the point of being satisfied "about some hitherto obscure passage, when my watch "intimated the last moment; away went all the books, and "away went I to the common drudgery of common matters, "with a heart full of freshness, thankfulness, and hope. "This was from religious conscientiousness. The Lord "made me see the beneficial effects of self-denial, and "early rising and systematic application became essential to "my happiness. Bless Him, O my soul, for ever!

"For drawing and music I early manifested strong "tendencies. But, like languages, they were out of my "reach. I bought pencils and some few colours, and copied "stealthily some few rude prints, but soon abandoned this "for want of means. I much longed for instruction on "some musical instrument, but the violin, which my father "played, was all I had access to, and I did not fancy its "unfeminine action. Yet perhaps I was equally wrong in "what I did attempt, but I had no alternative, save the "fiddle. I borrowed a flute, and taught myself to play on "it very sweetly, so that when I could get apart from the "haunts of my fellows, I used to delight in its soothing "influence. When I learned the flute, I had a retired walk "into some quiet field, and after looking about everywhere "lest some one should overhear me, I sat down under a "shady hedge, close nestled up, and took out my flute, and "went through all its incipient requirements, till I had "completely secured its proper tones, and could go through "several tunes.

"This has been of much service to me in learning new "hymn tunes, and understanding time, etc., in singing. "With the exception of three or four persons, whose con-

"fidence was necessary for my keeping my secret from "others, I have not liked to disclose this humble effort in "the musical line. I should only be laughed at for my "singularity.

"Finding an old copy of Barrow's Euclid in my father's "bookcase, I resolved to come at some knowledge of "mathematics; and by my usual persevering application for "the Divine blessing, and untiring study, I got through "the first three or four books, and derived advantage from "the engagement. But though it interested me, and I "passed the 'Asses' Bridge' with a firm step, and saw no "impracticability in travelling far beyond it, yet meta-"physics had even more attraction for me. Investigation "of moral and religious truths was almost a passion. I "longed for knowledge for the sake of itself. It was like "gold to the miser, or honour to the ambitious, or pleasure "to the worldling. Perhaps it looked more tempting from "its remoteness, and was prized in proportion to the very "little I could attain. I have resembled a child who care-"fully hoards up fragments of what is beautiful, and who "gazes with delight on two or three minute particles of "some precious material, of small available importance to "any one else, by reason of their detached and diminished "form.

"Still I do not regret how I have been influenced and "directed. Were I again commencing life, I should still "prefer a diligent and systematic digging and sifting and "separating of a few pure grains of the coveted ore, to "an indolent folding of my arms and contemptuous "indifference to the pursuit. I would rather rise at five "o'clock and collect mere pebbles, than sleep away life, "and say I had no motive for self-denying activity. We "cannot change our circumstances, but we can make the "best of them. We cannot procure all aids to knowledge, "but we have some, and let us not neglect them because

" they are not more, or greater. To use is to have. To " be 'faithful in a few things' is to be made capable of " higher and richer acquirements."

The element of reverence, which was so conspicuous a feature of Miss Lutton's character, led her to reserve the history of her inner life—that is, her religious life—to a separate chapter of her autobiography, which now follows.

DONAGHCLONEY CHURCH (EAST END).

CHAPTER III.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, ETC.—RELIGIOUS LIFE—1796-1816.

"AT a very early age I was the subject of strong religious
" feeling, but not at all clear in its now-remembered
" nature, nor lasting in its results. When about six years
" old, I wept much on account of my sins in a prayer-
" meeting; and, being closely questioned respecting my
" tears, I told the cause; but it was looked on as the mere
" sympathy of a tender spirit with those surrounding her,
" and my too indulgent friends, commending the manifesta-
" tion of good feeling, only smiled at the idea of an infant
" penitent. But I knew all had not been right. I was
" ever fond of books, and had read some trashy things
" picked up from the servants, which I knew was wrong;
" so I wept for my sins; and soon after, one of my

" brothers brought me a song which he had found. He
" had often kindly sought to give me pleasure by borrow-
" ing a little book, or laying out his coppers on such stories
" as used to intermingle with the gingerbread on an old
" woman's stall in front of the market-house. Well do I
" remember how he came softly up to me in the hall, and
" whispering, 'Here is a nice song to read,' stood for a
" moment to see, as usual, my eyes sparkle with pleasure.
" But that moment I felt it would be sinful to take it, and,
" with fixed determination to deny myself, I thrust it back
" in his hand, and positively refused it. I waited not to
" talk; away I ran, almost dreading my own power to with-
" stand if he should urge it on me. It was my first act of
" self-denial from conscience towards God—my first victory.
" It was as truly the work of the Holy Spirit as was any sub-
" sequent part of my experience. Deeply do I bear in mind
" the feeling of grateful love to my brother, and yet the
" gracious repugnance to do what was evil which pervaded
" my mind. Oh that this had been lasting! But in the
" course of two or three years after, I was reading with
" avidity everything that came in my way, and gradually
" and grievously departed from the way of peace.

" From my twelfth to my twentieth year, I frequently had
" deep conviction of the evil of particular things, and as
" often decided on relinquishing them; but I had no
" strength. I wrote on a slip of paper a brief prayer to God
" for forgiveness, and a solemn renunciation of the sin, put
" the paper in my pocket like a talisman, and when next
" so circumstanced that the temptations came with their
" usual plausibility, fell into the snare, and forgot my
" promises of amendment. As soon as I began to apply
" myself to languages, I insensibly formed more correct
" ideas. As I have already said, my taste for light read-
" ing was diminished, yet works of fiction were not all
" abandoned. The beautiful productions of Miss Edge-

"worth's pen were fascinating, and there were some of the "old-school novels I could not give up. But now the Spirit "of God wrought on me more powerfully, I began a sort "of weekly retrospect, half pious, half sentimental.[1] Light "advanced; I seemed to follow it instinctively, but it was "slow in discoveries.

"I ceased to sing songs; I read the Bible regularly "through; I prayed in private. Then I saw I must "renounce all my novels, or I could not continue to read "the Scriptures and pray; so I gave them up. Just then "two young ladies of my acquaintance, who had been "commissioned by me to seek out a romance of Mrs. "Radcliffe's, which for years I had longed to read, but "could not obtain, sent me the volumes, with an account "of the difficulty they had in securing them for me, but "now I might keep and read them at my leisure. This "was the greatest sacrifice I had been called to make, but "my mind wavered not. I immediately returned them, "with the strange message, 'Truly obliged by their atten-"tion, but I did not any longer desire to read them.' "Thus was I led to renounce what had been my greatest "besetment, and a barrier to all good. I cannot distinctly "follow out the secret process by which I was operated on, "but it was all of God.

"At this period of my life, my father, mother, a brother, "and myself lived in the sweet secluded country residence "of which I have already spoken. I had no public means "of grace but Sabbath service at a church one mile distant. "There were no Wesleyans, and I confess with shame that "I rejoiced at the removal, because it freed me from the "trammels of class-meeting. Family prayer too had died "away, and for some years we were apparently without any "religious influence among us. But the Lord's way is often "hidden, in grace and in providence; clouds conceal His

[1] This retrospect or diary is still in existence, and in my possession.

" wonder-working influence; still it proceeds till its results " come forth as brightness, and fill the heart with joy and " gladness.

" I can only state facts, without being able to account " for the motives which led to them in a very clear way. " I try to be faithful in what I write, as in the sight of God, " and must leave much with only a brief and necessary " allusion. I had at this time some young friends who, " lively and thoughtless, amused one another frequently, " when visiting at my father's, by turning into ridicule an " aged relative who lived with them. Often did they imitate " her lameness in walking, and laugh at her natural defects. " This was a point of great soreness to me. I always " disliked mimicry, from the memorable moment of my " infant punishment; and if there was any one good thing " which gathered strength as I grew in years, even in those " of my forgetfulness and sin, it was respect and tenderness " for the aged and the deformed in bodily appearance.

" The mirthful censoriousness of my young friends seemed " strangely as a sword passing through my heart, yet I knew " not what to do to prevent it. I was timid, and feared. " offending; I loved them too, and thought they would " dislike me if I said it was wrong. I had not yet the " knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, nor any clear " conceptions of Divine requirements. But a sudden idea " came into my mind one day, when thinking of the poor " lame lady and her naughty relatives. 'Could I not " draw up some resolutions for good conduct, sign them " myself, and get my dear young friends to sign them also; " and in them more especially promise never to ridicule " any one for any bodily defect whatever?' I immediately " caught at the suggestion, and sat down to my desk to " consider the matter. Light broke on the subject. I " saw we must begin with the heart, then legislate to the " tongue, then regulate the conduct; so I knelt down

"and prayed for God's blessing on what I was about to do, "resumed my seat, and in my simplicity and ignorance, "drew up a code of laws for our spirit, speech, and con- "duct, such as might have been suitable for appending to "Mr. Wesley's *Treatise on Christian Perfection.* It was a "curious document, but its main feature was a new life. "Still it was dark on the subjects of 'the new birth' and "the work of the Holy Spirit, because on these I was "myself deplorably unenlightened. But oh, how shall I "ever express my load of obligation to that condescending "Being who was pleased to prompt, and then to give "good success to my first conscientious and hearty attempt "to do good and prevent evil! Never can I even speak "the thankfulness I feel for His inspiring me with that "desire to crush sin, and promote what I would then have "called virtue.

"RESOLUTIONS.

"*January* 1, 1814.—We whose names are hereunto "subscribed, looking back with sorrow on the years spent "in sin and forgetfulness of God, and firmly purposing, "through Divine grace, an entire reformation of conduct, "do enter into the following resolutions, commencing from "the date hereof, viz.:

"FIRST.

"We will use private prayer at "least three times every day.

"SECOND.

"We will, in a place of wor- "ship, avoid all irreverent or "seemingly careless behaviour.

"THIRD.

"We will be cautious of hurt- "ing the feelings of our fellow- "creatures even in jest, reflecting "that if we ridicule them for a "bodily infirmity, 'twas their "Maker inflicted it, and shall we "tax His wise dispensations? if "for their faults, better to reprove "gently in secret than expose "them to the sneers of others.

"FOURTH.

"We will not only abstain from "cursing, lying, and evil-speaking

" ourselves, but we will reprove " it in another.

" FIFTH.

" We will watch our tempers, " avoiding all causeless anger, " and, where cause may appear " sufficient, we will pause and " consider that those who injure " us are under the influence of a " bad passion, and consequently " more deserving of our pity than " resentment.

" SIXTH.

" We will admonish mildly, " advise sincerely, acknowledge " our faults truly, and bear re- " proof patiently.

" SEVENTH.

" We will use diligence in our " business, and sobriety in our " conduct.

" EIGHTH.

" We will bear in mind that " the all-seeing eyes of a pure " King are upon our actions, and " that we must one day render an " account of the deeds done in the " body.

" NINTH.

" We will let love govern our " thoughts, truth preside over our " words, and honesty regulate our " actions.[1]

" Those resolutions were the means of much blessing " to all I asked to sign them. To my father and mother, " who forthwith had family prayer as formerly, and were " quickened afresh to renewed spiritual diligence; to the

[1] Miss Lutton adds a note on May 29, 1815, after her conversion, as follows:—" When I wrote this, had I determined to seek the salvation " of my soul by the pardon of my sins, and the love of God shed abroad " in my heart, I would have found it possible to do all here resolved " on; but as I had not, my purposes were overcome by the first tempta- " tion, and I was as weak as formerly."

I find also a prayer undated, but doubtless about this period, written on a piece of small yellowish paper:—" O Lord God, in " whose hands are the issues of life and death, who seest and knowest " all things ere we mortals see or know them, from whom every good " desire proceeds, I, the most unworthy of all Thy creatures, acknow- " ledging Thy former favours and my past ingratitude, do humbly " supplicate Thy Divine assistance in my present determination, made " in Thy strength and name, to forsake all known sin, and to live more " devoted to Thy service than ever I did. Oh, hear the petitions of " Thy creature, and let me feel that peace of mind that passes all " understanding!"

" children of one of my sisters, who sought the Lord with " all their heart, and were savingly converted. To my " brother Robert, who had led a wild, dissipated life, and " who, when I asked him for his signature, replied, 'I will " never sign such a paper as that till I intend to conform " to it, and I do not at present.' But conviction of his " guilty state laid hold on him, followed him, made him " wretched, and issued ultimately in his conversion the " following year. To our young ploughman, who, when " I went to him where he was digging in a trench at the " foot of the lawn, read the resolutions over carefully, then " most reverently uncovering his head, he took the offered " pen, and when he had affixed his name, he said, 'By " God's grace I will keep them.'

" He got into a terrible state of mind, for, though none " in the country knew it, he being only lately come to it, " he had been a Methodist, and theoretically knew much " about religion. But now he trembled; God had found " him out, and he was aware that, without an inward change, " in vain would be his efforts at an acceptable outward one. " He would run miles to hear a Methodist minister on " Sabbath days, but found no comfort. He would, when " going on his master's business, do it as quickly as was " compatible with fidelity, that he might have the redeemed " time for stepping over a stile into a field, to prostrate " his body on the earth, and cry to Heaven for mercy, " unheard by others. The country people began to ridicule " him. One said he saw him late at night on his knees, " under a hedge in the roadside, with his hat stuck on " a milestone! But the poor fellow minded not who " mocked; he kept crying after Jesus, 'Thou Son of " David, have mercy on me.' He was heard, answered, " filled with 'peace and joy in believing,' and continues " to this day in the faith and love of the gospel. He " became a diligent student of his Bible and theological

" works; preached the gospel locally for some years in " his native land, and then emigrated to Canada, where, " after a brief time, he was regularly sent forth to preach " the gospel.

" I could enumerate several others to whom the resolu- " tions brought salvation, but enough on this subject has " been said.

" And why have I said thus much? To introduce two " observations necessary to the connection of my little " narrative. One is the condescending goodness of God, " in thus blessing the weak attempt to do good of one who " was so ignorant and unworthy. But His grace had made " me wishful and willing to use even the smallest degree " of influence I possessed, in any way, however humble, " for His glory, and He acknowledged this dedication of " the first-fruits of my little all, by a progressive and " hitherto continued increase of influence, and longing " to consecrate the whole to Him. Glory for ever to Him " who put it in my heart to use all my known power to " persuade the very few I was acquainted with to give their " hearts to Him! Through all eternity I shall praise the " condescending love of the Lord by which I have been " 'drawn and redeemed and sealed;' by which I have " been kept passing through this world in the fullest, " sweetest, yet most self-emptying confidence that He is " always at my right hand, that I should not be moved, " and that He will guide me by His counsel, and afterward " receive me to glory. Had I a thousand times the bodily " strength, or mental capabilities, or religious influence that " ever fell to the lot of any human being on earth, how " it would delight me to bring all to His footstool and " pray Him, 'Do with me what seemeth Thee good!' " Whilst I write, He so graciously reveals Himself as my " portion that I can only weep, and wonder, and adore, " and say, 'Lord, it is enough.'

"The second thing I would observe is, whilst the Lord "was using the resolutions for the awakening and con- "version of others, how strange that the same effect was "not produced by them on my own mind in the same "apparent manner, till after my brother's extraordinary "change of heart and life! Then it was I first saw and "felt what I needed myself. The servant-man was full "of peace and joy in believing; my brother was like the "inhabitant of a new world; but I was dark, self-righteous, "strict and severe in my own prescribed way, but had no "perceptible knowledge of the way of salvation through "the blood of Christ."

At this period occurred an incident of family life which must be related in Miss Lutton's own words, quoted from the diary already mentioned :—

"One of my brothers had resolved on marrying a per- "son to whom his family were averse. He had sought "in vain the consent of his father, and the affair was "the subject of all our thoughts, and the topic for our "tongues. It happened that one day I entered on the "all-engrossing subject. I became eloquent and impas- "sioned, and summed up my reasoning by a conclusion "which coincided with the parental negative. Many of "my arguments rested on some parts of my brother's con- "duct and character, placed in a most unfavourable light, "and coloured with an unsparing hand. Precisely at the "moment in which I paused, my brother stood before "me. His countenance was pale with mental agony; he "had heard all; he had heard a sister's voice concurring "in his condemnation. He spoke but only a few words, "a very few reproachful words; they were quite sufficient; "they were designed by a Higher Being, whose instrument "only he then was, to convey to me a lesson I shall never "forget. That look, those words, went into my soul, con- "necting themselves with that Divine precept, 'Whatsoever

" ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so " to them.' They produced—may I not say it?—in my very " nature such an abhorrence of evil-speaking as has never " been conquered since.

" For some months after this, my brother spoke not to " me. We shunned all intercourse; he through anger, I " through grief and vexation of heart. Oh, what months of " mourning and deep repentance I passed through for my " thoughtless conduct! I wept, and prayed, and promised, " and resolved that I would avoid all censoriousness to " my life's end. I thought of the approaching Christmas, " and determined for the first time to go to the table of " the Lord in my parish church; but a friend lending me " Dr. Clarke's commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew, " I there read some important directions to be observed " when about to 'offer thy gift upon the altar.' 'If thy " brother hath ought against thee, first go and be recon- " ciled to thy brother.' This seemed an insurmountable " obstacle to my partaking of the Sacrament. What was " to be done? Again I had recourse to prayer, which was " now becoming my greatest comfort; and, in conclusion, " I wrote to my brother, entreating his forgiveness. Poor " Robert, he was not inexorable; he fully forgave me, and " from that day I was his favourite and fast friend; and, " without boasting, I may add I never since that time " acted or spoke in reference to him but in accordance " with the evangelical requirement."

On the Christmas day of 1814, being "first reconciled to her brother," Miss Lutton received her first communion; but the keenness of the pain through which she passed at this time led her to earnest reflection on the too-prevalent tone of censoriousness in conversation, the result, in part, of Pharisaic pride,—"I thank thee that I am not as other men,"—and in part of the love of creating a sensation. On this subject she penned the following:—

"A SOLEMN INVESTIGATION ON THE NATURE, CAUSES, AND CONSEQUENCES OF EVIL-SPEAKING.

"*Question.* What is evil-speaking?

"*Answer.* It is the uttering of anything to any person "concerning another's conversation, conduct, temper, or "sentiments, which would place the absent character in "an unfavourable light.

"*Q.* But may I not thus speak, provided it be true?

"*A.* By no means. A falsehood is slander, an unneces- "sary prejudicial truth is evil-speaking.

"*Q.* But if I do it in such a way as to render vice "odious, and conclude with some moral reflection on the "matter, may I not be allowed, nay justified?

"*A.* No, not till both sacred and profane history fail "to give a parallel fault from which to draw an inference, "or on which to found an application, which will never "be the case.

"*Q.* How do you prove it to be sinful?

"*A.* From the following direct declaration of Scripture "on the subject: 'Speak evil of no man' (Titus iii. 2); "'Speak not evil one of another, brethren' (Jas. iv. 11). "And from that indirect, but most comprehensive injunc- "tion of our Lord Jesus Christ: 'Therefore all things, "whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do "even so to them.'

"*Q.* Why is it then that evil-speaking—I mean little "circumstances in a neighbour's walk, little expressions in "the conversation, little views that we have formed of "them, and retail or drop to another—pervades the social "or domestic circles almost everywhere?

"*A.* There are many causes. Amongst the unregene- "rate, envy, or dislike, or interest, or a wish to please "others, or to prejudice others. Amongst believers, some- "times a small mixture of the fore-mentioned evils, not

" quite destroyed, or some plausible representation made " by Satan, often masking the one and undeceiving the " other; but the grand cause why it is persisted in is " because the dreadful consequences are not fully known " or attended to.

" *Q.* But am I not excusable when I declare I never " do it premeditatedly, nor with a design to injure, but, as " it were, without thinking much about it? Is not want of " thought an apology for it?

" *A.* No, for then might want of grace as truly be " said to excuse the want of grace, or pleading guilty form " a plea for justification, both which are absurd; besides, " its effects are nearly the same as though you did it with " malice intent.

" *Q.* You alluded to the consequences before, and called " them dreadful; did you not mistake? or what are they?

" *A.* I believe I used a very appropriate term in calling " the consequences dreadful, but I proceed to produce " proofs. Evil-speaking injures—First, the person spoken " of. The character suffers in proportion to the magnitude " of the fact stated; if small, it is still a wound; the " influence is diminished, and when known, the feelings " are pained. Second, the person spoken to. Instead of " doing good, it begets its like, producing evil; lessens " the love, casts in prejudice, makes suspicions; in other " cases, represses each generous feeling, and so causes " inconsistency to mark the conduct. Third, it injures " the speaker, fostering passion, or cherishing by indul- " gence an idleness of thought, a deficiency in recollec- " tion or consideration, very reprehensible. It also lessens " esteem for the speaker, for I cannot feel equal respect " and attention for one whose motives are at best too " fleeting to be defined, and whose frequent or occasional " inuendoes threaten to retard the growth of that charity " which 'hopeth all things.' Lastly, on every side it

"occupies the place of more useful conversation, so that "it does harm and hinders good.

"*Q.* Do you now speak of something very long in "detail and great in odium?

"*A.* Not at all. I speak of the smallest repetition of "a word, a look, a temper, to another's disadvantage. I "speak of an insinuation conveyed in your manner of "speaking, your tone of voice, your looks or gesture.

"*Q.* If I may not always nor often thus disclose what I "hear, or fear, or believe, when may I?

"*A.* Whenever, after much deliberation and prayer, you "are fully persuaded in your mind that the cause of "God, or the individual to whom you tell it, will materially "suffer by its being kept secret; on no other grounds may it "be innocently told.

"*Q.* What! not suppose that I require it for my own "justification?

"*A.* No, except when having, as before said, used much "deliberation and prayer, you plainly perceive that your "involvement will materially affect the best of causes; in "which case you may and ought to be content to live "and die shrouded in obloquy and contempt, rather than "hurt another's character, if your abasement hurt not God's "cause.

"*Q.* How, when absolutely necessary, should I disclose "another's fault?

"*A.* Simply state the circumstance without a comment, "give it no colouring, keep in the spirit of prayer while "speaking; having done, retire soon to humble yourself in "prayer before God for the offending party, and to deprecate "the threatening evil. Afterwards never, even to the same "person to whom you first spoke, introduce the subject, "unless in case of the first necessity."

This scrupulous feeling regarding remarks on absent

persons was jealously maintained by Miss Lutton, even to the extent of discouraging the use of harmless soubriquets; so truly did she obey the precept, "Honour all men."

The reader will now return to the autobiography, which broke off, it may be remembered, with the struggles, repeated but futile, after perfection of life, with the heart still unregenerate.

"What was to be done? I prayed more than ever; I "read the Scriptures more diligently than before; and I "thought I could be content to do, or be, or bear anything, "if I could only be as happy as my brother and the "servant. But I kept it all to myself, and pondered it in "my heart.

"Just then a horrible temptation fell like a dark curtain "over my mind. 'What if there be no God?' It was "sudden, crushing, confounding. Never did I know "mental agony till then; and then I felt such anguish, "such utter misery as was indescribable. My whole being "seemed to me worthless, my existence a burden, if there "were no God; for He (though still the unknown) was "'all my salvation and all my desire.' I cannot now say "what time this lasted, but I think only a few days. Had "it not been withdrawn, I must have been bereft of all "hope, if not of reason itself. I still recall it in thought "with trembling. Glory be to God! He stretched out "His hand, He took me, He drew me out of the deep "waters, and soon placed my feet on the Rock of Ages!

"My mind being delivered from this horrible temptation, "I felt my only safety would be to betake me to Christ. I "sought acceptance; my burden of sin, which till then was "not fully revealed to me, became intolerable. I knew "not what to do. We asked a Methodist class-leader who "lived some miles off to come and form a class in my "father's house. He consented, and we prevailed on two "poor persons in the neighbourhood to join with us.

"In the first meeting of the class, I well remember my "expression of experience. It was strange, but it was true: "'I earnestly desired to do the will of God on earth, as "angels do it in heaven.' The leader—a pious, simple "man—gave me judicious counsel; told me that my first "step in the way must be a sense of forgiveness, that I "must obtain pardon, or I could have neither peace nor "power. Then indeed I became as one who must obtain "or perish in the pursuit. From that morning I thought "of nothing else. I ate my bread with weeping, I "mingled tears with my drink. Often did I wish, when "walking on the road, that the ground would open and "cover me for ever, if I were not to obtain mercy. I saw "sin in such a light, as rebellion and basest ingratitude "against a Being of infinite goodness, that I 'abhorred "myself as in dust and ashes.' My dear mother discovered "me in tears, and questioned me closely what was the "matter. 'O mother!' I exclaimed, 'if I do not get "my sins pardoned, I shall perish everlastingly!' She was "greatly distressed, and went to consult with my father "what could be done with me. He came to me, opened "to my thirsty soul the way to the Water of Life, pointed "me to the Lamb of God as my only Saviour, bid me "believe on Him, and assured me I should be saved "through faith in His blood. Then he withdrew from the "chamber. There was determination in all my spirit; no "time was to be lost. I fully relied on the truth: 'He "will in no wise cast out.' I went to my own room, knelt "down at the bedside, clasped my hands imploringly, and "with streaming eyes said, 'O Lord God, I here most "solemnly and heartily, with all the faith I know how to "use, cast my whole soul at Thy feet, and take the Lord "Jesus Christ as my Saviour from this moment, and my "Master and Portion for time and for eternity, and will "henceforth believe I am forgiven for His sake.' I ceased;

" it was the covenant of peace. I asked nothing; I made " no stipulations; there was not an 'if' in it all. But " as I abandoned myself to Him, so He gave Himself to " me. There was an immediate sense of acceptance. I " crept on my knees to my desk, and signed an attestation " of what I felt,—pardoning mercy, joy unspeakable, and " such a love! Oh, such a love as never, never had I " before conceived! I rose, went to the window, looked " out; all was changed, God was everywhere. It was " Paradise; all within was new, all around was full of " blessedness. I praised the Lord with a loud voice. My " dear mother heard, ran up-stairs, and embraced me. I " told her I was too happy to keep silence, and we rejoiced " together. Glory be to God in the highest! The " memory of that wondrous day shall never from my mind " withdraw.[1]

" Then commenced my happy existence; so happy " that, through the ages of eternity, it will furnish matter " for ceaseless songs of praise. It was as truly a new birth " and spiritual as there was an old and natural one. It " was a new life, a new world, a new Bible. I had new " duties and new pleasures; it was indeed the kingdom of " heaven opened within me. My spiritual senses were " awakened to life, and observation, and feeling; I was " all wonder and delight. The Scriptures were radiant, " and attractive, and teaching. I desired the sincere milk " of the word with such longing that I could have spent all " my time at it on my knees. But I had a corresponding " light in my conscience, and I used constantly to follow " it, and deny myself even my loved indulgence of " prayer, in times when the common duties of my outward " station called me to less congenial engagements. But

[1] The date of this event was 14th April 1815. Miss Lutton kept the anniversary ever afterwards sacred in her own heart, and occasionally alluded to it in her letters.

"the blessed Book was always in my pocket, and in the "intervals of outward matters, it was in my hand and "devoured. I read Mrs. Rogers' *Life and Letters* with "great profit. I sought after a fuller measure of Divine life, "and only lived for this. My brother and I rose in the "mornings about four o'clock, to pray with each other "and read the Scriptures; and oh what a power was at "work in our hearts! From my first experience of pardon- "ing mercy, I determined to know nothing save 'Christ "crucified,' and I bless His holy name this has been "my chief wish ever since. I was led very early to seek "full sanctification. The life and letters of Mrs. Rogers "were made a great blessing to me, also conversation "with a person who enjoyed that blessing. Twice during "the first year of my justification I was brought into "possession of that faith which applied the cleansing "efficacy of the Holy Spirit; but I did not sufficiently "know the 'devices of Satan,' and by evil reasoning I cast "away my confidence. But it was

"'Worse than death my God to love,
"And not my God alone.'

"I felt I could not rest, and again I proved the Divine "faithfulness in cleansing from all unrighteousness. This "took place about eighteen years ago, and though I am "consciously but a babe in this to the present moment "(1834), and though I have not been as faithful as I might "have been since I first obtained it, yet I bless the Lord I "have been kept in that spirit which prefers His will to "everything, and would delight to count all things but loss "for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my "Lord.

"One winter morning"——

Here the autobiography comes to an end.

HOME OF THE LUTTONS, MOIRA.

CHAPTER IV.

1816–1822.

THE principal materials for Miss Lutton's history during the next forty-five years are her numerous letters. They will be grouped chronologically into chapters, and each chapter prefaced by a brief summary of the period, drawn from these letters, from other letters not selected for publication, from her diary and writings, and from reminiscences.

A heavy sorrow fell upon the Lutton family in the death of their eldest son Ralph, who was practising as a surgeon in Dublin. He was taken ill with fever; his mother hastened to see him, and was in time to hear from him words of peace and hope before he expired in her presence; but the separation was not for long.

In the month of March 1816, the family circle was again

broken in upon by the sudden death of the wife and mother. Mrs. Lutton had had a slight attack of paralysis in 1815, but had recovered so completely that no recurrence of it was feared. On March 13, 1816,—Mr. Lutton being from home for a few hours,—Mrs. Lutton was conversing with her daughter, and made her a present of a book, in the cover of which were written six lines advising submission to the decrees of Providence, whatever they may be. But a few moments later, a second attack of paralysis suddenly seized her, she uttered a few words of Christian hope, became unconscious, and a few hours ended the life struggle.

A Wesleyan minister had called upon her that day, and had a friendly chat, ending, as pastoral visits were wont to end in those days, in prayer. He found her well, left her well, and went on to fulfil a country appointment. That night he dreamed that she died, and that he was to preach her funeral sermon, and to take as his text: "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended" (Isa. lx. 20). In the morning the pastor was aroused by a knock at his bedroom door, and when his hostess brought him a note, he at once surmised its purport. He returned with the messenger to the house of mourning, and remained there until the funeral, ministering to and sustaining the sorrowful husband and daughter, and then fulfilling the last sad duty of preaching the funeral sermon, from the text dictated to him in his dream.

Mrs. Lutton was so beloved by friends and neighbours that, at her funeral, nearly all the country-side turned out to follow her to the place of interment at Aghalee, a distance of seven miles. The procession was said to be a mile in length.[1]

[1] A little piece of romance attends the selection of the pretty village of Aghalee as a burial-place of the Lutton family. Miss Lutton's

Her poor husband was deeply distressed at the loss of the wife of his youth; and with tears streaming down his cheeks, used to sing a melancholy dirge, beginning, "Thou wretched man of sorrows," until his daughter was nearly heart-broken.

Miss Lutton commemorated the mother she so tenderly loved in a long poem, of which the following is an extract[1]:—

"Pallid was the lifeless clay,
"Dusky was the coffin's hue.
"Matrons! this the close of day;
"Youths! she had her morning too.

"'Mother,' sons and daughters cried,
"'Must thou never speak again?'
"'Wife,' an aged sire replied,
"'Mine's the sorrow, mine's the pain!'

"She was one, in early years,
"Whom the world accounted good,
"Sure of heaven—for why should fears
"On a moral life intrude?

"She was one whom grace had taught
"Moral life could never save her,
"That a change of heart is wrought
"When we gain our Maker's favour.

paternal grandfather had but two children, a son and a tenderly-loved daughter, who died young. This young lady and a friend of hers were so warmly attached as to make a compact that they would be buried together. The friend died first, and was laid with her own kindred at Aghalee. The girl did not long survive her, and was laid by her side. The father chose to be laid by his daughter, and thus Aghalee became a place of interment for the family.

[1] Printed entire on pp. 178–183 of Miss Lutton's poems, published in 1829.

" ' Ay, but in the latest hour,
" Tell us, did her faith remove?'
" Living, she showed forth His power;
" Dying, she proclaimed His love.

" ' Now,' the expiring saint exclaimed,
" ' Now, my Jesus, quickly come!'
" He was present whom she named,
" Angels caught her spirit home."

The sorrow of her first few months of orphanhood was partially diverted by the visit of a young niece of seven years old, the daughter of her sister, Mrs. Murray, then resident at Moira.[1] This niece still survives, an old lady of seventy-four, but retains the most vivid recollection of that, to her, memorable visit.

After his wife's death, Mr. Lutton felt the seclusion of Donaghcloney too trying, and returned at the end of the year to Moira. Miss Lutton quitted her country home and her flourishing garden regretfully.

With her accustomed habit of doing everything she did in the best possible way, she had so cultivated her flowers that they were the admiration of all beholders. On taking leave of them, she said she felt as Adam must have done on leaving the Garden of Eden, and apostrophized the deserted home in the words which Milton puts into the lips of our first mother: "Must I thus leave thee, Paradise?"

We now enter upon a phase of Miss Lutton's religious history little known in England, but well remembered in Ireland, when she felt urged by conscience to proclaim to her fellow-countrywomen the love of the Saviour which was so inexpressibly dear to her own heart. Many holy women—some perhaps with more zeal than knowledge—became preachers

[1] It was to this "little Anna" that the verses are addressed which appear on pp. 108–110 of Miss Lutton's published poems.

in the early days of Irish Methodism, till at length the subject was brought before the English Conference, and a resolution was passed that "if any woman among us think she has an extraordinary call from God to speak in public (and we are sure that it must be an *extraordinary* one that can authorize it), we are of opinion she should address her own sex, and those only." To this the following note is added by the Rev. Wm. Smith, in his history of early Irish Methodism:—"I know but one female who now preaches or exhorts in Ireland who strictly conforms to the above rule, and that is sister Anne Lutton, who is a pious, modest, diffident young woman, and very useful to her own sex."

To those who knew Miss Lutton's character well,—her natural timidity, her shrinking from prominence, and her deep and unfeigned humility,—it was matter of surpassing wonder that she could ever so far conquer her natural instincts as, at the call of duty, to occupy so public a position.[1] Her own instinct and judgment so fully coincided in the decision of Conference,—that women should address women only,—that she used her utmost efforts to exclude men and boys, except mere children. Her meetings—for she would not allow the term preaching—were always given out to be

[1] In illustration of her feeling on these points, I give the following extract from her private diary, dated March 3, 1836, when it might be imagined she had become well inured to hearing her own voice in public. She speaks of attending a prayer-meeting held in Moira chapel, after a sermon by Gideon Ouseley, at which several strange gentlemen were present, and she greatly dreaded being called on to pray:—

"It came like a weight on my soul that crushed it. 'If you pray "not if called on, you break your covenant with God, you set up your "own judgment above your minister, you are afraid of man and ashamed "of Christ.' I could compare my state to nothing but the poor martyr "who was led out to the stake, crying he could not burn, yet would "not deny his Master. I was in a perfect agony; no one knows the "timidity of my disposition."

Yet she *was* called upon, and she did obey the call to pray.

for women only, and a faithful doorkeeper—often her own cousin William Lutton—was stationed at the door to prevent the intrusion of the other sex. Curious stories are even yet remembered of the efforts made by men, young men especially, to gain admission. The late Rev. C. Tucker thus describes a scene in Abbey St., Dublin :—

"Miss Lutton was visiting a friend, and with perfect confidence she assigned to him the office of doorkeeper. While watching the approach of a crowd of females about to enter the chapel, he noticed one tall person of a somewhat peculiar gait, which excited Mr. B——'s suspicion. He went up and laid his hand on the shoulder of the individual, whom he recognised, with the remark, 'F——, is this you?' No sooner did F—— perceive that he was recognised, than he turned on his heels, and ran down the street as for dear life, till he was clean out of sight."

A similar case occurred at Portadown. Miss Lutton's cousin was guarding the door, when an individual habited in cloak and bonnet approached. He thought there was something masculine in the appearance of the candidate for admission, and on looking closely, detected the deception. The cloak and bonnet were torn from him, and he was somewhat roughly handled by the crowd around the doors. Occasionally, however, the disguise succeeded. An old class-leader and Justice of the Peace still living remembers his brother thus obtaining access to one of Miss Lutton's meetings.

At one place men congregated outside the building, and, standing on each other's shoulders, endeavoured through the open windows to catch the speaker's discourse.

One sturdy lad, who got in nobody knows how, resolutely refused to be removed, and for fear of disturbance, was allowed to remain. A minister secreted himself on the stairs of the gallery, respect for his cloth preventing his extrusion.

Still another instance is recorded of a young man who

succeeded in hiding himself from observation and remaining for the service, when, moved by the fervent appeals of the speaker, he there and then consecrated himself to Christ. He mentioned this in a quarterly love-feast, and a leader present availed himself of the circumstance to press it upon Miss Lutton, as a duty, to admit men into her meetings; but she continued steady in her refusal, and on one occasion, when she suspected a man to be present, she paused until the intruder was expelled.

The stately solemnity of Miss Lutton's appearance and manner, and the heart-felt earnestness of her prayerful appeals to conscience, produced powerful effects on the crowds of women that flocked to hear her. One old lady still living remembers the very text from which she heard a discourse when she was only a girl of thirteen. It was, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

I have before me memoranda in Greek, written in the daintiest of Greek characters, of the texts from which Miss Lutton spoke in twenty-seven places, at one hundred and fifty-nine meetings, held between the years 1818 and 1831. The localities are chiefly the neighbourhood of Moira, her own residence; of Belfast, where she frequently visited her sister, Mrs. Tucker; or of Newcastle, a bathing-place on the east coast of Ireland.

Among those in the neighbourhood of Moira are Soldierstown, Lurgan, Waringstown, Portadown, Dromore, Magherally, Banbridge, and Bluestone.

Near Belfast are Bangor, Comber, Newtownards, Donaghadee, Carrickfergus, Antrim, and Dunmurry.

Near Newcastle are Briansford, Castlewellan, Dundrum, and Downpatrick. Bushmills, near the Giant's Causeway, and Coleraine, with several smaller places, are also named.

These notices do not by any means recount the entire number of the meetings. For instance, no mention is made

in them of those she held in Dublin and Kilbeggan, or many other places named in her letters to her friends; also at a time when four only are mentioned in the record, there are ten or twelve named in her correspondence. More than once she conducted meetings on three successive days in different places.

The locale of the meetings was frequently the Methodist chapel, but sometimes the houses of the farmers or any available public rooms, and these were often crowded to overflowing.

About this time some admirer of Miss Lutton wrote an account of her which, when in later years it chanced to fall into her hands, she considered so unduly eulogistic that it failed to be a portraiture, and she playfully declared she should never be identified by it, were the "hue and cry" sent out after her.

It begins thus:—

"MISS ANNE LUTTON.

"A young female now living at Moira in Ireland was brought to the knowledge of the truth, and numbered with the people of God about the year 1815. She is a woman of genuine piety and deep humility, and possesses talents for extensive usefulness. She preaches to those of her own sex only, and it seems the Lord has given her the hearts of many, for in her visits to the neighbouring towns and villages, she has frequently many hundreds of hearers. She is a member of the Methodist society; her character stands high, and her labours are well received in her own connexion. It does not appear that she has met with any opposition from the travelling preachers who have laboured in those parts; they seemingly have appreciated her work, for concerning her piety, humility, and zeal, they speak in the highest terms of respect, and have ever encouraged her to proceed in her labours of love."

In these labours she had the approval of her father, without whose consent she undertook nothing, and of her brother Robert, and the general approbation of her ministers and Christian friends; but good works, especially if eccentric in character, are sure to have their enemies also.

In the winter of 1819 Miss Lutton had held several meetings for females at Dromore on Sunday mornings, and had gone afterwards to the service in the church.

On the 31st January 1819, the officiating clergyman took the opportunity, in his sermon, to declaim against women preaching, as being contrary to Scripture. One of his congregation, who had been a violent opposer of Methodism, was greatly displeased, and when the matter was reported to Mr. Lutton, he wished some notice to be taken of it; but Miss Lutton, with quiet dignity and a truly Christian spirit, passed it over in silence, abandoning neither her meetings nor her attendance at the church. She remarks in a letter to a friend:—

"I may persevere in my little meetings in his parish, and "my attendance on his ministry, without doing him any "injury. May he have many seals to his ministry, and may "he be more successful in preaching Christ than he has "been in injuring me, in feeling, friends, or attempts at use-"fulness!"

This circumstance will be found more fully described by herself in letters of February 4 and 8, 1819.

About 1817, Miss Lutton commenced a Sunday class-meeting at Lurgan, five miles from Moira, beginning in September with ten members, but increasing to eighteen in December. Her first member was Mrs. Johnston, who, with her family, had been influenced for good by the preaching of another female evangelist, Miss Alice Cambridge Between Mrs. Johnston and Miss Lutton sprang up a warm attachment, her house was a second home, and she indeed a second mother to her friend.

The Lurgan class met at 11 A.M.; after it was over, Miss Lutton sometimes attended the parish church at Lurgan, sometimes hastened home to preside at her father's dinner, and to enjoy a band-meeting held occasionally in the afternoon at Moira. To this class she was usually driven in her father's car, sometimes she would ride, and occasionally, if there was no horse conveniently at her service, she would walk both there and back.

In 1820, in addition to her Lurgan Sunday class, she began a weekly class-meeting for females at Moira on Monday evenings.

Believing the class-meeting to be a most important aid in fixing and deepening religious impressions, she would often try to form a new class amongst persons attending her meetings.

On one of these occasions a lady unaccustomed to Methodism enrolled herself as a member. Miss Lutton considered her contribution at the class an excessive one, and remonstrated with her. "Oh," said her enthusiastic admirer, "I am sure you deserve it all!" "I do not get a penny of the class money," was the explanation. The lady was astonished, and her offerings to the circuit funds were greatly diminished.

At this period many Wesleyans were accustomed to combine, as Miss Lutton had always done, attendance at both church and chapel. She wrote: "I never wish to see the day that we shall have preaching in church hours; I feel sensibly at the idea;" and she delighted to attend the nearest church, if possible the parish church, at the morning service and sacrament. Some among her Methodist friends were jealous of her attending so regularly the services of the Church. One objector asked her, "Do you love the walls?" "Yes," she said, "I love even the walls, and whenever I see a spire, my heart warms to it."

About this time Miss Lutton's mind was seriously turned

towards the subject of confirmation. She wished to conform to the usages of the Established Church, of which she considered herself a member, and her heart yearned after an ordinance which should add external form, and the weight of a solemn and public vow, to the entire consecration of her whole being to God, which had already been made. She had a little scruple, however, lest her association with Methodism ought to debar her from this right. Under these circumstances, she sought the advice of Miss Elizabeth Langtry,—an intimate friend, resident at Kilmore, a lady of good social position, intellectual tastes, and considerable attainments,—and it was favourable.

I have before me a MS. in Miss Lutton's handwriting, bearing date, Moira, 11th May 1820, giving in categorical form her reasons for being confirmed; viz. that she is a member of the Church of England, wishes to comply with all its injunctions and ordinances, and delights in the thought of voluntarily taking up her baptismal vows. She then argues that this rite by no means separates her from the Methodists, who have kindly admitted her into their communion, and that, as she avows her adherence to the Church in private companies, and conscientiously attends its services, she feels it her duty to be confirmed at the bishop's next visitation, provided her father does not object. Acting on this conviction, Miss Lutton received the rite of confirmation in Moira Church, along with one of her nieces, from Dr. James Saurin, the Bishop of Dromore.

At this period of her life she was at the same time a firm and consistent churchwoman and a hearty Methodist, that is, a Methodist after John Wesley's own heart.

She exhorted peaceful measures when, in 1821, Mr. Kilham divided the Irish Methodists on the subject of receiving the sacrament from the Wesleyan preachers. She would have preferred that the custom which prevailed in Mr. Wesley's day, of receiving it at church only, should have

been continued; but she foresaw that a change was eventually inevitable, and she abided by the decisions of the Conference party.

In 1822 she penned a tractate of fourteen of her closely written pages, containing reasons for preferring the Established Church to all others.[1]

The activities of a semi-public life never led Miss Lutton to neglect her home duties, and these were onerous. She was not only mistress of the household, but business factotum, amanuensis, reader, and companion to her blind father, and she made it her first duty, as it was always her delight, to minister to his wants.

There were domestic troubles too,—losses from imposition too easily practised on a blind and honourable old man; pecuniary anxieties about the settlement in life of a brother, for whom the father had to become security in a heavy sum; sorrow for the loss of another brother, who suddenly fell down dead in the streets of Dublin. There were deaths at Moira of two infant nephews, Richard and Robert Murray, and of the eldest son, Ralph, a youth of nineteen, recorded in her letter of January 18, 1819 (p. 95 *infra*). Her circle of friends was also broken in upon by the death, on July 8, 1817, of her friend Ellen Stevenson of Kilmore, at the age of twenty-three. The following September, at request of the resident Wesleyan minister, Mr. Armstrong, she wrote a sketch of this Christian girl, which was printed in the February and March numbers of the *Irish Magazine* for 1818.

In the midst of these anxieties and sorrows, she rejoices to find herself as free from all anxious thought as in her infancy; "and why? because 'I shall not be afraid "of evil tidings; my heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.'

[1] This MS. is in the same book with the paper on confirmation, already alluded to; one on evil-speaking, printed pp. 47–49 *supra*; and one on "Pray without ceasing."

" Having Him, we cannot touch a rocky business but water " gushes out; we cannot tread a thorny path but flowers " spring up on our approach."

In the early part of 1822, she again suffered a severe loss in the death of her beloved friend Mrs. Johnston, the first member of her class at Lurgan, whose kindness and attention to herself she speaks of as "none less than maternal." She wrote on the occasion some verses, entitled, "Traits of Christian Character,"[1] in which, after strong deprecation of the practice, then as now too common, "of pouring praises on the *worthless* dead," she commemorates some of the traits which so greatly endeared her friend to her, viz. " Liberality of sentiment on religious subjects; never " speaking evil of absent persons; humility; meekness of " spirit; love, and steadiness in friendship." The little tractate closes with the following lines, headed—

" We Shall Meet Again.

" Light, light be the pressure of turf on thy breast,
" Ever green be the hillock raised o'er thee, my mother.
" Though I ne'er, when a babe, to thy bosom was pressed,
" Ne'er heard thy soft voice hush my sorrows to rest,
" Yet as parent and child we regarded each other!

" Grace formed the relationship, taught us to feel
" A mutual attraction, whilst journeying to heaven;
" Death lurked in our way; thee he seized on—yet still
" 'Twas the body alone he had power to kill,
" And the union remains, strong as when it was given.

" Light, light be the pressure of turf on thy breast,
" Ever green be the hillock raised o'er thee, my mother;

[1] In 1871 these "Traits" were republished on the occasion of the death of Mrs. T. Shillington, the daughter of Mrs. Johnston.

" For thee I rejoice, for myself am distressed ;
" I, the subject of grief ; thou, ineffably blest,—
" How striking the contrast we form to each other !

" But sorrow is selfish—such sorrow as mine,
" Which mourns o'er *my* pain, tho' assured of *thy* pleasure.
" Far hence be this sadness ! I cannot repine,
" For the stroke was inflicted by mercy divine,
" And designed to secure, not diminish my treasure.

" I shall see thee again, shall rejoin thee once more,
" My feelings no longer with agony smarting ;
" I look with delight to my gaining that shore
" Where the waves shall subside, and the tempest be o'er,
" And the followers of Christ shall be strangers to parting !

" Light, light be the pressure of turf on thy breast,
" Ever green be the hillock raised o'er thee, my mother.
" My tears cease to flow, and my sighs are suppressed,
" In the prospect of glory I joyfully rest,
" And the thought that, ere long, we shall meet with each other."

Miss Lutton's health, which had not been strong since her mother's death, became more and more feeble ; an insidious cough set in, which threatened serious consequences, and her friends grew anxious lest her labours, public and private, and moreover the frequent fastings to which she subjected herself, should result in mischief, and thus the aspirations towards a better world, which breathe from almost every page of her diary and letters, should be too speedily realized. She followed advice in allowing herself more air and exercise. She also occasionally left home, when she could find a deputy housekeeper and class-leader in some one of her Kilmore friends,—Miss Langtry or one of the Miss Stevensons.

Miss Lutton's surviving nieces, the daughters of her sister, Mrs. Tucker, give interesting accounts of her visits to them in Belfast.[1] "Aunt Lutton was visiting in our house," writes one, "when I was a girl, and invariably slept with me, so I had many a private talk with her. She told me that I was not only her namesake, but her god-daughter, which, she said, caused her to have a double interest in me. One time, as she rose from her knees, just as she was stepping into bed, she breathed to herself,

"'Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn,
That I so late to Thee did turn.'

This struck me forcibly, for I thought she had turned very early. One restless night I was tossing about, when she said, 'Anne, what are you thinking about?' and bade me remember always to go to sleep thinking of heaven."

Her extreme short-sightedness made her unable to walk about freely alone in strange places, and this namesake niece was playfully termed her "little guide," as she often attended her aunt out of doors.

The feature in Miss Lutton's religion that most struck her young nephews and nieces was its cheerfulness. "She was always rejoicing," writes this same lady; "she was one of the few who recommended religion in those days by her happy expression, as well as by her example." Another niece writes: "My own recollections of her when I was young are delightful; her influence helped me often in later years. She had a very loving manner with the children, which made her advice pleasant to them."

The arrival of Aunt Lutton was not only a joyous event for the young people, nephews and nieces; it was made a means of usefulness. Gatherings of Christian women were assembled at tea at Mrs. Tucker's house, when the con-

[1] These ladies are Mrs. Wright, of Capel Street, Dublin, and Mrs. Young, of Brooklyn, New York.

versation soon turned the social table into a love-feast, from which wonderful results sometimes followed. Miss Lutton also held several meetings in Belfast and the neighbourhood, during her visits there in June and November 1820.

In August 1821 she accompanied her friends the Johnstons of Lurgan to Bangor, on the sea-coast near Belfast, for the sake of bathing and change of air, but here again her fame had preceded her, and she was requested to hold meetings in Bangor and several adjoining places. Records of these appear in her letters.

In 1822 her father removed to another house in Moira, and this removal of course devolved much care and labour on the mistress.

Neither attention to public nor home duties, however, lessened Miss Lutton's keen zest for literary pursuits, but here she had to contend with many difficulties,—pressure of household cares, delicacy of health, which precluded much continuous work, and the reluctance of her father to allow her to read by candle-light, lest her extreme short-sightedness should lead to loss of vision. She was constantly urged to relaxation, but her fashion of holiday-taking would hardly be considered holiday by many modern young ladies.

"When I could do little else," she writes, "I could read "Homer, and have consequently almost finished reading "the *Iliad* for the second time." She assisted a young nephew who was preparing for college in his study of Homer.

Her reading during the period comprised also Xenophon and Cicero, and she enlarged her store of languages. She learned French with the teaching of her father and of a friend in Lurgan, who helped her with the pronunciation. Her chief assistant in her studies was the Rev. Mr. Oldfield, mentioned by her already as an earnest preacher and a good man. After being curate in Lurgan from 1810 to 1820, he was now at Moira as curate in full charge, and afterwards

became archdeacon of Elphin. He was the husband of the aunt of her friend Miss Sophia Greer.

Miss Lutton was a very frequent visitor at the rectory, her student-calls sometimes lasting two hours. When Mr. Oldfield came to her home, they were soon engaged in close converse, and if the young folks happened to be in the room, it was understood that they were to be very quiet.

In 1821 she mastered Hebrew, and began the daily perusal of the Old Testament Scriptures in the original tongue. She ordered a Hebrew Bible of the very best, and a friend presented her with a copy of Parkhurst's Hebrew lexicon. She also continued the daily study of her Greek Testament.

In 1822 she borrowed an Arabic grammar and dictionary, but some time after she wrote to Miss Langtry: "What "shall I do? My Arabic grammar is gone. Shall I "memorialize, or petition, or what? I will not despond. "I am applying to my Persian grammar, and already taste "the sweetness of that rich and beautiful language. I think "somehow, before I have exhausted that drop of oil in my "cruse, I shall get a new supply, so I am kneading my little "cake very contentedly, though where, when, or how I "shall get more is a little obscure. In the Lord put I my "trust."

She worked occasionally at her Euclid, and knitting and poetical composition beguiled evening hours when reading was prohibited. She also read aloud to her father the letters of her favourite poet Cowper, but expressed regret that a little more reticence had not been observed on his weaker points. Several of her writings at this period have been already alluded to. To these may be added some of the poems contained in a volume published in 1829. Also a paper on the "Single Eye," written to prove her opinion that the figure used in Luke xi. 33–36 did not mean, as generally supposed, purity of intention only,

but the exercise of judgment, entirely without the bias of prejudice or inclination. Long after this paper was written, she found the same opinion expressed by an eminent commentator.

To this period must also be assigned a poetical epistle to a friend, including a translation of that part of the 6th epistle of the 1st book of Horace, beginning, "*Nil admirari prope res est una, Numici,*" with illustrations and observations.

It thus commences:—

"DEAR FRIEND,

" I've found a part of Horace
" Containing useful lessons for us;
" And though the poet ne'er designed
" To paint the Christian's state of mind,
" And so provoke to emulation
" The triflers of our age and nation,
" I yet conceive it no great wrong
" To cull the beauties of his song,
" And from a heap of rubbish free them,
" That you and other friends may see them;
" Not merely see, but imitate
" Whate'er is truly good or great;
" The parts admire, the whole approve,
" Till you resemble what you love."

After further prefatory remarks, she goes on to the translation, which is summed up in this couplet—

" If virtue only leads to bliss,
" Drop other things, and follow this."

A heathen sentiment which she exhorts the Christian to adopt and follow out in its higher and nobler sense.

The letters from 1816 now follow in chronological order. They are chiefly addressed to her most intimate friends

Miss Elizabeth Langtry and Miss Sophia Greer, to whom allusion has already been made; and to Miss Elizabeth Stevenson, one of five sisters resident at the Grove, Kilmore, three miles from Moira. Elizabeth afterwards became the wife of Mr. Leonard Calvert of Breagh, near Portadown.

LETTERS.—1816–1822.

To Miss Langtry.

February 1816.

I feel grateful to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for your friendship, yet do I rejoice with trembling. To obviate every evil, let us write for eternity, let us read for eternity. In this life we are pilgrims and strangers, in the next we shall be at home. I fear to describe my present feelings; with little intermission during the last fortnight I have felt such a calm joy, such a continual peace, as is indeed indescribable.

Tell me, could I conscientiously attend to any language but my native one? I have particular reasons for making this inquiry, as I am urged to read what I apprehend will be of no advantage. You complain of being still far from loving God with all your heart. Believe that the power and the privilege are purchased for you by the precious blood of the Lord Jesus, and that you are as fit now as you shall be a year hence to become a partaker. Look not at self, sin, or unbelief. Look to Him who is "exalted a Prince and a Saviour." Let your views be less inward, more upward. Farewell!

To Miss Langtry.

March 1816.

I cannot express the gratitude I feel to that adorable Being who, in the midst of outward affliction, gives me to feel Christ within. I know that the recent trying dispensation will work for my good, whilst I continue to love

God. But I am assailed by many fears lest the additional cares which devolve on me should so engross my thoughts as to retard the progress of Divine life in my soul. I would not, were it possible, recall to a scene of suffering one who was "faithful to death." Shall I then murmur that "mortality is swallowed up of life"? that joy has succeeded grief, pleasure pain? Oh no! I need not dwell on the loss I have sustained; I can only confide in Him who never calls us to any situation without enabling us to perform its duties. If I can get "loving Mary's heart," I have no suspicion that "careful Martha's hands" shall be wanting. Who knows but diligence in business may conduce to fervency in spirit; and by a proper attention to domestic concerns, I may be serving the Lord as acceptably as by prayer, reading, and meditation?

On some subjects I dare scarcely think at all. You will therefore attribute my so slightly adverting to the circumstances connected with my dear mother's death to anything rather than a want of feeling. I felt exquisitely—I still feel; but my selfishness is diminishing. I can rejoice in the idea of her happiness, even when a sense of my own solitary condition presses heavily on my heart. I can anticipate a meeting—perhaps not far distant—when I shall rejoin my once almost idolized mother in the land of peace.

Your opinion respecting languages coincides with my own; I believe learning is desirable when it does not lead us from God. Previous to my becoming decidedly serious, I had acquired a pretty accurate knowledge of the Latin tongue, and read the most admired works in it with enthusiastic delight; and I was about applying to Greek when I was brought to seek and find experimental religion. Soon after this period, I became scrupulous, and thought that such studies, though I devoted only one hour to them daily, were unnecessary, if not sinful. I demurred, then desisted. My father remonstrated quietly, but feared to urge me, so that, except one or two odes of Horace, read six months ago, I have not indulged in a single page. I do not see my way herein, and till I have clearer light and more leisure, I believe I shall drop the pursuit, however congenial. I shall conclude by transcribing a few lines

which were written on the cover of a book which I received from the hands of my beloved mother, a few moments before the attack which proved so suddenly mortal. I had never seen them previous to that time :—

"Accept whate'er the Almighty deigns to give,
And die contented, or contented, live.
Embrace the lot His Providence ordains,
If decked with laurels, or depressed with chains,
Inured to labour, or indulged with rest,
And think each movement He decrees is best."

To Miss Langtry.

April 1816.

If we had not a sweet hope of rejoining our friends who have "crossed the flood," if we did not believe our own prospects were gilded by the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, then indeed we might "lament our dead;" but with the belief that our friends "died in the Lord," and the sweet assurance that we shall soon be re-united where all tears shall be wiped away, we may well be consoled under our temporary bereavement, and even enabled to discern matter of praise for every new display of the "chariots of Israel."

I was a little disappointed at not seeing you in Lurgan; it was a profitable time. How sweet are public ordinances when used as channels! how insipid when the great end is not discovered! Give me a heart overflowing with love, and place in the pulpit the preacher of meanest abilities, I must receive benefit. The very sound of his voice, the countenances of the audience, the place dedicated to the worship of the Supreme Being, all combine to lead heaven-ward, and inspire with a devotional spirit.

It once appeared to me a heavy cross to be actively employed in religious duties. I saw nothing so desirable as the "low vale of humble life," and thought absolute seclusion from society most favourable to spiritual improvement; but when more disposed to comply with the leadings of Providence, and the advice of experienced Christians, I felt a hitherto unknown liberty in speaking, pleasure in

writing, and enlargement in thought. I embraced all opportunities, as far as I knew them, of doing good to the souls of others, and rejoiced in exertion.

Such were my feelings for some months previous to my late affliction. I have since had a new, but not less difficult lesson appointed me. I am ready to exclaim, "I have only one talent left—patience."

I believe you may entertain too low an opinion of yourself. Keep the influence, given you for wise purposes, over the minds of your acquaintances, not by seeming what you are not, but what you are. Suffer me to conclude with a parting charge. Love God supremely, love every person, every pursuit only as they resemble or lead to Him.

To Mr. Richard Lutton of Breagh.

Donaghcloney, *May* 21, 1816.

Dear Uncle,—I long for an angel's mind to comprehend more of the Infinite, an angel's voice to sound His praise, and a Mary's posture at the Master's feet. Pray for me. Are you resting satisfied in anything short of that perfect love which casts out all fear? Remember your seat in glory will be high in proportion to your attainments in grace. Oh let us be ambitious of a great crown! We have competitors in the race, but all may win; and the closer we get to the Redeemer on earth, the nearer will we be advanced to Him in heaven.

To Miss Langtry.

July 1816.

We need to guard against extremes; to do this we must unite in our views and feelings two Scriptural propositions: "Without Christ we can do nothing;" through Him "we can do all things." If the former thought depresses, the latter elevates; both combined preserve us in the happy medium.

I fear you have too much remaining love of the world. Pray sincerely for an illuminated mind, while you answer to God and to your conscience the following questions:—

1. Though I have renounced assemblies, cards, and all

extravagance of dress, yet do I not indulge a refined natural taste in another way, perhaps equally prejudicial to my spiritual interests? Do I not enjoy evenings spent in company with a sensible, intelligent formalist, distinguished by elevated station, correct ideas of propriety, just and amusing observations on the world around her, the shafts of whose wit are sometimes levelled at religion, though too polished to pain, and too artfully concealed to be immediately discovered, about whom hovers an indefinable attraction? Am I as covetous of the converse of any poor, simple, heavenly-minded Christian, who can talk of nothing with elegance of expression, but delights to dwell on the name of Jesus?

2. Am I as happy at home as abroad, alone as in company, engaged in domestic management as expatiating in literature?

Again, I fear your love of the creature is inordinate. Ask yourself, could I faithfully discharge my duty towards them if I believed I should thereby forfeit their favour?

Lastly, I fear you are resting in your first received measures of peace and purity. Inquire, what advances have I made heavenward since this year commenced? Do I speak of and for the Redeemer on all fitting occasions? Are my thoughts more constantly where my treasure ought to be?

I have complied in part, my dear friend, with your wishes, and ever believe the writer's heart filled with the truest affection for you.

To Miss Langtry.

August 1816.

What opinion must you form of my friendship when I assure you that, though your letter of 22d inst. breathed almost a spirit of despair, I never read one coming from you with equal pleasure? I feel truly thankful to Heaven that you suffer. And why? Because I anticipate the issue, —the happy issue,—your emancipation from slavery, your glorious admission into the liberty of the children of God. Yes, my friend, your heavenly Father has beheld you, His much-loved child, with pity. He has seen your hindrances, and is about to remove them; He has discovered, perhaps,

that the spirit of those persons with whom you associate is becoming your own, and, knowing your danger, in mercy He gives you to feel it. You ask, "What am I to do? I read, I pray, I hear." Do you believe? Here is work for you, hard work, necessary work, work without which you may "read, hear, pray," yet never obtain what you want. God will not reverse the order of His operations on the human mind; He will not work without your concurrence in the way prescribed. He requires you to believe, to continue believing from moment to moment, "to live by faith," to hang on Him like a confiding, clinging, trembling infant, and trust the event to Him. Did you ever try this method for one week? No! Then try it this one. I entreat you, delay no longer than till you retire to your room, to commit your all to Him who says, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." Tell Him your sinfulness, your utter helplessness; plead the promise, "From all your idols I will cleanse you." This promise is yours now. The more consciously unworthy you feel, the more welcome you are sure to be. Believe this declaration fulfilled in you; believe without once expecting any particular frame to precede belief. It is sufficient He hath said who cannot lie, "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Say, with a determination, that if you perish it shall be in this way of duty. You may linger irresolute till you again become less alive to the necessity of a change; you may trifle with conviction till it ceases to rouse your attention, you cool again and again, and the certain consequence is, you are doubly, trebly hardened. Oh, say not, whilst invited to-day, that you choose rather to come to-morrow!

To Miss Elizabeth Stevenson.

October 9, 1816.

Does this letter find you full of love Divine? If it does, pray for a poor fellow-traveller to Zion, that she too may go on her way rejoicing; and may your prayers for me be ever attended with praise to Him who hath given us one hope, one Lord, one country! I long to hear that the

voice of supplication is with you swallowed up in thanksgiving; that "your cup runs over" with spiritual blessings; and that you are—

> "Ready prepared, and fitted here
> By perfect holiness to appear
> Before His glorious face."

Oh, I beseech you, "die daily" to everything beneath the sun—to earthly converse, earthly friends, earthly wishes, hopes, and fears! Live to, for, and in Him alone who will be the "Light of your life, and your Portion for ever." May we both—

> "Hand in hand to Jesus joined,
> From strength to strength go on"!

I rejoice to hear of your sister Ellen's advance in the Divine life. She cannot honour God more than by believing Him faithful to every promise, and continuing to believe. I wish she would borrow the magazine for last July from Miss Langtry, if you do not get them yourselves, and read in the life of Mr. Mayer an extract from one or two of his letters, p. 291. If you cannot get it, send me word, and I will write it out for you.

As for myself, I am learning a new lesson, and a very useful one too,—to be thankful for trials; and when inward consolation abounds most under outward crosses, is it any wonder if we feel grateful? I bless God, He deals very gently with me. I have little to suffer, and if my soul was all love, I believe I should scarce feel that little. I am generally kept very busy, and very happy; at present, however, I could wish to see you, and get your advice on something which has affected me a little since I wrote the former part of this letter. Oh, what a changeable scene do we live in!

I believe if I thought you would not be at Bluestone on Sunday, I would be inclined to go to you on Saturday, as I have obtained permission from my father to spend one day and night with you. I want a long letter from you—from your heart, not your head. Tell me all you feel and all you fear, and in return I will tell you what you need not fear, that you and I, if faithful, shall renew our friendship

for each other in a world of spirits, where no cloud shall obscure our prospect, no tear dim our eyes. I long to see you there, I long to join my dear departed relations; but, above all, I long to see Him whom my soul loveth. Farewell in the Lord! Remember that everything here is uncertain,—friends forsake, fortune fails, and every sweet has a snare;—but we look for a "city out of sight," we look to a "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," and we cannot look in vain.

To Miss Elizabeth Stevenson.

Donaghcloney, *19th October* 1816.

Help me to praise Him who liveth and reigneth for ever. Amen.

I cannot neglect this opportunity of conveying to you the pleasing tidings that, after some times of heaviness, I have a glad heart this evening,—a heart which rejoices in God my Saviour, a heart which glows with love and gratitude to Him whom I long to "see for myself and not for another."

"Oh, when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God?"

As you value the Divine favour, delay not to give up every hold on earth and earthly objects. Make every sacrifice, search what has a tendency to draw your thoughts from heavenly contemplation, and agonize in mighty prayer, or meekly and constantly lay it before the throne, till He who alone is worthy of your affection possesses your heart without a rival. I see a state which I want you to enter, a state in which there is no desire whatever but is swallowed up in the continual enjoyment of the presence and favour of God. Doubt not it is attainable. I believe Mr. Fletcher found it so. I believe others have found, but all have not retained it.

What you spoke of feeling in Soldierstown quarterly meeting was, I think, what I allude to. Regain it, my dear friend; you are not safe without it. Oh, get nearer our Jesus—sweet words!—and we are, and I trust will be His

to all eternity. The moment you feel Christ to be all in the fullest sense of the word, write to me. I will praise for you and with you on earth, till I can join you in the bursting hallelujahs of heaven. That delightful period is fast approaching; hold up and hold out a little longer, and we bid a final farewell to trial.

To Miss Elizabeth Stevenson.

January 10, 1817.

I feel much want of a closer union with my God, and a more perfect obedience, yet I know the good work goes on. I feel such a continued enjoyment of His love as leaves no room for fearing the future, or doubting of the past. Yet otherwise my state changes often. Yesterday was replete with weeping seasons, not caused by grief, trial, or anxiety, but I believe I longed to be gone. Yet I do not dare to indulge too much in the idea, lest it should be inconsistent with perfect resignation.

Well, of all creatures I have most reason to be thankful for outward mercies and inward comforts, as far as my knowledge of other people reaches. My father and brother are gone to Lurgan to-day, and I am left in health of body, seated at a warm fire, writing to a beloved friend in Jesus, and, best of all, God is with me. Oh for a weight of gratitude to keep me ever at His feet who hath put all our enemies beneath ours! I can neither feel as I ought, nor express what I feel, but you can judge of my sensations by your own.

I send you Young's *Night Thoughts*. I would recommend you to read them regularly, and not in detached parts. If you are acquainted with the construction of blank verse, I have no doubt but you will relish the subject, and find in some places devotional helps, if you require them. But if, in reading three or four pages, you do not find it profitable, I beg you will not continue it. Indeed I would rather have you hanging in delight on the words of Isaiah the prophet, or Paul the apostle, or Jesus the Friend of sinners, than hear your elegant quotations from any poet, however sublime his language or lofty his

theme. Yet I think occasional visits to Dr. Young and some other choice writers will only diversify your reading without injuring your religion. They will assist you in furnishing new ideas, and help an expansion of thought, very serviceable when we consider that we shall love God in proportion to the knowledge we have of Him. Range then among the tombs with Hervey; contemplate in the night with Young; breathe forth your pious aspirations with Mrs. Rowe; and when you return to the Book of books, you will see the superior excellence of the Scriptures more clearly; you will perceive that the Holy Spirit not only once dictated, but now applies them, and that there you have the words of eternal life.

I love Jane Cooper better every time I read her letters. If a union of spirit in the realms of bliss be possible, I should delight to be near her. I love her, I love you, and I believe I love both for your resemblance to each other. Oh, hold fast your simplicity!

To Miss Langtry.

October 7, 1817.

I am going, please Providence, this morning to Lisburn, and have not yet been fully persuaded in my own mind what is the will of God respecting a meeting in Lurgan. I shall perhaps be able on Friday to come to some determination on the subject, and shall consult with my father and you on the probability of doing good there.

I am glad you are going on rather better than otherwise. Pray, believe, love, more than ever, and crown all by greater watchfulness, that in word or temper you grieve not the good Spirit.

Farewell in Jesus! Tell Ellen she must become a devoted Christian, and all will go well, both within and without.

To Miss Langtry.

November 17, 1817.

Go on, my sister; you have nothing to fear; you must endure, and may to the end. You will prize enjoyment when you feel emptied of self-dependence, and find your

all come from above. To-morrow night is our meeting appointment. May God bless the undertaking!

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *November* 26, 1817.

Get within the veil more fully; let the outer court worshippers be left at a distance; live, abide in God, and you will soon know more of duty as to living for Him.

My father is, thank Providence, better. I am sometimes given to enjoy a near prospect of my earthly house in ruins, my health at times being poorly, but the soul anticipates at such times unutterable things. Glory to our God, He doth all things well!

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *December* 29, 1817.

So you are "much tried and tempted." Well, I sincerely sympathize with you; but what is my sympathy? You have "a great High Priest" who not only compassionates, but is "able to save to the uttermost;" trust in Him, and fear nothing. The heavenly rest will be very sweet, if, "coming out of great tribulation," you "wash your robes in the blood of the Lamb." Oh, that *if!* why do I use it? Because there is an awful possibility of being beaten with stripes, yet not cured of our faults; of feeling the rod, yet not hearing it. An affliction may be lost on us, is lost, when its effects are not the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Do try. Make reiterated efforts to "die daily" to merely outward things. Study in everything principally to please God, and you shall thereby succeed better in pleasing those about whom you are so deeply interested. Shrink from approbation. Learn to pass through "things temporal" with a stedfast eye on the eternal realities which await you. Live for these alone. Time flies—eternity approaches. "The Judge is at the door." Be holy, be happy. Is it to all, or only a few, the injunction reaches, "Rejoice evermore"? If to all, you are included. If to you, the body, the mind, the world, and the devil cannot preclude the possibility of

your possessing the power to render obedience to this delightful command. Oh, why do you doubt?

To Miss Langtry.

1817.

I need not say how much I feel indebted to you for your kindness in giving me intelligence from your neighbourhood. I beg you will do it frequently at the present trying crisis.

Yesterday about eleven o'clock Richard Murray[1] was seized on a sudden with a violent affection of muscles and nerves, which continued with little abatement till a little after nine at night, when his spirit fled to God who gave it. He is now a corpse, and will be buried to-morrow. Ralph continues ill, but just at the period of his little brother's exit he broke out into raptures of joy, cried that God had healed his backslidings and filled his soul with love.

To Miss Langtry.

March 17, 1818.

I am pleased that you are "thinking deeply." When you throw off a little more of the worthless strata at the top, and sink sufficiently low, you shall find Christ in the mine. He is there, I am persuaded He is; but beware of allowing what you are clearing away now to fall in again. Even should it not bury you in the midst, yet it will give you all the former trouble to remove it, and make it a more discouraging undertaking. Self-examination never hurts a real Christian, it may pain both the mental sight and feeling, but your eye will become accustomed to light, and will love it, even when its discoveries are most disagreeable to proud, perverse nature. Use much prayer with your labour, that your strength fail not, nor your hope decay. And remember your "piece of ground" contains a "treasure." They who seek shall surely find. Dig on; you are more than a million times repaid your life of labour, if, in your latest moments, you can cry, "I have found it," and die to enjoy it for ever. But why not much sooner?

[1] Son of her sister, Mrs. Murray.

To Miss Langtry.

May 1, 1818.

Thank God, my dear sister, for the pleasing contents of your note. Yes, you and I, in spite of all the malice of our adversary, are moving heavenwards; and, I trust, with increased rapidity. Oh, let us still proceed, "in Jesus' footsteps go"! Praise Him, my friend, whose providence is now removing the clouds which hung so long and heavy on your prospect, and be watchful! Where much is given, much will be required. Let your exertions in doing the Lord's work faithfully, and your unremitting reaching after holiness, keep some pace with your blessings. I wish not to pull down, but to keep up. His will is best done by ever looking unto Jesus.

To Miss Langtry.

May 4, 1818.

We had, I trust, a good time at Aghalee, and many people, if not all affected, yet apparently attentive. I went to the Grove with Jane and Sally A. Stevenson, and came home this day with a soul that is

"Kept alive by Jesus' love,
Supported by His smile;"

and a body perhaps not as strong as some years back, yet better, it may be, than some of my friends think it. Oh, what is sickness, or pain, or privation? If "I finish my course with joy," all is well, for Christ is mine. I cannot direct you about your Lurgan invitation. Going or staying, living or dying, be wholly the Lord's. Oh, relax not from watchfulness, earnestness, and devotedness to God!

To Miss Langtry.

May 13, 1818.

You say your faith is weak. It would be stronger if more exercised; not only internal happiness, but good works are dependent on faith. Mark the order to be observed—believe, enjoy, obey. The two former cannot be maintained without the latter. Up, my friend; believe,

obey, and enjoyment, as far as needful, will be given. Let faith produce works, and enjoyment will be the offspring of both. Farewell! Oh be a Christian inwardly full, and outwardly overflowing!

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *May* 30, 1818.

I congratulate you on increased happiness of mind. May it be firm in its foundation as the Rock of Ages! Oh, do try to live above the cares as well as the pleasures of earth! Can you, by taking thought (anxiously) diminish your trouble, or add to your enjoyment? Live this moment for and in God, and you need not die to feel the heaven of His continual approbation and presence. Oh, my friend, rise above yourself, emerge from yourself! Drop self for ever, and this mole-hill earth! Act, speak, think, as one who lives in sight of eternity. How shall we be ashamed (if shame can enter bliss) on the retrospect of life! Our powers so capacious, so little fulness; our energies so great, so little done. May we arise once more, shake ourselves from the dust, and live as befits wrestlers, racers, fighters, candidates for glory! Who of all these will desist, stop, refrain, and the prize in view, for a thorn or a flower in the way? If ever the dignity of man were worth a thought, it is when we view it in our high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Yes, this ennobles, invigorates, calls loudly for exertion; and whilst it assures us it is God that worketh in us, yet promises the reward, where grace precludes the plea of merit.

To Miss Langtry.

June 2, 1818.

If Providence permits, I think I shall be with you about noon to-morrow, though indeed I scarcely know why I go. Perhaps I have hurt or may hurt a mind whose peace—solid, real, uninterrupted peace—is dearer to me than I can well express. Yet I am satisfied that my motive is good; but I am fallible, and my dear friends, in bearing and forgiving my errors, will, in one sense, be no losers by their

acquaintance with me. I may even exercise their Christian graces.

To Miss Langtry.

June 8 (?), 1818.

Are you marking your advance by increased power, conquest, self-denial, and deadness to earth? or by a measure of happiness whose cause you cannot accurately determine? It is sweet to enjoy, and I wish you from my heart more abundant enjoyment; but I want you to have corresponding and increasing fruits of holiness. I rejoice when the dew of heaven abides on your branches, but I long to have the tree singularly productive. Well, whether it be dew, or flower, or fruit, all is of God, and all matter of magnifying His holy name.

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *June* 15, 1818.

Robert was saying that you had some word of coming into town to-day. If you do, let it be pretty soon after dinner, as my father would wish you to hear Mr. Worrell at Mr. Magarrey's this evening, and he intends, if you go, to take the horse and car; you could return home early in the morning. If it be a very wet day, we need scarcely expect you; but perhaps the little boy might be in this neighbourhood, and a few lines from you would be gratifying, if they had pleasing intelligence of increasing delight in Wisdom's ways.

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *June* 16, 1818.

We had so many people at Aghalee that, whilst I was speaking, I observed them outside the door; the kitchen, parlour, hall, and stairs were receptacles of the congregation; whether full or not I cannot say. What a pity that so many, it is to be feared, should go empty away! Well, if they had come very hungry, they would not; this comforts me through it all. I tried to do my duty faithfully, and leave the event to the Lord. Farewell!

But you want to know about my body and soul; the former has frequent indications of mortality, the latter can say, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee?" and all on earth, however dear to me, is at His disposal. I believe I can say with humble confidence—

"Give what Thou wilt, without Thee I am poor;
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away."

There is much in these expressions, which I hope to be more fully proving till I enter the Paradise above.

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *June* 22, 1818.

What shall I say additional to former notes? Have either you or I properly digested their contents?—that is, extracted and applied what might nourish the soul and promote its growth in grace;—or do we resemble persons who eat a great deal, yet are ever lean and sickly? I fear for myself; let us look at our state, and be timely wise.

We could not go to Lisburn to-day, but I hope we shall not be prevented making good our way to heaven; no weather can hinder, nothing else need. How far are you forward? where was set up your last Ebenezer? On, on, my friend; lose no time. Every day has a blessing bearing to you; seize it, and be encouraged.

We might be profitably engaged did we devote half an hour daily to writing in two books,—a book of blessings and a book of lessons,—and another half-hour to reading over some of their earliest records. How much escapes our memory![1]

To Miss Langtry.

June 1818.

I thank you for your communication respecting Mrs. Oldfield. Oh may we learn the happy art of drawing each other into God! What avails the sweetness of affection, if it conduce not to this? Union of soul ought to be sub-

[1] This is Miss Lutton's version of her letter, in a partial transcript made by herself.

servient to communion with the Father and His Son Jesus Christ. If we have forgotten this great and good end of our attachment for a moment, let us be humbled for the past, attentive to the present, and trust Heaven for the future. Thus shall we be more closely united than before, and "God be all in all."

To Miss Langtry.

July 3, 1818.

Oh how I shall rejoice to meet my friends in the New Jerusalem! nor do I think the period is far distant when I shall see the "King in His beauty." How sweet is stingless death and the grave! Indeed, my sister, it is with little interest I turn my eyes to scenes passing around me. Yet I find no melancholy void, no distaste of earth; but my country is above, and I hasten forward to

"Join the blood-besprinkled band
On the eternal shore."

Oh help me to praise a God of love,—all love to me, to you, to all that will come unto Him! Cheer up, fellow-traveller! Bear every cross; get nearer the standard; 'tis but a point of time till the cross-bearing army shall stand on Mount Zion, and sing Alleluia to God and the Lamb.

I feel unutterably happy when viewing dissolution near.

To Miss Langtry.

July 1818.

How are you doing?—believing, watching, working, at the Master's feet abiding, not dissipated by company, not elated by attention, not depressed by neglect, profiting by every ordinance, tranquil, happy, thankful? Take care that our dear Mrs. Oldfield does not outrun us in the Christian race. Well, ours is a noble strife—emulation without envy, love without jealousy, and a heaven in possession and in reversion, which we wish all mankind to enjoy in common with ourselves. Farewell! I experience a sweet revival of holy longing after God, and am reluctant to drop my pen when the subject is so delightful. Think you, can there be any pauses in the song of eternity? Oh, I hope there are none!

To Miss Langtry.

August 1818.

Can you send the enclosed note to Miss Cambridge to-day? If not, give it to her before to-morrow morning's meeting; it is to postpone her coming here until Friday, as she thinks Lurgan Fair on Wednesday would annoy us, with people passing through the street. Mr. Armstrong preaches here, I believe, to-night; so we hope Providence has opened a way to the Grove Band-meeting. I am not quite sure whether I shall be in Lurgan in the morning; perhaps I may not. If so, be sure you detain the class, and meet them. Don't let trifles prevent, and even if it should be late, keep them, and be brief. You can sing first, then speak, and afterwards pray and conclude; but perhaps I may be in with you.

Are you fully alive, breathing, moving, acting from a principle of Divine life, pervading and increasing within?

God bless you, my dear fellow-traveller! We are nearer heaven than we were yesterday. I do think sometimes I am about soon to bid you "Good-bye" till we meet in the morning of the resurrection. Oh, how I love my dear friends in Jesus! and how freely, yea, joyfully, I could shake hands with the dearest of them, and "leave the dull body behind!"

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *September* 21, 1818.

I anticipate with indescribable joy the period when I shall meet my dear fellow-travellers in heaven, clothed in bodies of immortal frame, as little subject to change as to decay; all secret matters revealed, all hidden reasons why a thing is made lawful to be discovered, all little differences in non-essential matters lost in the common blaze of knowledge, and friends in Christ inseparable through eternity. How such contemplations ennoble, animate, strengthen! Yet all I have yet mentioned is only a small part of our rich reversion in the skies. We shall be with Jesus; this is hope's highest effort. Beyond this she cannot soar, nor needs, nor seeks. It is enough, a full sufficiency of expectation. With this in prospect, we may bear the indifference

of others, endure the cross, and feel nought save good-will towards man.

Do not think, however, that I am going to detail a series of sorrows, and have chosen this mode of introducing the subject. Oh no! my fellow-creatures are a thousand times kinder to me than I merit. I see, I feel mercy encompassing me round about; and though I may sometimes suffer a little, yet it is nothing, positively nothing, in comparison of what I experience from my God of temporal as well as spiritual good. I think I can, better than formerly, understand the blessing promised to the Israelites in their "basket and store," in their "going out and coming in, lying down and rising up." Oh, better is that blessing on a little than the kingdoms of the earth without it!

To Miss Langtry.

October 2, 1818.

Will it be convenient for you to meet the Lurgan 11 o'clock class on first Sabbath? Let me know before then, that I may know how to act. If you do, I shall be at liberty to stay with my uncle and go to Moira church; but if I go to Lurgan, I believe I must return after class-meeting, and consequently not hear either Mr. Oldfield or Mr. Dubourdieu. Yet do not force Providence, if you know what I mean; do not supply my place if your duty calls you to another.

Would you tell me what to do regarding my desire to be confirmed by the bishop? I understand that Wednesday first is the day appointed in Moira.

To Miss Langtry.

October 3, 1818.

I was in doubt what reply to make to your last note; bu as I have the full approbation of my father and brother t your little proposal, I cannot, will not forbid it. If it pleas the all-wise Disposer of events, He can make our lit meeting a blessing, and to Him let us solemnly commit ourselves, our hopes and fears, for time and eternity.

To Miss Langtry.

October 13, 1818.

I thank you for your kind note, and attention to the duties of the class. I have a meeting first Sunday evening at James Elliott's, near Portadown, and think of meeting the Lurgan class, and proceeding on to the appointment.

We had such a time in Dromore as I have seldom experienced. To God be all the glory! Well, I hope soon to see the "King in His beauty." I enjoy the present, yet pant for that which is to come. Farewell! I heard the bishop preach in Dromore. I loved and enjoyed the greater part of the discourse; it was on prayer.

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *November* 21, 1818.

You have, no doubt, often heard of persons taking a melancholy satisfaction in complaining. You have perhaps sat beside the bed of the sick and dying, and heard the detail of their ailments. Well, I do think I am almost got into their method, though from a different motive and in an opposite spirit. If you were here, I almost think I could entertain you a full half an hour, with increasing delight to myself, with a descant on this troublesome but very welcome cough, and its concomitant circumstances; I could enlarge on its consequent probabilities, and when these would fail, could count on possibilites also; yet, instead of repining, "I joyfully decay;" instead of being reluctant, I feel the "glory to be revealed" dawning upon my upturned vision. Oh, bless our God for the enjoyment of life, the near approach of dissolution, and a heaven in His presence for ever!

I have received yours. I believe Elizabeth Stevenson will meet the morning class in Lurgan; but if you feared a disappointment, it might be well for you to be in, though I have no reason to think she will not be there, and your presence might prevent her speaking to them. We have Mr. Livingstone to preach and administer the Sacrament to-morrow evening, before Mr. Oldfield's preaching.

I could write on, but fear to detain the boy, and time is on the wing. I hope to be able to go to Richhill, and shall be pleased to see you before Thursday. Farewell! Live as in the Divine presence. Do not put off this wholesome counsel with "I wish I could," but try. You lose nothing by trying; fail nine times, yet still try the tenth. God bless you!

I wish Mrs. Oldfield would talk more to the people she meets occasionally. She would do better herself by such exertion. She has, and so have we all, a good right to "speak good of His name" who loves us, and hath called us with a holy calling. To Him be glory for ever!

I am better to-day; perhaps I shall soon be out of the devil's reach, with all the redeemed of the Lord. But I may live to see twenty New Year's days, each better and sweeter than the preceding. Blessed be the Lord for life or death! We are His.

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *December* 8, 1818.

In reply to your inquiries respecting our Dromore visit, particulars are rarely recorded in my letters; but I went to Mr. Ross's and spent a very profitable evening to my own soul on Saturday. I do not know that I ever had as many females anywhere as on Sabbath morning. I hear that some had to go away for want of room; I began to fear that the door must remain open for the benefit of those who could not enter.

They seemed to be very attentive, and to possess a good deal of sensibility, but the Lord alone knows what was the profit. I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Knox at Mr. R.'s. We had singing and some prayer. A few friends assembled in a house in town at night with Hugh Magill, who came for us, and a young woman who had been in very deep conviction found comfort. To God be the praise!

My health does not seem established, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever. I merely wait "till my change come"; as a watchman for the morning, as a hireling for the evening, as a pilgrim for home, so

look I for the welcome summons. "Oh what hath Jesus bought for me!" Join me, my sister, in adoration and praise; and live your gratitude to our common Lord, and may I also.

You ask me something respecting the work of sanctification in the soul. I cannot tell whether you meant to say, did I think it was really effected in yours, or, how to distinguish between sin and temptation? If I make a few observations on both, I shall perhaps meet your desire. May Divine wisdom direct me! As none save the Searcher of hearts knows the secrets of the human breast, so none other can decide without liability to error. We can only form our judgment of our neighbours by two things: observations on the external fruits, and the person's own testimony. In examining the first, we must consider differences in individuals caused by constitution, education, early habits, situation, and circumstances. In consulting the second evidence, we need the wisdom that cometh from above to ascertain the colouring of the mind at that moment, if illumined by hope, or shaded by temptation. There are also innumerable degrees in sanctifying grace which demand attention. Now to apply the matter to your own case: I observe there is an apparent improvement in your sentiments, manners, and pursuits, and you believed you had experienced a measure of sanctifying grace. Yes, my friend, you are advancing heavenward. Hold fast the beginning of your confidence; be thankful, but by all means press forward, seek gradual dews, and instantaneous showers. I cannot give you an infallible rule to know sin from temptation. Get more of the unction of the Holy One; this will do what the wisest on earth may attempt in vain, "teach you all things." Farewell! Live for Him who died for you.

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *December* 23, 1818.

The rain principally prevented us from being at the quarterly meeting. I could brave all weathers, but I

sometimes fear for others when I am unavoidably connected with them, that is, when my becoming a sufferer involves them. I am very busy at my Greek Testament; you may therefore partly account for the paucity in words, and reduction in size of my paper. I might write largely on the greatness of redeeming love, "the love of Christ to me." Oh, may we rush forward through internal and external opposition, through educational, constitutional, and circumstantial hindrances, and seize the crown of life! Tell Eleanora Johnston, when you see her, that I have some hope of being at Bluestone on Saturday, and if so, shall probably trouble her for lodging that night. At the same time, I beg you will abide in your own quarters. I hope to be in Lurgan on Sunday. Remember me in prayer. I hope Mrs. Oldfield is getting heavenward. Tell her to use all diligence, and meet poor unworthy me and thousands of others in glory.

To Miss Langtry.

The Grove, *January* 9, 1819.

Dear Sister,—I trust these temporary afflictions will have the desirable tendency of deadening us to earth, stimulating to earnestness, and giving us firmer faith in Him who is our strength in weakness, our joy in tribulation, our life in death, our glorious portion for ever. I find it very profitable to visit the sick and dying. Ralph Murray[1] in a few words taught me yesterday a lesson which I pray I may never forget. He asked after the state of E. Stevenson, who, you know, is not expected to recover. "She is very happy," I replied. "Ay, ay," said he, as a comment on the whole; "E. lived happy, and as she lived, so she'll die." Oh how the expression went to my reason, my conscience, my heart! how it has since led me to wish to live fully for Him on whom I shall be fully cast on a death-bed!

"As she lived, so she'll die." May you and I never forget this important truth! She who lives beneath her privilege, with light upon it,—she who stops short of doing her duty, with strength to perform it,—may expect to suffer

[1] The eldest son of her sister, Mrs. Murray.

on a death-bed what otherwise she would have escaped: and she who presses on through inward and outward difficulty in the time of health, shall find in sickness that "all is calm, and joy, and peace." Heaven bless you!

You have happy seasons; but, oh, what is a drop compared with the ocean! To this we hourly tend, at this we shall shortly arrive.

> "Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
> And lost in His immensity."

Live close to our Jesus.

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *January* 18, 1819.

Never did I hear such solemn, sweet, impressive sermons as of late I have done from dying preachers. Some give "a lecture silent, but of sovereign power;" whilst others

> "Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
> Behold, behold the Lamb."

O my friend, what I have witnessed in my sister Murray's family will, I trust, be a lasting blessing to my soul! Ralph has been speechless since two o'clock this morning, and his last hour nigh at hand; but do we mourn as those without hope, or does a slender hope sustain the drooping hearts of his afflicted parents? Oh no! meridian evidence puts doubts to flight. God has graciously given that evidence, and our young brother sealed, with his last efforts to speak, the truth that God is abundant in mercy, faithful to His promises, and plenteous in redemption. From his illness commenced such a perseverance in earnest prayer as has perhaps never been witnessed, and in the height of delirium, his almost constant language was, "Where shall I find my destined place?" accompanied with a power in supplication that astonished us. God was pleased to reveal His Son more powerfully in his heart when little Richard died. He rejoiced with joy unspeakable; he loved with sensible rapture; but the pressure of a distempered body, and, no doubt, the concurring malice of the powers of darkness, often made him languid and fainting in his

hopes, and clouded in his evidence; yet he could at other times witness a good confession. Last night he sang, "Come let us join our cheerful songs," through the first verse; and again, "The blessed Jesus is my Lord, my Love." He occasionally raved much, and our only method to quiet his disturbed brain was to talk of heaven, its glories, and the goodness of God, or fall to prayer. Often has the disease, like demons of old, felt the name of Jesus. About twelve last night he asked the hour, and from that time ceased to rave. With an animated countenance, he said, "He'll shower blessings on us, He will." Quietly turning his eyes in an opposite direction, he triumphantly murmured, "See, heaven"— Perhaps he would have said "opens," but the word that followed died away unheard. The mourning friends bent over the suffering clay with mingled sensations, and as they gazed on his much-loved visage, "the fashion of his countenance was changed," glory beamed on his soul, and shone beyond description in his countenance. "Filled with love and lost in praise," the heart sent its tribute of gratitude to its once obedient attendant, but the tongue refused its office; still the heart pressed for utterance in singing, and the few simple sounds that issued from him indicated the melody of soul. Shortly after he articulated "My God," and ceased to speak. He fell speechless.

P.S.—Ralph is now dead. He expired at half-past twelve o'clock this day. Send immediate word to the Grove, and warn your neighbourhood that they will not hold the wake where the corpse is, but in the large parlour. They think of burying at twelve o'clock to-morrow, in Derriaghy.[1]

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *Feb.* 4, 1819.

I have delayed writing until I have very little inclination to write. I did not, however, delay without a (to me)

[1] This custom of interment soon after decease, and of holding a "wake" in the house of mourning, still prevails, as we found at Poratdown this summer, in the case of a pious young girl who died whilst we were there. A wake does not necessarily imply revelling, but sometimes prayer and a good discourse.

sufficient cause, yet I do not feel fully at liberty to explain it at present. Suffice it to say it was a something I had to communicate respecting myself, in a recent visit to a place of worship; but I feel rather inclined to be mute at present, and I believe your curiosity will not make you very uneasy, when I tell you I am silent on the point partly from a wish to keep prejudice from the minds of others. Yes, my dear friend, in a late close trial, I have proved the possession of that grace which enables me, literally and sweetly, to love my enemies. Do not speak of this to any one; 'twas but a trifle, if I speak comparatively.

I found my visit to Dromore both sweet and profitable to my own soul; the result of it to others I leave with the Lord, but I hear good news of the operations of the Divine Spirit.

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *Feb.* 8, 1819.

I think I will venture to throw a little light on the mysterious part of my last note. I imagine it is pretty public in some places, and as it will, in some form or other, most probably meet your eye or ear, I shall take the liberty of first presenting it to you.

I went to Dromore on Saturday evening, January 30th, and had a female meeting in the forenoon, Sabbath day. I afterwards went to church. The Rev. Mr. Leslie preached from, "Take unto you the whole armour," etc. He had some good observations, and spoke highly of the girdle of truth, as meaning sincerity; but when he came to the sword of the Spirit, he aimed a powerful and evidently pointed blow at me, in words of the following import, as nearly as I can recollect: "What meant the apostle by 'I suffer not a woman to teach,' but that women are to keep silence, and not to become public speakers? My friends, if you want teachers, pray to God to send them."

I hear this conduct in the pulpit has not given general satisfaction. An avowed violent opposer of the Methodists, of some influence in society, is greatly displeased with the clergyman; she had been in our morning meeting, and was better satisfied than ever with it. For my part, I bless

God I can say "he has not injured me at all." I could pray for him freely, and do love him dearly, as one who, I believe, once did, and I hope still does, love our common Saviour. He may be mistaken, and error, though we lament it, is easily overlooked as it respects ourselves.

I did not tell my dear father till last night. I feared principally that it would engross his thoughts and conversations with others too much, and prejudice him against one who formerly stood high in his estimation. But, as Mr. Oldfield once mentioned to me, he has more experience than I have, and very likely he would hear the circumstance in some quarter.

Well, the whole affair is trifling in one sense, and important in another; important to me, as conveying to my soul more love to God, His people, and the whole human race, than I sensibly felt a few hours before it; important because it exempts me from a serious woe pronounced by our Lord, "when all men shall speak well of you."

My father thinks I should write to Mr. Leslie, and vindicate my little proceedings; this I feel averse to. I opposed the measure of his being written to in Dromore.

They wanted me soon back, but I have not fixed a day. I should not wonder if Providence would make the matter a blessing to many. I believe it has sent some of them to their Bibles to examine the matter. Oh, may the sacred word reach their hearts, in convincing them deeply "of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come"! Give me your advice; I think my writing would not be needful. Sure I may persevere in my little meetings in his parish, and my attendance on his ministry, without doing him any real injury; he will scarcely banish me from the former, and the latter I no more mean to quit than ever I did. Indeed my only fear in going to his church is lest some should think it was like braving his censure. Far from it. I could gladly, before I would desert that place of worship, creep into a corner "little and unknown," did I not believe it would have the appearance of either conscious guilt, or of being ashamed of the Lord Jesus; but to leave preaching-house or church I have no intention, nor did I ever love the latter better.

I feel that within "which many waters cannot quench," nor floods drown. 'Tis not obstinacy, but firmness; 'tis not the effect of a heated imagination, which gives a momentary blaze, and then subsides. I humbly trust 'tis the result of a full and constant surrender of my all to God, and a Divine evidence of the single eye. I attempt not, nay, I shrink from the idea of publicly speaking to men,—except speaking in our select meetings my experience, or praying when called on, be termed public speaking. Yet I feel persuaded that neither shame nor fear, in the sense we usually take those words, prevents me; but my mind recoils from and is repugnant to the admission of a single individual of the other sex to our female meetings. With a heart glowing with love to the Divine Being, and benevolence to His creatures; with a zeal which would regard no sacrifice, nor "count my life dear unto me" for the spread of my Lord's kingdom, I yet find a decision on that point which I believe I may say never wavers. I humbly and happily rest upon the Lord, that I am now in His will; it would be a revolution indeed were I to commence as teacher in that sense.

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *March* 29, 1819.

I had rather an unexpected meeting at Mrs. Scott's, near Dromore, on Saturday evening. I hope it was profitable. About ten on Sabbath morning our female meeting in town commenced; we had a full house, perhaps never more there, nor am I sure ever as many. The Lord was with us. I hope to see numbers of them in glory, though I have no certain evidence at present that it shall be said, "Such a one was born there;" but eternity will discover.

I forgot to say I was at church. Mr. Hunt preached; Mr. Leslie was at Lisburn. Matters went very smoothly with me, but I feel poorly to-day; could love to "leave the dull body behind."

To Miss Langtry.

July 3, 1819.

I hear you have been ill since we parted. Well, with loss

of health you have not to deplore loss of heaven; and with a very different spirit, and much better reason, you may, for one, adopt the language of Milton's arch-fiend, and exultingly cry, "All is not lost." Would that you and I were more sensibly and evidently "lost in God!" Here, my friend, let us fix our meditations, till thought, becoming enamoured of Divine beauty, loses all relish of aught beside; or if it stoop to earth, imitates the bee, finds sweetness in the meanest object, matter of praise in all circumstances, and Deity everywhere.

It is wonderful what a little timely compulsion can effect; true 'tis no easy matter to recall and seize truant imaginations, and compel them to rally round the cross, when we look prospectively at the duty, and do not properly consider the power by which we shall be enabled to do it. But in the moment we courageously resolve and vigorously attempt, it is engraven on our hearts, and proved by our overcoming, that "God is for us."

As to myself, I am, as usual, hopeful and happy. "The Lord is my strength and my salvation, what shall I fear?" Not sickness, not death, not the devil. Oh, come let us rejoice in our God; let us magnify His name together; let us humbly and confidently expect His full salvation!

To Miss Langtry.

September 1819.

In the letter you were so kind as send me which Mrs. Oldfield wrote to you, I fear those parts which relate to me are too commendatory to be proper to meet my eye. I am very young in the Christian life; approbation too warmly expressed might hurt me; therefore, my dear friend, excuse me, I return the letter unopened. I pray God to bless her who wrote it; may she find in Him all her soul requires, infinitely more than ever the creature can afford her.

You say your health is very precarious. Should I survive you, I shall deeply feel your loss; yet why should I wish to detain you on life's swelling surges, yet love to enter port myself? Besides I see you both fit and unfit for this world; you are well able to manage its business, but not its people; you are shrewd and discerning in many respects, in one you

are simple and unguarded. Warm in your attachments, you are at first blind to the defects of those you love, till some convincing certainty opens your eyes, and ever afterwards you are unwilling to close them again. Now, in my poor judgment, we ought to be wary before we confide very freely; but having once done so, let us not be fastidious when we find imperfection, nor abandon our choice because of minor errors. Much of this lesson have I to learn. I have but one business; to do it well is all I want, except I should whisper, "If it be Thy will, oh let me do it soon!" Let us be "found watching."

To Miss Langtry.

September 1819.

A thousand thanks to you for your kind letter. On looking back at our last interview, I am ashamed that so little evidence of affection was apparent in my manner. It was cold, and indicated not that abounding charity of the heart which ought to send its influence to every power, and stamp its impression on every feature. I know you kindly overlook this in me, and ever attribute it to the best motive. But if, instead of doing so, you would charge it on me as a deficiency, and pray for my greater perfection, you might do me more real service.

Indeed I sometimes see myself in a light far, very far, from favourable, and that you and others continue to love and bear with me is one of the mercies with which my cup is made to run over. I am better than when I left B——. To use every means in my power for the removal of dangerous symptoms is my duty. To hail the approach of death, and to bring it on, are very different matters. Far be this from me. Nor do I find that any little fasting I do has a worse tendency than to conduce to the preservation of that health which it is reported to undermine.

How are your own soul and body? Try to refer all you do or say to the test of the Divine presence. Contemplate Deity more than self. Bring Deity near, and self must vanish; no room for shadows if all be filled with the Great Substance. There is a sad tenant in that heart where self remains as a lodger; but when the breast becomes recipient

of Christ in all His offices, it is fully occupied with high and holy company; self may knock at the door, but is refused admittance.

To Miss Langtry.

October 1819.

So you begin to love home. I am not sorry for it; you may do some good by going much abroad, but you shall get good by the contrary conduct, provided God be your object; otherwise I care not whether you be a traveller or a recluse.

Wherefore have I declaimed against your little excursions, and some of your particular intimacies? Was it because I reprobated friendly visits? No, for I believe them very conducive to knowledge and holiness, if properly used; but you have a peculiarity in the construction of your mind, an undue susceptibility, rendering you recipient of the spirit of those with whom you converse, if they are amiable, and beloved by you; and hence arises in you a propensity to follow them, when a leader's office would be more suitable and serviceable to all parties. You have sufficient firmness when you believe the matter involves sound doctrine, or good practice, but here lies the mistake; as it respects our spirit and conduct, there are no such things as non-essentials. I cannot promote conversation which has not mutual edification for the aim, and the Scriptures for the rule, and be faultless. There should not be the word "trifle" in the Christian's vocabulary, or if there, it should be made to signify everything that conduces not to our eternal salvation.

To Miss Langtry.

December 1819.

You are now getting into a higher class in the school of Christ. "To you it is given to suffer." Thank Heaven for your promotion! It tells me He wills you to be with Him, that you may see His glory, that He loves while He chastens. Oh, fear not! you are now nearer the Master; His eye is over you.

Perhaps you are soon to enter a world of spirits. Well,

you are gradually and sweetly sinking; no racking pain, no guilty conscience, no frowning Judge to face, no hell to fear. Among friends, surrounded or visited by those you love and who love you, no eternal farewell to those to whom your heart clings. No, but the bright beams of the Sun of Righteousness illuminate your soul, your path, your prospects. And how or whence is all this? Oh, tell it to all the world, tell it to listening angels, "The body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ" given—shed for you—have procured all this rich abundance! Oh, when at the sacramental table on Saturday, let the words operate on your heart to produce a corresponding sensation, and "be thankful!" Remember a sick-bed as well as a death-bed is a place of trust.

To Miss Langtry.

January 1820.

I rejoice that you can repose your every care upon the Lord. More and more clearly am I given to see the necessity of a very close walk with Him, if we would have the desire of our hearts. I am looking more than usual at the lawful, yet inexpedient matters in which, if we be not very wary, we shall be insensibly drawn. Such are all indulgences of the body not absolutely requisite; all friendly visits to those who are not deeply spiritual, in their own houses, except perhaps in a few exempt cases. Now the first proposition I know you will accede to, but, if I mistake not, you have a demur in the second. But let us calmly investigate the matter. By friendly visits, I mean spending a day, an evening, an hour or two, in free, familiar conversation, even on religious subjects, with persons of the class described. This, I think, is rarely productive of good in their own houses. I have an authority, an ease, an independence in my own house which gives a security, a solidity to my opinions, and, at least in my own judgment, a weight to my sentiments. Now do I not give a great advantage to the half-hearted, or lukewarm, if I place them in such a position as to possess these privileges, by becoming a temporary member of their household? If self-preservation be the first law of nature, is not the soul's preservation

the first law of grace? If I must encounter an enemy, ought I to venture into his camp? If the world has an atmosphere of its own, and vital Christianity the same, is there no danger in exchanging the one for the other? O my friend, be our intention ever so pure, let us always ask, Has God sent me? If He has, I shall be kept from infection, and His grace shall be sufficient; but if He has not, I may expect to return, like the children of Israel, discomfited, from their self-concerted plan against the Amalekites.

I know the sociability of your temper, and the benevolence of your spirit, but wish you to be very circumspect when abroad, and very sure of your providential way when going. For my own part, experience tells me that retirement is most productive of growth. Oh let us be nobly singular in self-dedication to God! Let us bear the cross faithfully. Let us press after good Mr. Horner's experience, who told Mr. Fletcher he had so literally prayed "without ceasing" as to be brought into a state wherein the solemn sense of the Divine Presence was ever around him.

To Miss Langtry.

February 1820.

It rejoices my heart to think you prize a fuller conformity to the Divine Image, higher than ease or than exemption from suffering. It is an evidence you are willing to give, as Kempis says, "all for all." Long had you the theory in your head, that Christ was to be preferred to any earthly good; now it extends to a settled principle in the heart, that you do prefer Him. You seem to think what you possess of religion amounts not to a flame, but is like a few dying embers. Admitting that this is the case, I accuse you of being a most injudicious person. Is it necessary to keep it alive? is it a probable means of doing this to throw cold water on it? Is it not requisite it should be kept from damps, should have fuel, and often a strong current of air? Is not unnecessary complaining cold water? is not the language of thankfulness fuel? is not prayer the breath that causes it to rise, to burn, to shine, to diffuse itself? And these things attended to, will not God give the increase? He will; He does. Even now you ascend in

holy aspiration, now you feel Him "nearer than when you believed." Oh, praise, pray, deny! Force the vagrant thought to dwell on Deity till it becomes enamoured, fixed, immoveable. Adieu! Blessings attend you for ever!

To Miss Langtry.

February 1820.

In taking up your cross, which is much of your present required service, "there is great reward." This I proved yesterday, having to write almost all day on temporal business. But what circumstance is there in life which God cannot make an occasion of blessing and a means of grace? I know not when I have had a day of such deep, constant communion with heaven; truly my soul lay quietly at the feet of my adorable Master, nor did this hinder my attending closely to the manner and matter of my epistles, for I have rarely pleased my father so well before. "Godliness is profitable to all things." Farewell in the Lord! Be of good comfort; deliverance approaches.

To Miss Langtry.

March 1820.

As to nervous feelings, I shall prescribe—1st. Treat your body, as regards sleep, food, rest, with every indulgence consistent with the soul's vigour and clear perception of spiritual things. But keep clear of an extreme; by excess here, the thing you most fear might come upon you.

2d. Give no place to an indolent spirit; be not idle five minutes together; task yourself in your work; be as attentive when at business, and as diligent as if you were really living by industry.

3d. No matter what interruptions you may meet, get into regularity of working, reading, writing, going to prayer, lying down, and rising up. You must enter on such a regimen if you would be healthy in body or soul. I beg this of you, live by rule.

4th. Keep some particular increase of grace continually in view. Press after it. Lose not sight of it a moment.

Follow these directions faithfully, and I venture to say the Lord will give you freedom from nervous feelings, in a superior degree to what you have ever yet experienced.

To Miss Langtry.

Belfast, *June* 14, 1820.

I have a meeting to-night at Whitehouse, to-morrow at the Falls, Friday Ballylisson. I have had three in town. I am cast among the rich, the honourable, the respectable; and to give you a view of one of my associates would make you, as it has made me, tremble in spirit. Three weeks ago she came here from Dublin, where she moved in the high circles of dissipation,—almost every night off at eleven to a party, home at five in the morning. And this is a fellow-traveller to the judgment-seat of Christ! Her sister, who once moved in the same way, has been gradually giving way to light and conviction, and yesterday, for the third time, met in class, of which I hope she will be a worthy member.

O eternity, how I hail thy approach! Farewell!

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *November* 22, 1820.

You want a circumstantial account of my proceedings when from home. Could I take time, or bear the drudgery of repetition, my little narrative would form a good apology for my seeming neglect in writing to you; but, as Cowper says,

"I hate long tales verbosely spun."

And it may be sufficient information to say, I held nine or ten public meetings, and two classes or band-meetings, since my departure from Moira. At Belfast, Whitehouse, Newtownards, Rockpool, and Comber, I had many good times; saw the fruit of former labours in more than one instance; witnessed the sanctification of one sister in a meeting, whose body nearly fell beneath the struggles for liberty, and the after-pressure of a weight of evidence and love. I never found equal liberty, recollection, and command of voice before at

Whitehouse as I did on Thursday. I might enumerate many things somewhat interesting to both of us. God was with us, and I saw His hand. I found kind friends in every place I went to, and parted from them with tears.

As for my spiritual state, I can tell you this day is one of my extraordinary ones for inward happiness and outward trials. Yes, "in the world" we ever "shall have tribulation." I feel in a humble measure like the Marquis de Renty, "I could dance and sing, only that I regard appearances." My soul is exceeding joyful in the prospect of any privation Heaven may appoint. Half the world would not believe me did I declare what I feel in submission, joyful submission, to my Father's will. You however will not think I either lie or boast when I say, all within me cries, "It is the Lord! Let Him do what seemeth Him good."

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *March* 2, 1821.

I was pleased to hear from you, and more so to hear that your mind had attained a degree of serenity. Oh, be watchful, be fervent, be diligent! You and I have but one business of importance to attend to. Other things are minor matters. Oh, let us treat them as such, and live above them!

Thank our good God, I feel at present His smile to be my all. Oh, why are we such poor proficients in so great a school, and taught so many excellent lessons? Surely our dulness arises more from want of due attention than want of capacity. If so, where is our excuse? And if we can remedy former neglect by renewed application, do we ever deserve mercy if we fail to be more diligent?

Let her who can forget or disprove the following conjectures:—

1st. That by our example, even in the little circle of domestic life, we are influencing others, leading them, if not into imitation, yet into reflection, more or less every day.

2d. That in proportion to the correctness of our walk, the grace of our converse, the mildness of our manners,

and the holiness of our tempers, we influence them, if not to copy, to approve of what is good.

3d. That unsteadiness or inconsistency in a person professing godliness has a ten-fold worse effect than in any other person.

4th. That therefore we are not sufficiently aware of the good or evil we may be doing, by a watchful or unwatchful spirit; but that we shall be accountable in the day of judgment for the latter, and rewardable for the former.

I have to thank you, and I do it heartily, for your uniform kindness, both in writing and in other ways. I am fated to bear the sweetest of all heavy loads sometimes, —a debt of gratitude to those I love, and no hopes of paying off any part of it.

Well, to Heaven's care I commit you.

To Miss Langtry.

MOIRA, *March* 9, 1821.

There is an expression in one of your late notes to me which I beg here to transcribe: "I cannot see God as displeased with me, though I am sensible I have resisted His Holy Spirit." From this allow me to take occasion of enforcing upon you the necessity of seeking increasing tenderness of conscience, and a mind yet more fully enlightened. I am not for persons tamely giving up their confidence on every or any occasion, but yet I would wish that sin would be to them "more than hell abhorred," and more than a grievous calamity mourned for. And, permit me to say, I do consider resistance of the Holy Spirit, where it points to duty (as in your case, I suppose, it did), to be sin. "For to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

You will bear with me; I have sometimes thought that you might get a little more light on this subject. May God give it you, and me more feeling! When the Divine Spirit is resisted, He is certainly grieved, and the consequence must be a degree of interposing dimness. Now what I want is for you to be conscious of this consequence at the moment it takes place, and to fly mourning to the

throne of grace, till it is sensibly removed. To say that the Spirit is not grieved, and that the dimness does not intervene in your particular case, is to say that you are tolerated in sin, and that God is unjust in chastising others. For it would appear to me undeniable that you not only provoke but incur the Divine displeasure, when you resist the Holy Ghost; and I would much rather hear you say you had erred, felt sensibly for it, and continued in supplication till you got a deliverance. Here let me remark that we lose not only an increase of consolation, but also that increasing detestation of the least appearance of evil, when we suffer defects in ourselves, and wounds in our consciences, to heal up imperceptibly. An instantaneous cure can be effected, and will, if we persevere. And it is not only most characteristic of God's way, but also indicative of "perfect soundness."

Bear with me, I beseech you, and not only bear but deeply consider. Say not you find it impossible to wrestle in prayer "till full deliverance comes." 'Tis possible; and 'tis this way God will make discoveries to you never made before. I will candidly tell you I think you have too little of a spirit of agony in supplication. You are too formal in private prayer. Hence you cannot have the delight in it you otherwise would have.

Oh, set out afresh! Be not discouraged if, in struggling after life, you find heaviness for joy. It will prove salutary, and productive of the peaceable fruits of righteousness. I really have strong fear for the people who are satisfied to get to heaven as easy as they can,—that is, to be as lukewarm as is consistent with not being wholly rejected by Heaven. I do not say you are of this number, but I say we all need to "watch and pray" lest we enter into this delusion. Let each of us ask our hearts, Am I bearing the reproach of Christ? from whom? or for what? Am I as a "speckled bird," not merely in the world, but amongst half-hearted Christians and compromising Methodists? If we please the world, 'tis evident we don't do our duty when with them. If we please the lukewarm, 'tis because we partake of their spirit.

May the Most High quicken, teach, and invigorate us!

To Miss Langtry.

June 18, 1821.

I thank you for all your trouble about the Septuagint, and feel obliged by your obtaining it for me. I could have wished your messenger to Lurgan had brought it back again, as a few minutes would have sufficed for ascertaining the edition, etc. I could have got it this morning, but no matter, we can have it on Thursday. I owe you either a long or a comprehensive note; I mean one that shall embrace more subjects than one, though I suppose my own defence will afford matter enough for half a sheet of letter paper. This I hope to make out some day shortly, by the blessing of Heaven. I think you ought not at present to perplex yourself with reasoning about your state. The past you must leave at the Saviour's feet, the future in His hands. Now do what your hand findeth to do, with all your might. And what is that? Why ply the two oars, Faith, according to your ability, and Obedience, according to your light, keeping a good look-out in the way of watchfulness, and filling your sail with the breath of praise. As Horace says, "If you know better things, impart them; if not, use these with me." Adieu! God for ever bless you! Remember, the right-hand oar well managed secures attention to the other. Never fear the weakness of your life. The Lord will strengthen you to use it more perfectly. Be thankful, believing, and watchful, and all will yet be well. Imitate some little ones I have seen, who, if they stumble in their race, yet with a tear in their eye and a smile on their face, put forth their strength and try again. Both the tear and the smile are necessary, both are wholesome indications: the one of grief for the past, the other of hope for the future; the one makes a mortal thrust at self, the other binds the soul to Jesus by trusting in Him.

To Miss Langtry.

Bangor (Ireland), *August* 14, 1821.

I thank you heartily for the kindness which dictated your two notes, and your remembrance of a very unworthy friend. I perfectly agree in opinion with you that, when

our situation is by Divine appointment, submission is duty; but I would add, it requires to be joined with cheerfulness to render it obedience. Some persons consider it difficult to ascertain what is, or what is not, the Divine appointment in their outward circumstances; perhaps the following hints might be useful to them. If the doubtful situation be such as must necessarily bring guilt upon the conscience, I would not hesitate in pronouncing it contrary to the will of Him who cannot will moral evil; but if it involve not this, then the following marks may confirm the belief that God has fixed the boundary of our habitation :—

1st. Does it connect itself with such trials as particularly exercise us on what we call the weak or peccable side? This is to me a genuine proof that He who knows all things, having seen our weakness, appointed these trying circumstances for our strengthening.

2d. Are those whom I consider my real friends of opinion that I am in the way of Providence?

3d. Have I made my situation a matter of earnest and constant prayer, casting myself on the Lord for His interference and direction, and taking no step either to retain or relinquish my post.

I have no further light on the subject, and, in my own case, I need no more.

I could paint in my imagination Elysian fields and golden days. I could enjoy the anticipation of a book, a friend, retirement, and a pen; but I abandon the future, as well as the past, to my God, and make the present my chief study.

Anacreon has a fine thought in one of his odes :—

> "What is to-day I care for,
> What shall be to-morrow—who knows it?"

Do you think he was not indebted to Heaven for the idea? Oh, had he applied it properly!

I held a female meeting in this town yesterday; had a large congregation, and, what is unusual with me, made a collection for buying a branch for the lights, of which the house is in great want. Not having been previously apprized of my intention, they were unprepared, but con-

tributed cheerfully 12s. 4d. A Miss Knox from Killaleagh assisted Elizabeth Johnston in collecting.

I have a meeting to-night at Newtownard, to-morrow at Donaghadee, Thursday at Comber, and where next I know not. I met with very great kindness from Mrs. Johnston and Elizabeth. I am wished to remain with them until next week, but fear not being quite in my duty, as I know I am needed at home. I have bathed thrice, and agree very well with the water. I think my health on the whole is better. I believe I shall come home from Lurgan to attend a band-meeting.

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *December* 10, 1821.

You have observed the word I drop about dress, and animadverted upon it. I am very, very far from having it in contemplation to insist on one certain costume to be worn by all. I allow of the propriety of distinction when rank is considered; I would not even reprobate variety in cloth and colours (with some restrictions). But what I wish you to elucidate for me, or at least to cast all the light you have on paper for me, are the following doubtful, and in my mind disputed matters:—

1st. How far is superfluity of material in the dress of any female professing godliness allowable?—whether that superfluity be the ornament or appendages of head or heels.

2d. If you admit superfluity in some cases to be justifiable, I beg to know on what principles. Is it to excite admiration or command respect?

3d. Is anything of an indifferent nature which diminishes our means of relieving the necessitous?

To Miss S. Greer.

January 2, 1822.

Your reasoning on the subject of dress is indeed plausible, but not, to me at least, conclusive. Your observations were too general to be satisfactory. Had the word of God been silent on the subject, were there no more certain rules of

right and wrong than feeble taste and the varying opinion of individuals, I should certainly admit what you say, but I believe the Scripture is decisive. I think you prove nothing by an appeal to the diversities of dress in a Methodist society. I never produced them as models; indeed were I to produce any individual to be held up for imitation, it would be some female from among the Quakers, not more characterized by plainness and simplicity of apparel, than by neatness and propriety; one who would conscientiously avoid extravagance in quality as well as in quantity, yet keep from meanness in attire, only to preserve an influence which she invariably exercises for the spiritual good of others. Your strongest argument is thus expressed: "As the Governor of the universe has ordained there should be different classes in society, let us submit to His desire, nor in any way endeavour to level that which the Lord says shall be unequal."

I do most fully disavow all intention to level the ordinary distinctions which the gradations in property make in society. Suffer me to advert to two Scriptures which appear to me to forbid the things I have opposed: 1 Tim. ii. 9, 10, and 1 Pet. iii. 3-5. In the last-mentioned place, St. Peter confirms the sentence of reprobation issued by St. Paul in the former, upon "curled hair, wearing of gold, and putting on of apparel," gay or costly. To St. Paul's admonition, as the first uttered and most comprehensive, let us confine ourselves. In it I find an imperative injunction on all "women professing godliness" to reject the putting on of "costly array." You would ask what is "costly"? I answer, every part of dress is costly which might have been supplied by an article of inferior value without diminishing the wearer's influence upon others in an equal, or lower class in society. Such is candidly my opinion; in it I have endeavoured to avoid extremes. But this epithet "costly" only strikes at one error; what shall we do with what I have in your words styled "showy" and "fantastic"? St. Paul seems to exclude them altogether, to sweep them away by two or three expressions, without giving them a name.

1st. He enjoins that the woman's apparel be "modest."

Now, is not modesty of a retiring habit? does it obtrude itself on attention? does it not shun display? But the learned Parkhurst renders the word here translated "modest" by "decent," which will bring this part to my criterion; what is absolutely necessary to maintain an influence only used for others' good.

2d. He exacts "sobriety" in the spirit, and this manifested in the exterior by "shame-facedness." Query—Can the vagaries of taste comport with obedience to this requisition?

3d. He points out "good works" as the allowable ornament of the person, and characteristic of the station. Nor were the primitive Christians all selected from the poor; for we read of "not a few chief and honourable women that believed" at Thessalonica and Berea, and no doubt to them the word of this exhortation was sent.

To Miss Langtry.

MOIRA, *January* 14, 1822.

I hope you are getting forward. Take care of your Scylla and Charybdis, security and fretfulness. Be thankful and humble, but never stand still.

Be most afraid in outward sunshine; it has been often blinding to weak eyes and deadly to exposed heads. May the Lord screen you from "the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday!"

To Miss Langtry.

MOIRA, *February* 20, 1822.

I am no advocate for indolence. I approve of and highly esteem, and, had I any influence, would warmly recommend bodily, mental, and spiritual exertion and industry; but let us be busied to the best purpose.

I am not about to dictate nor assert, but to suggest and submit to consideration a few thoughts on a particular subject, begging that, however clear and conclusive my reasoning may seem, you will not yield to it until you have

taken counsel of the Lord, and deliberated and consulted with some pious friend or friends.

I have been thinking that you are not doing well in taking down notes of the sermons you hear. I have thought the matter over very seriously.

Objections.

1st. During the discourse, I would suppose your mind is so much occupied with impressing on the memory the outlines, that you partly fail in applying all that is applicable to the heart. Studious of retention, you are likely to lose in feeling; solicitous to ascertain the boundaries, you perhaps discover not all the beauties of the enclosure.

2d. On your return home, when committing your skeleton to paper, I grant your anatomical observations may be correct, but they are seldom new. Dissect the human frame ever so often, and you only produce the same number of parts. The principal difference lies in one subject of investigation being larger than another. Nor is there so very great variety in the outworks of sermons that you cannot perceive a sameness, and a bareness as uninteresting and unpleasing as the oft-contemplated bones of a system. 'Tis the expression of the countenance, 'tis the symmetry of form, 'tis the machine in action, "clothed upon," and animated by the breath of God, that becomes the instruction and admiration of men and angels. Or if we treasure up in our memory the remembrance of a friend, is it not the looks, the words, the actions? Not the movements of head, hands, etc.

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *February* 21, 1822.

In one of your notes you complain of self. Will you adopt my advice? Then mortify it. Take every method of crossing it. Get the humblest views of yourself, and bring your humility not merely into words, but conduct and demeanour. Be practically humble, evidently humble. Practise, as well as pray for self-abasedness. And if you cannot kill pride, be always prompt to wound it. God can

destroy it in all its risings. Pray then in faith, and crush it with perseverance, and the supplication of this your conduct, and the continued cry of your heart will prevail.

The same method of treatment will, under the blessing of Heaven, be a caustic for vanity, or any other appearance this Proteus may assume. May the Lord keep you alive to this most needful, but painful part of duty!

Oh let me hear that you are getting forward, and that you press after the mind which was in the Saviour! Heaven bless you!

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *March* 1, 1822.

I think it is your imperious and incumbent duty to go to the prayer-meeting, whenever it is practicable. What! stay at home and read! Did such an idea glance into your mind? Surely such an expression was only a sportive sally of a thoughtless moment. Stay at home and read! Read what? What would prove in such a case a soporific to conscience? Were you quite awake when you wrote thus? You think so; I pray you rub your eyes again. Stay at home! and this for personal profit too! Why? because J. W. does not tell the truth in his exhortation? No; but his education has been limited, and his manner of expression not polished! And to crown the misdemeanour, he feels so much interested for immortal souls that he speaks long! Surely St. Paul was a high transgressor, who prolonged his speech till midnight! Seriously, you would act very imprudently by staying at home, because of the example. God has promised to be "in the midst" of these two or three; but you will stay at home, where you have no promise of feeling His presence, unless incapable of going to public worship when it is performed.

Excuse freedom. Take care of insensibly imbibing the opinions and views of trimmers between God and the world.

To a Friend.

March 13, 1822.

I am rather better, can read a little, and write a little,

but soon weary in both species of well-doing. Well, I shall not long struggle with infirmity; soon, soon the dawn of endless day shall break on the gloom of probationary time, and the youthful vigour of the resurrection-body be unrepressed by illness, and uncorroded by decay. Hail, blissful period! The love of thee "grows with my growth, and strengthens with my strength." I view thy advance with delight, and say to disease, "Welcome, harbinger of joys approaching!" Forgive my apostrophe. I find no themes so sweet and fascinating as Divine love and eternal prospects. Yet I sojourn here with peaceful acquiescence, and "have all things richly to enjoy." Oh, what I owe my God!

To Miss S. Greer.

April 2, 1822.

Are you maintaining a clear conscience in the case of Mrs. ——? Did you not mistake when you wrote, "I really do not know what her views are"? For so many months attending the bed of sickness, and ignorant of the sufferer's views! Can you administer to her bodily ease, and suffer the soul to sleep on without attempting to arouse it? Perhaps you say you feel for her and pray for her, but what is all this? If you do not take up your cross and speak to her, you give proof that you prefer your own exemption from the pain of warning her to her everlasting felicity. I beseech you, weigh the matter well, and say, will you, without self-reproach, confront her at the judgment-seat of Christ? Take the most gentle and gradual means, but do save yourself a thousand painful feelings hereafter by dealing faithfully with her. She appears to be given in charge to you and your sister; do your duty, and it shall not be in vain.

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *April* 8, 1822.

What a pleasing shadow of the Divine benevolence to man is the friendly interest of one creature in the happiness of another! yet 'tis but a shadow. I hope I have an interest in your prayers. Give me leave to suggest one

thing which I greatly need, and which may form the subject of one of your petitions for me,—that I may be enabled to make allowances for others. I have so peculiar a mind that the bare suspicion that you compromise matters between God and the world gives an exquisite feeling of regret. What a delightful prospect is there beyond the grave! Haste, period replete with rapture!

I am attending a little to your advice about exercise. I have been this morning enjoying a solitary stroll through green fields and amongst shady trees, near the ruins of Moira Castle.

To Miss Langtry.

April 24, 1822.

Hold fast and go forward; your privilege of growth is bounded by no limits; it reaches to, and perhaps extends through eternity. Blissful thought! Endless growth in inconceivable glory! Oh what we owe a Saviour! Can any sacrifice be deemed too great to be made? can we be so insensible to His goodness as to make any with reluctance?

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *May* 1, 1822.

I recollect you once requested me to compile for you "Motives for going abroad, and reasons for staying at home." Allow me to state them now, and be not dissatisfied with my execution of the work, if it shall be comprised in a small compass.

I. *Motives for going abroad.*
   1st. To get good.
   2d. To do good.
II. *Reasons for staying at home.*
   1st. To get good.
   2d. To do good.

Here you have the main springs of a Christian's conduct —her attractions abroad, her allurements to home. No Christian should principally, much less solely, seek her own ease or indulgence by being housekeeper or itinerant. Whenever the idea of going out presents itself, this should

be the inquiry: Can I get and do more good than by staying at home? And the reply is never satisfactory if it only represents possibility; for probability, if not certainty, is requisite.

In like manner should we question and examine, when inclination would keep us stationary, if there be an outward call for our company. And in either case, we shall go or remain to good purpose, if the decision puts a cross on our shoulders. I never visited with more profit, when my duty laid visiting on me, than when I carried the heaviest cross of thwarted feelings; nor ever stayed at home to enjoy more of God than when duty dashed a premature judgment to pieces, and bid me to be a keeper at home, to study to be quiet and do my own business.

Oh, my dear friend, I was just going to say the cross is everything! But no, the will of God is everything. And whether this assumes the rod or sways the golden sceptre, 'tis mercy all, and strikes to bless, and wounds to heal, and gladdens that it may strengthen, encourage, and stimulate. How grace quickens the perception, and heightens the powers of mental vision! See prosperity pouring on the sinner; he is dazzled by the beams, and can only see at meridian, whilst the noontide brightness is imperceptibly rendering him blind, about to grope his way in the sunshine, and stumble when evening comes on. But behold the Christian. Eagle-eyed, he gazes on, and penetrates through the luminous cloud. He perceives it is irradiated by his God, and only values it for its reflection of Deity.

But whither am I running? Excuse it; I got on a theme "of which," to use the words of Cicero, "'tis more difficult to find the end than the beginning," and "an abundance of matter is not so necessary to be sought in speaking on it, as bounds to speech."

To Miss Langtry.

May 4, 1822.

Do you know, I think the span of man's life exceedingly short. What are the threescore and ten years? I think a person might employ all the intervals between sleeping and eating in the duty of an amanuensis, and at last see a

thousand remarkable occurrences unnoted, a thousand lessons unrecorded, and ten thousand times ten thousand mercies not acknowledged. Let us soar in science or extend in information as we can, what knowledge remains ungrasped, what certainties unknown! I am ashamed at being so superficial. If then time is so very short that we cannot do nor learn anything, much less many things, to the extent of perfection, is it not wisdom in us to select the work and the knowledge most necessary and beneficial? will it not be best for us to have but one design and one desire? Here then I am insensibly brought to the very heart of perfection, that perfection of which Mrs. Oldfield inquires. "One thing I do," inwardly and outwardly. He is scripturally perfect who, whether he eats, or drinks, or "whatever he does, does all to the glory of God." He is scripturally imperfect who does not regard God's glory in everything.

My health keeps much better; I am getting to bed and out of bed very early, which has always been most healthful to me. How good is our God to us in numberless ways! Mind my class.

To Miss Langtry.

May 20, 1822.

I had a very large and deeply attentive congregation at Dunmurry, four and a half miles from Belfast, yesterday at four o'clock. Some of your people were there, in particular Mrs. Gamble, on whose cheeks the streaming tears almost incessantly indicated the sensibility of her heart. I felt indeed unusual liberty of expression and richness of thought. Oh, may my God be glorified, who opened the mouth of the dumb! I was at church afterwards, and heard the Rev. T. Cupples.

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *July* 10, 1822.

I received yours of the 5th, and hasten to reply to a part of its contents. The matter in dispute is trifling if compared with the "weightier matters of the law," but important if considered in its effects and consequences. To mention but some of them may be sufficient.

1st. I believe the wearing these things invariably lessens the person's influence over the minds of others, because they are the acknowledged trappings of vanity.

2d. They have not unfrequently proved a snare to others, who were thereby led to imitation.

3d. The wearing them pains the weak mind of the humble yet sincere Christian. And if the Apostle Paul could sacrifice to a scrupulous brother the eating of flesh "as long as he lived," shall we hesitate to put off, at the shrine of brotherly kindness and charity, a useless appendage?

4th. The wearing them gives the captious professor occasion to object to the wearer's experience in Divine things; because great plainness of dress has been the general characteristic of the Christian female's attire in all ages, as far as we can come to any determinate knowledge on the subject. You will observe that I have not, in the above, glanced at the effect likely to be produced on the wearer's own mind; not that I consider this of no moment, but yours is perhaps an exempt case, and I might not speak to your experience if I said they cherished vanity, assimilated the spirit to the world, and produced indolence of soul.

If you object to my first reason, that your relinquishment of such things will diminish your influence with a certain class of your acquaintances, allow me to deny it. For you yourself know that the effect of good influence is not always immediately apparent; nay, it has not unfrequently been first evidenced by frowns, sarcasm, and neglect. But what then? 'Tis only a sinking to rise higher than ever. 'Tis only a few impetuous movements they make, when properly enclosed in the net of influence, and these only indicate that they are assuredly caught. Yes, the very persons who will labour most to persuade you will in heart respect and esteem you for your determined steadiness; and the great cause why so many oppose plainness of dress is because it is a tacit libel on their own exterior.

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *September* 20, 1822.

I hope your mind is attaining a greater degree of calm-

ness and peace. Be assured much of your irritability of feeling is owing to deficiency of recollection and spirituality of affection. You suffer (if I mistake not) very much from dissipation of thought; you lean too much on your friends; not that you are guided too passively by them, but you long after their society and converse, as a necessary ingredient in the cup of life, without which it is unpalatable. Am I right? Now I call this state of mind intoxication of spirit, and I shall certainly give you an old lesson to re-learn. Use your friends with moderation. I say not that in person you go too much from home, but really in heart you do. This absence of affection from your household, your duties, and your neighbourhood, makes you tried with the first, burdened with the second, and indifferent to the third, so that you cannot but feel irksome what you do not properly estimate. But what does all this resolve itself into? Why, into the conclusion, get more grace; grace will get you domesticated in heart, and whilst running the diurnal circle of your own happy situation with cheerfulness and humility, you will become habitually tranquil, and get into that placidity of soul you so much need. Deal I too freely? If so, a word will correct me, and I promise you a hundred will not offend me.

To Miss Langtry.

October 30, 1822.

This is a very busy week with me. Monday and yesterday we were packing up, and removing most of our furniture, books, etc. We hoped to have entered our new habitation to-day, but cannot. Having sent off my knitting, and all my learned books, I would this day have been very like the idle prisoners in the Bastile, had I not reserved my little desk, and got unexpectedly from Belfast last night one of my Greek Testaments; therefore between reading it, writing to you, self-examination, and prayer, I think I may pass a tolerably busy and truly profitable day. May God make it such!

Mr. Oldfield has very kindly taken much trouble in purchasing me a Hebrew Bible. How are you and Miss

G. getting forward? Oh, redeem the time! Not a moment have we to throw away, and in eternity a moment's value will be seen to have been superior to mountains of yellow earth.

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *December* 13, 1822.

'Twas indeed kind in you to write to me. I thank you for your note, and hasten to reply. I begin with the least important subject, myself.

First, my health is better since our removal to this house than I recollect it for four years past.

Secondly, I read as much between sunrise and sunset as my little domestic concerns will admit of; and so contrive to go on with Xenophon and Cicero (which my father will bind me to), the Septuagint and Greek Testament, the *Iliad's* second reading, French Testament and Hebrew Bible. In the two latter I would soon come to a good degree of accuracy had I more time for them. I have read daily four chapters in my Hebrew Bible. I read French to Mrs. Masaroon in Lurgan for the pronunciation, but translate at home. I borrowed an Arabic grammar, but have not yet begun the alphabet. Indeed, I have too much to read, but feel reluctant to relinquish any of my books. Add to this, as Dr. Cotton Mather advises, when I cannot help it, I have added about a hundred lines to an unfinished poem I showed you, and done some other fugitive pieces.

Thirdly, as it regards my spiritual state. Here I must be exceedingly brief; indeed, I am inclined to say nothing on the subject, though I could be as "garrulous old age." Well, 'tis sufficient to say with Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

I look forward with inexpressible delight to that blissful period when I shall call on you to assist me in shouting the Redeemer's praise, when ardour will not be called enthusiasm, nor the "knowledge of salvation" an idle tale.

MOIRA CHAPEL AND MANSE.

CHAPTER V.

1823–1828.

THE present chapter comprises the remaining years of Miss Lutton's life under her father's roof, until his death on 8th April 1828. He was now an old man, and although vigorous in health, his blindness left him very dependent. The strong sense of the reverence and love due to parents entertained by her would have rendered her an obedient and attentive child to a harsh and exacting parent; but since in her "indulgent father," as she often calls him, she had at once a guide and counsellor and friend, from whom she received judicious and sympathetic encouragement in her literary pursuits, and a wise Christian companion, her affection for him knew no bounds, and she loved him with "all the love she had," second only to the love of her God, and served him with a tenderness and

assiduity limited only by her devotion to the Christian work in which he cordially sympathized.

Her letters abound in allusions to him, not as a drag or a trouble to her, though her duties to him often interfered with the studies in which she so delighted; but she speaks of tasting "the sweetest pleasure in ministering to his declining years." "I dearly love to give my father his breakfast," she says on one occasion when, having slept from home after a meeting, she walked five miles, and tapped at her own door soon after six, that she might not miss this pleasure.

Her father's literary tastes were a great boon to her, because she could gratify her own love of knowledge by reading aloud to him. Among the books thus read during this period were:—

Travels of Anacharsis, about which she expresses her surprise that it should have remained so long on the shelves unread.

Hannah More's Life.

Kirke White's poems, of which, while acknowledging their merits, she complains that every couplet sounds like the toll of a death-bell.

Campbell's *New Translation of the Gospels.*

Life of Henry Martyn.

Blair's *Lectures on Belles Lettres.*

Johnson's *Lives of the Poets.*

Foster's *Essays*, of which she speaks in terms of the highest admiration.

Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's *Biblical Fragments.* Both the two latter authors she was destined to know personally in later life.

With her passion for the acquisition of languages, it was pleasant to her that every addition to her stores gave her father pleasure, and this consciousness added fresh stimulus to her efforts. During this period, she mentions her

perusal of the following classical authors:—Cicero, Lucian, Longinus, Lucretius, and Horace; Xenophon, Homer, and Demosthenes' *Philippics*. But her studies in foreign, and especially Oriental languages were attended with difficulty, owing to the scarcity and expensiveness of books. Yet when a gentleman who heard of her perplexities offered to endeavour to obtain the loan of the required books from the University libraries of Oxford or Cambridge, she declined the proposal, as bringing her name too prominently into notice.

She still continued her close study of the Scriptures, both in Hebrew and Greek, and her reputation for Biblical criticism led to a proposal made to her by an English gentleman, which she characterizes as "a curious specimen of English simplicity," viz. that she should publish a new translation of the New Testament, with a commentary. He offered to superintend its publication in London. She refused; he would not accept her refusal, and asked the remuneration she would wish for the work. Another gentleman, hearing that such a scheme was in contemplation, offered to take twenty copies, adding his opinion that by this literary labour, she would acquire an immense fortune. She subjoins a humorous reference to a "lunatic asylum."

She purchased Luther's Latin commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians, published in 1564, and a theological work in Latin by Wm. Mark, whom she describes as "an "immoderate Calvinist of the 17th century; he combats "in succession Papists, Nestorians, Eutychians, Jesuits, "and almost every sect you can think of." A Latin commentary on the book of Proverbs also fell into her hands. In modern languages, she completed the reading of *Telemachus*, going through the last sixteen books in six days, because her father had expressed dissatisfaction that she had not finished it earlier. Having to return a

borrowed French dictionary, she laments that she has been lately too expensive in books to be able to buy another, but trusts to Providence to send her one. Her cheerful faith seems to have met its reward, for she speaks of buying and reading several French devotional works, and she also read Voltaire's *La Henriade*, *Civil Wars of France*, and Fénélon's *Letters*. A little later, she rejoiced in the purchase for thirty-five shillings of Boyer's French dictionary, the usual price of which was £3, 19s.

Italian she mastered in nine months, so as to be able to read Trissino and Tasso, in whose *Gerusalemme liberata* she took great delight. The language itself pleased her, as possessing the chief excellences of Latin and French without their defects, the energy of Latin without its harshness, the ease of French without its perplexity. "I read less in Italian," she writes, "than I do in other "languages, just as I listen very little to good music; "both affect my feelings too much to be indulged in."

Stimulated by the present of a Spanish Testament, she mastered Spanish also, so as to be able to read *Gil Blas* with facility. With her knowledge of cognate tongues, she did not find the language difficult.

A present made of an old church prayer-book in Irish excited a strong desire to learn that language, but this was not fulfilled till some time later, nor yet her wish to learn German.

In the short days of winter, when her health was usually at its strongest, she often studied by candle-light, when rest would have been more fitting; and she wrote to a friend, "I will sit up most of the night during winter, "rather than not get some progress made in reading."

Indeed so strong was her penchant for the acquisition of languages that she says, "Had I books in all languages, "and continued health, I would leave none unattempted; "but as I have been borrowing almost all I have read,

" and not seldom waiting for years before I can get a loan " of those I seek, with a weak, fluctuating constitution, I " resemble nothing so much as a bird in a cage, panting " for flight and restrained by enclosure. If I had the " twenty-five languages of which I have specimens, I think " I would quit. I know nothing I would so much covet in " the apostles as the gift of tongues. Would it not be " delightful to talk in all languages, and be interpreter to " all people?"

To those who know the real hard work involved in all these mental activities, and consider that they were not the amusement of a life of literary leisure, but superadded to one already well occupied with domestic and religious duties, it will be no matter of surprise that Miss Lutton's health occasionally broke down under the strain. The warm weather especially tried her; consequently she looked forward to the winter with the preference which Berridge thus expresses in a MS. letter in possession of my grandmother: "When the swallows march off, I begin to march out."

She began to dig in the garden by way of exercise. A strong constitution soon triumphed over weakness when allowed full play, and she thankfully records soon after, "Good appetite, good spirits, good rest at nights, and " above all, a good hope through grace."

A little later she again speaks of great weakness, of taking a fresh cold almost every week, and of being obliged to lay aside all books but her Hebrew Bible, of which she read 231 verses one morning, and had to pay the penalty of being in bed all afternoon.

In July 1825, she went with some intimate friends to Warrenpoint, a bathing-place delightfully situated at the head of Carlingford Lough. Here, however, her fame had preceded her, and she found herself announced for a public meeting of women. The desired improvement

not taking place, she went on to Dublin in September for the best medical advice. The verdict of her physician, Dr. Cheyne, was that there was no organic disease, but extreme nervous debility, showing itself in frequent faintings, and he ordered her to lie by for the whole winter, and neither think, read, nor speak more than could be avoided.

On 16th September we find her again in Moira, "in the quiet habitation of an indulgent father, better in health, but excessively weak." Yet in November, with her wonderful elasticity, she pronounces herself improving, and finding early rising and walking out helpful to her.

The calm trustfulness of her spirit at this period is well portrayed in the following verses, written at her father's request, to one of his favourite airs, "Banks of the Dee," and entitled :—

"THE CHILD OF THE LORD.

"Can titles of honour give worldly minds pleasure?
"I too taste the sweetness of having a name.
"Is wealth their enjoyment? I too have my treasure.
"Theirs, theirs is the shadow, the substance I claim.
"Of joy do they boast? Oh the bliss of believing
"In pardon of sin, and the witness receiving!
"When moist are the eyes and the bosom is heaving,
"And I am accepted, the Child of the Lord.

"Is freedom so dear to the heart of a Briton,
"That sooner with life than with it he would part?
"Oh yes! but my charter of Liberty's written,
"By the finger of love, on the page of my heart.
"Extensive its grants as my widest ambition,
"In privilege, power, and a blood-bought remission;
"Whilst peace, hope, and joy form a glorious addition
"Of scriptural rights to the Child of the Lord.

" With rapture I gaze on the beauties of nature,
" New power to discern and appreciate is mine ;
" The glow of intelligence lights up each feature,
" When catching the radiance of wisdom Divine.
" To me every scene, every season is charming,
" No prospect appals me, no news is alarming ;
" Grace makes all the means of instructing or warning
" The happy, but teachable Child of the Lord.

" And, oh, when I think of the period of dying,
" What language expresses the heaven within ?
" Exults my full soul, whilst on Jesus relying,
" I long my eternity now to begin.
" Not weary of life, not burthened with sorrow,
" I triumph to-day and can trust for to-morrow ;
" Yet still I submissively venture to borrow
" Fresh transports from death for the Child of the Lord.
" *April* 22, 1826.

In 1826, Miss Lutton joined her sister, Mrs. Murray, and her family in a visit to Newcastle, in Dumdrum Bay, on the east coast of Ireland, for change and sea-bathing. She thus describes the place :—

" It is a most romantic spot, with ranges of lofty mountains, " the Mourne Mountains, with Slieve Donard, 2796 feet high, " whose bases almost reach the sea, and whose summits " seem lost in clouds. In parts to which you would be " astonished a human being could convey materials for a " habitation, little cottages meet the eye in one direction ; " whilst in another, the expanse of water—now soft, silent, " unruffled by a breeze, now swelling, surging, sweeping for- " ward in awful agitation—presents the grandest sight. I " like the place, or rather, admire it, for its picturesque views. " I could gaze at Slieve Donard's venerable form till, filled " with ideas corresponding to the greatness of surrounding

"objects, I feel myself possessed of sensations struggling for "expression, and ready to break forth in the flow of poetic "transport. At times I climb some rocky eminence, and "listen to the noisy descent of some small river-stream, "through broken channels and over craggy precipices; anon, "I seat myself high on a mountain's breast, and look down "on the waves washing the shore, or mark the passing boats "gliding over the deep, till, lost in distance, I can no longer "distinguish them. I have been once at church since I came "here. Briansford is two miles off, and walking far fatigues "me. But, my friend, what a privilege is ours! when we "cannot seek God in public, whither our heart would lead "us, we can find Him at home. Yes, in the stillness of some "retired chamber, we can taste 'that He is gracious,' and "rejoice in anticipation of being with Him eternally shut "in."

After three weeks spent in quiet and rustic seclusion, some of the families residing in the locality became aware that the stranger who had come to inhale the sea-breezes was not an ordinary visitant, and accordingly Mrs. M'Creight, a resident in the neighbourhood, sent a request to Miss Lutton to hold a meeting at her house. She consented; and the drawing-room and hall were closely packed with ladies to listen to her eloquent appeals. "We had lovely "singing," says Miss Lutton; "and the piano was skilfully "touched by Miss M'Creight." In a few days a married daughter, Mrs. Kevern, requested Miss Lutton to hold a similar meeting at her house. "I spent the sweetest even- "ing," she says, "that I have done since I left home. "Captain Kevern is very opulent, and has a noble and "elegant mansion about a mile from Newcastle." The lady sent her back in a carriage and pair, and both mother and daughter conceived a strong affection for her, and desired repeated visits to their houses.[1]

[1] The late Rev. C. Tucker, an intimate friend of Miss Lutton's, has

One day when she had declined joining her sister and nieces in an excursion of pleasure, and remained alone, her solitude was interrupted by a messenger from Mrs. Kevern, with an urgent request to go to her house to meet the wife of another officer, Mrs. M——. She agreed to go; and this interview was followed by a meeting, to which about twenty or thirty ladies were invited. The next day Mrs. M—— called to solicit Miss Lutton to spend the evening with her at the castle, and hold a meeting there. This call was also acceded to, and a great many ladies were collected in the drawing-room to listen to a discourse. The poor lady of the castle sought comfort from Miss Lutton's sympathy in her troubles;—a lovely daughter buried in a grave in France, and other afflictions, outward and inward, resulting in that "wounded spirit" which is so hard to bear.

A pleasing incident was related to her by the family whom she first visited. Mrs. M'Creight's eldest son was chaplain to Lord Farnham, and had a parish in County Cavan. "On the 12th of July, alone and unarmed, he "voluntarily interposed between two parties of Orange and "Ribbon men, the latter one thousand strong, and by per-"suasion, and the Divine help, he dispersed them all to "their own homes in peace, and had, on the following day, "a letter from each party, thanking him for his timely "interference."

Miss Lutton returned from these works of love amongst the high ones of the land, found herself with pleasure again in the house of her father,—who had been meantime kindly cared for by a young lady friend,—and took up her home life. The remissness of a servant increased at one time her domestic duties; but she says cheerily, "No

reported to me, since her death, that several titled ladies were amongst the listeners on these occasions, and that one of them "was penitently led to the foot of the cross, and was enabled to deny herself, and go forth without the camp, bearing the reproach of Christ."

"one can imagine the enjoyment a leisure half-hour for "reading affords me; but when I wish for it, and cannot "have it, I get on very cheerfully, and am determined to "be happy anywhere. My soul is very happy."

In November she visited her sister, Mrs. Tucker, who was settled in Belfast. After her return, she received information which occasioned much uneasiness, respecting some business transactions with a person who seemed likely to prove a wolf in sheep's clothing; but her cheerful trust did not forsake her. "I never feel happier," she writes, "than in times like this, when 'every face gathers "blackness.'"

She was now without the advantage of her brother Robert's presence and advice in family matters; for in 1823 he removed to America, thus leaving her alone with her father. Robert laboured as a Wesleyan minister with acceptance and success in Elizabeth Town, about fifteen miles from New York, and wrote to beg her to follow him, assuring her that a home awaited her in America. During her father's lifetime this proposal was out of the question; and after his removal, it did not present sufficient attraction to outweigh her love for country and friends so much nearer.

The year 1827 was the last during which Miss Lutton enjoyed the shelter of a father's home, and the privilege of ministering to his blind old age; but for her health's sake, she was obliged to leave him for a few weeks, when she paid a visit to the Giant's Causeway, holding eight meetings in the neighbourhood. One of her relaxations at this period was learning the flute, the only musical instrument within her reach. Although her father was musical, and a skilful violinist, the idea of a lady's taking up that instrument had not yet been originated. Her flute-playing was, however, carried on with secrecy, and at times and in places where no one could hear her. She had from infancy an

enthusiastic love for music; but her motive in learning the flute was a desire to play tunes from notes, so as to acquire new ones at pleasure, that she might raise and sing them when needful at her several meetings.

The year 1828 was one of sorrow. She had said, in a letter to a friend in the previous year, that she thought the peculiar experience of spiritual joy she related might be a preparation either for her own death or for a state of severe trial. This anticipation was now realized. On the first Sunday in the year, her friend Miss Langtry of Kilmore spent two hours with Miss Lutton. After attending the service in Moira chapel, the friends passed "a sweet time in social prayer" before separating, and they never met again. Miss Langtry was attacked with infectious fever a few days after. Mr. Lutton would not allow his daughter to see her. She became delirious, and in nine days she passed away. On the following day she was interred in the churchyard of Maralin.

Her death was deeply felt by Miss Lutton, who writes thus of her: "Never shall I have a more disinterested "friend. She cherished in me everything like talent, led "me forward, not seldom retired herself to the background "to place me in a more conspicuous point of view, and was "never weary in the manifestation of her affection." Miss Lutton wrote an account of this dear friend, which is printed in the *Wesleyan Magazine* for 1828, p. 857.

Before she had recovered this loss, a sharper trial befell her in the death of her beloved father, after an illness of six weeks, from inflammation of the chest, which was the only severe sickness he ever had. Her letters to her cousin, Mr. William Lutton, describe the alternations of hope and fear during the illness, and her deep sorrow, and yet child-like faith, when the dreaded end left her doubly an orphan. Mr. Lutton was buried at Aghalee, with his beloved wife, parents, and sister.

Miss Lutton's religious labours varied much during this

period, according to her state of health and the requirements of her father. She rejoiced in the erection of a neat Wesleyan chapel and manse in Moira, and was a diligent collector of the needful funds. The chapel will accommodate 220 persons on the ground floor, and 80 in the gallery.

Miss Lutton had to give up her class at Lurgan, six miles off, on account of the distance and her delicate health, but she took up another on Sunday mornings at Moira, and visited assiduously not only her own members, but the sick and poor of the neighbourhood. She was in the habit of getting a word with one or another of the poor Roman Catholics as she walked along the roads, and her answer to people who would question its doing any good was, "Well, it does "my own soul good, if there should be no other fruit."

The letters of the period must now speak for themselves. They may seem numerous, yet they are but selections from a much larger number, and each seemed to possess some point too important to be omitted.

LETTERS.—1823–1828.

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *January* 27, 1823.

I met my class yesterday morning pretty quickly; had a very happy time in it. Talked afterwards for about fifteen minutes in the house to an afflicted disciple, hastened home immediately after, and got kneeling down in church before the conclusion of the Litany; heard a very excellent discourse from Mr. Oldfield, and was in two truly profitable prayer-meetings afterwards. It was a day of good to my soul, and a day of much solemn reflection.

I never in all my life was better fitted for a hermitage than

now I am. Were it not necessary for my public duties, I would be glad never to move from home, or when abroad, to take a by-path to avoid speaking to an acquaintance. From whence arises this reluctance? Have I less love to my fellows? No, but more. Is life embittered by affliction? No, 'tis enriched by all things conducive to present and eternal good. Why then is the language of my heart—

> "Make me little and unknown,
> Loved and prized by God alone"?

Because—but I shall not venture to give you my reasons; you would only smile at my philosophic taste, and call my love for solitude a foolish fancy. So I shall only say I do think, "charm you never so wisely," I will more than ever imitate "the deaf adder," and like the timid hare, in future keep very close to my form.

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *February* 7, 1823.

I have been all week, in point of bodily health, lower than for a considerable time past. This is, I am at length forced to confess, principally owing to close application to study. I am getting on, I trust, in the Arabic, and have been reading some French and Hebrew, as an occasional relaxation from the intensity of the other, to some purpose, and with considerable pleasure. I pray that I may have strength for my meeting on Sunday morning.

Are you continuing your adopted course of self-denial? Believe me, we lose a most effectual means when we cease to use it; nature would do anything rather than violence to herself, and she is so plausible a reasoner that few fully escape her captivating eloquence. I know some certain friends of mine who would make first-rate Christians if they would only inscribe the motto for their imagination, speech, and senses, "Deny, Deny, Deny!" This would mortify pride, and by a succession of blows, bring self to Death's door, a "consummation devoutly to be wished for."

To Miss Langtry.

February 14, 1823.

You will be surprised at my writing so soon again, but, to tell the truth, I am very unfit for Buxtorf's Hebrew or Richardson's Arabic. I have been reading Berridge to my father, and greatly are we delighted with his sentiments. Oh, what are we doing? Idling at best, and the best of us idling!

Saturday.—Better in body, happy in soul. If I had an opportunity of sending this to-day, I would ask you to stop with us to-morrow after church, and take dinner with Mr. Chapman, who comes to hear Mr. Oldfield, and you could return on Monday home. Sophia [Miss S. Greer] will not be less welcome. My father has offered to send to you, to say how welcome you will be to him to-morrow to pass the day with us.

You are quite restless that your friends may be comfortable, and thereby neither add to their comfort nor your own. I try to have matters in tolerable order, and, by Heaven's blessing, keep my mind in peace and stayed on the Lord, cast my burden of domestic duties, as well as other burdens, on Him, and in conclusion, generally find my friends pleased, my visitors content, and my own soul sweetly and closely united to the Lord. Bear with me; I am open to a rejoinder.

To Miss Langtry.

February 18, 1823.

I am glad my hints on household fears were not thrown away on you; indeed I have for some time seen a defect in you, and I could point out the very serious bad effects it produces in some of your visitants. In some, it must cherish an idea of their own importance; take care here, I am not speculating altogether. I think you may have done real injury by over solicitude. Do not get faint-hearted.

To Miss Langtry.

February 26, 1823.

I sometimes hesitate in telling you how I feel, not from fear of your unbelief, no; you can credit my testimony, and you can participate in my joy. But I ever wish to be unobtrusive, and nought but immortal language can adequately express the peace, the sweetness within. Perhaps also St. Paul's fear is very predominant with me, "Lest any man should think of me above that which he seeth me to be, or that he heareth of me." Indeed my conduct is no tell-tale, and were you to consider it as a barometer, you would say there was little variation from a moderate temperature within at any time. I am often with my friends, and we have conversed often together, and yet how very little do they know about me, of the depth of mercy which I have experienced, the happiness I feel, the glowing radiance of the eternity I contemplate, or the exceeding great unworthiness of the worm who anticipates it! Oh, help me to praise my God!

I visited the sick woman yesterday according to promise, felt it a time of power, and though I could have heartily scolded our Archdeacon before I went, coming away I could bless the Lord even more cordially. Since that period, all is well in a higher sense than before. Christ is inexpressibly precious. I do think our good pastor will be a particular blessing in this town. But still he must not call into greater publicity certain persons who are best fitted for the shade, and so I must tell him after all.

To Miss Langtry.

March 5, 1823.

I came home yesterday, had stormy weather whilst abroad, but extremely large congregations. At my uncle's on Sunday, a large kitchen was filled, a parlour adjoining, the stairs, and some got into a room above my head.

In Tanderagee on Monday, though a very tempestuous day, the preaching-house, which has two side galleries and an end gallery, and which is computed to hold 500 persons, was so full that some left the house through sickness. I

was very warm, and I never saw deeper attention nor (at times) a more feeling assembly. I got an invitation three miles farther in the country when I revisit Tanderagee, which I hope to do in the summer. May the Lord cause some to hear for eternity!

I seem to myself strangely circumstanced; my mind thirsts for improvement, my soul longs for usefulness, and my body, like a refractory servant, assures me I shall not get it to bear uncomplainingly all I am disposed to lay upon it. What shall I do with it? Shall I use castigation or coaxing? If I did not fear that, like some spiritless beasts of burden, it would fall down under its load, I certainly would flagellate it with mortifications.

Oh, how I anticipate futurity which will have no clog, and that coming period which shall announce the end of an embryo state, the commencing maturity of immortality!

I am weary of nothing on earth but clipped wings, pent-up powers, and the constant flutter of a soul that cannot expand at full length her pinions, much less fly. Nor am I so weary of this as to be unhappy, impatient, or dissatisfied. No; I am willing to live 100 years to come, if joy in the prospect denotes willingness; and I need scarcely say my feelings are not to be described in the thought of soon going. So here I am, humbled, yet uncondemned by the past; ignorant, yet hopeful of the future; trusting in the Lord for this world and the world to come, without the shadow of a fear but He will save a "helpless worm that trusts in Him."

Farewell! 'Tis relaxation to me to write. I must away to study.

To Miss Langtry.

March 18, 1823.

I am so tired! Doing what? Reading, sowing, or visiting the sick? No, really; but tired digging. 'Tis well if Sophia's present of rose bushes do not cost me some hoarseness. I have been nearly two hours to-day labouring at my little border, and have got it ready for flowers. I believe my health will improve by a little relaxation from my books occasionally. God for ever keep you!

To a Friend.

March 1823.

I recommend you to pray for and cultivate poverty of spirit. This is expressive of two things; the annihilation of self-love, and the consequent end of self-seeking. I am apt to consider poverty of spirit as a grand specific, efficacious in all cases.

To a Friend.

March 1823.

What! is the hue and cry about abstinence raised again? Indeed I am not guilty enough herein, if abstinence be guilt; at least, I do not come up to Fletcher's rule of fasting, and many a poor Roman Catholic might shame me out of all palefacedness these days of Lent. Yet I thank you for your caution, and beg you will only make this alteration in your next lecture: exhort me to that from which you now dissuade.

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *April* 19, 1823.

I believe I shall not go to you to-night. Would you believe it? I am too indolent! Ay, and did you see my heart, you would say I had an excuse for my indolence. To tell you the truth, I have no relish for travelling, no spirit for conversation, and what is odder still, scarce any taste for my books, save my Bible. "How is this?" I think I hear you say. Why indeed I know nothing it arises from, but intense happiness of soul. You can bear with my simple tale; few hear it, few would receive it, but you will give it credit; and perhaps, when I am gone, you can mention to some poor seeker of salvation that you once knew one who found a heaven indescribable in the service of the Lord; one who, meriting nothing, enjoyed all things.

To Miss Sophia Greer.

May 30, 1823.

As it respects my religious experience, were it not for your late request, I would not now glance at it; but there

may be as much self-love in keeping out of sight as in stepping into notice, under certain circumstances. Will my present feelings satisfy you on this point? You shall have them then.

Yesterday and to-day I have felt what fills me with wonder, love, and praise; such sweet, calm, solid enjoyment as wants a name. It appears as if intense love to God and all His creatures, strong confidence in Him for all things temporal and spiritual, and deep self-abasement, were so blended together within that I cannot tell which predominates. But this is a very imperfect exhibition. I have often, when writing on this subject, paused and wept, through mere inability to record the loving-kindness of the Lord. O my Sophia, if He condescends to me so greatly as to leave me happy beyond expression, what is He not willing and able to do for and in us both, if we persevere?

How I feel at the tidings of this evening! Poor, dear Mr. Greer! I cannot tell you the sorrow it has plunged us in; but he would not now exchange situations with those who lament his departure.

"Who next shall be summoned away?
My merciful God, is it I?"

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *July* 2, 1823.

I had a very large meeting, and a very sweet and pleasant time. But yesterday evening, when I had got dinner over, I threw myself on the carpet in my own room, and, being much fatigued, I fell asleep; the window was open, and I have taken cold; but all is well within, all is indescribable joy, and love, and hope.

To Miss S. Greer.

August 13, 1823.

I thank you for your kind note, but I did not approve of some of it when it spoke of "Anne Lutton" as "something superior," and as conscious of that superiority. Indeed you must not write to me in this way; I could weep heartily

at such allusions. I must say what I uniformly believe; I expect in eternity no additional glory in reference to my feeble efforts. Nay, I believe hundreds of simple, secluded Christians will rise above me in the scale of estimation.

I went to Miss Langtry's Saturday night; met her class next morning; proceeded to Lurgan, met my own, which was very large; went to Banbridge, held my meeting, had a full house, and I hope a profitable time; visited a sick woman; prayed twice or thrice with some friends; came home that night, and, I fear, caught cold, for I am very poorly yesterday and to-day. A few days, however, of quiet will restore my wonted firmness of body.

I have read some of *Biblical Fragments* to my father. He appears pleased with it; I have already gone over great part of it myself. I approve of the pious feelings of the intelligent writer, but do not agree with her in some things. I think, in her attempts at elucidation, she is not sufficiently observant of the idiom of the language, and has more fanciful ideas derived from primitive roots than solid proofs from the corroborating usages of other writers in the Hebrew tongue. I am also a little sceptical about her method of spiritualizing the simple historical passages of the Old Testament. I consider them as recorded principally to convey an obvious lesson, or to inculcate a truth, or to introduce a precept, or to illustrate a fact. However, as I have not fully examined her reasoning for her system, I must not be precipitate in my rejection. I commenced reading with a strong prejudice in her favour, and no little pleasure to think we females are not wholly reprobate as it regards intellect. I still retain a sentiment of esteem for the writer, who, though she fails to give me all the information I expected, yet communicates more than I had. Farewell!

To Miss Langtry.

August 20, 1823.

We had Miss Jane, Anne, Sophia, and Mr. Richard Greer last night. I thought much of you. Anne and I went up-stairs after tea, and I read her "The Hand of

Love." She used all her efforts to get it from me, but I retain it.[1]

I have been reading *Biblical Fragments*, by Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck. She is in some respects a good writer, but I do not embrace her views. She *will* spiritualize every historic fact of the Old Testament. I wonder the Arch-

[1] The following is the poem alluded to. It is not stated in whose memory it was penned, but as Miss Lutton lost no intimate friend this year, it is surmised to be another tribute of love to her friend Mrs. Johnston of Lurgan :—

THE HAND OF LOVE.

"—Ainsi que l'astre, auteur de la lumière,
Après avoir rempli sa brûlante carrière,
Au bord de l'horison brille d'un feu plus doux,
Et, plus grand à nos yeux, parait fuir loin de nous."
—*La Henriade.*

'Twas the evening of a day,
Such as we have often seen,
Marked by many a sunny ray,
With some lowering clouds between.
Placid was the evening tide,
Scarce a zephyr brushed the air;
Slowly sank the sun, and dyed
Western sky and mountain's side,
Leaving crimson farewells there.

In a chamber's calm seclusion
Burned a little taper bright,
Where had flowed, in rich profusion,
Orient and meridian light.
It had caught the rising flame
Long before the close of day,
But, surrounded by the stream
Of splendour which at noontide came,
Weak and sickly was its ray.

As the twilight shades drew on,
Farther spread its light and higher,
Till, day's faintest lines withdrawn,
Strongly glowed its steady fire.
At that moment, o'er its top
An extinguisher descended,
A hand was seen to lift it up,
A hand to let it gently drop,
And thus its burning ended.

Sainted spirit of my friend,
Art thou hovering near me?

deacon[1] recommended it so highly. She seems to me to be mystical, and is for bringing up pearls where I dare not dive.

I hope we shall have a profitable winter. I must hold few meetings in it from home; my father begs I may thus act. So I shall try to make the best of it,—reading and working all day, and knitting and making verses at night. Notwithstanding you have often reprobated my love of solitude, I am really not yet convinced but that an almost total exclusion of friends and foes from our company, rarely being seen but in meetings, a solemn abstractedness, as far as our

Yes, methinks I see thee bend
With desire to hear me!
Lower then thy purpled wing,
Pause in thy celestial flight,
Catch the theme I try to sing,
Then plume thy pinion, upward spring,
And shout it through the realms of light.

Thou the little taper wast,
Lighted, burning, shining,
Brightest when the noon was past,
Day of health declining.
Strong appeared thy mental powers,
Rich thy glow of heavenly feeling,
Grace was thine in sacred showers,
And upon thy closing hours
Glory's golden beams were stealing.

'Twas the HAND OF LOVE conveyed
All thy lustre to thee;
Was there less of love displayed
When that Hand withdrew thee?
Hark! methinks the cherub throng
In a burst of praise engages,
Whilst these accents pour along:
"Love is her triumphant song
Through the roll of endless ages!"

Sainted spirit of my friend,
Art thou hovering near me?
Pause, oh, pause! I pray thee, bend;
Yet a moment hear me.
Soon we hope to catch thy strain,
Soon to share thy bliss above,
And enraptured, shout again,
The Hand which caused our sharpest pain
Was the well-known HAND OF LOVE!

[1] Mr. Oldfield, lately become Archdeacon of Elphin.

situation in life will admit of, from society, would be most conducive to our communion with God. Take care I do not yet prove refractory, shut myself up, and only by my appearance in the means of grace, and by my letters, let any of you know I am alive!

Really the monastic life began very early, and under proper regulations, a hermitage might be well tolerated on every gentleman's estate. If you hear of any one vacant, I think, as far as inclination goes, I could prove a very proper tenant. You will say I jest; as it respects the prospect of getting the situation, perhaps I do; as it regards the warm wish of my heart, I am serious. Oh, I want to breathe but for my God, to live but for eternity! And what do I gain in company?—little; what do I effect in company for good?—nothing. And is it for this I barter privacy and prayer?

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *September* 25, 1823.

You wish me to be minute and circumstantial in my details about myself and my concerns. How could this interest you? Were I, for instance, to tell you that last Sunday I was in Dromore; had a sweet time to my soul, meeting Miss Porter's class, amongst a simple, sincere, devoted, pious people; had a large meeting at ten in the preaching-house; went to church; spent the evening delightfully with four or five intelligent and truly estimable women, who joined me in solemn self-dedication to our gracious God; and that I closed the day by getting two young women to determine, with myself, that we would live for God in a more exemplary manner than ever,—could this gratify you? I know you love piety, but you have not perhaps learned to think as highly as I do of the ordinances, advantages, and many, many singularly holy individuals of the Methodists.[1]

May the Lord have you in His holy keeping!

To Miss Langtry.

October 28, 1823.

I heard a good sermon on Sunday in Dromore preaching-house. We had, I suppose, 120 communicants; and I

[1] The Greer family were members of the Established Church, and not at all associated with Methodism.

was home in time to hear Mr. Cranston preach at four o'clock. Yesterday I did little in Euclid, but read a good deal in Xenophon and Cicero. To-day I have done one proposition, and am ruminating over a second, which I find a little intricate; most likely you are secretly wishing I may never get out of its labyrinth. Have patience, my dear good friend, till I be able to produce to you some beneficial application of the science to spiritual matters. 'Tis not at first we can know the useful and the sweet of everything. But were it only for the sake of correctly stating an argument, I would not wish to unlearn the little I have learned, nor to discontinue the pursuit. But, you will reply, the truth of an argument is what tells. Not always, and not amongst all persons. Matter is of the first importance, but manner is of the second; and if the process of my proofs be rude, and such as tells the narrow boundaries of a limited education, my opponent will be prejudiced; and as with the learned and scientific, taste is doorkeeper to the judgment, and judgment porter to the heart, if you cannot give the word and sign to the first warder, you will be prohibited application to the second, and so never enter the citadel. Am I not right? And if right, are not triangles, squares, and circles as useful in their place as the polished mien and winning address of some devoted Christians? I pray you, be not so bigoted to partial ignorance, that you will have one corner of every friend's chamber unfit for inspection and incapable of use. God bless you and me with more holiness, get or lose what we may beside!

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *October* 30, 1823.

I have read your note, and thought a little on its contents. Unless it be a small volume of poems, what can I publish? As for my talents in writing, what may do something in a letter might do nothing in an octavo. Place a drop of pure water so as to reflect the rich tints of the Iris, you admire it; but change its situation, and call every one to see its loveliness, they laugh at you, and tell you that 'tis mere water, and that its pendency from the rugged

thorn in humble hedgerow, with a beam of sunshine to gild it, secured to it a brilliancy it was never designed to exhibit elsewhere. And what, my friend, is Anne Lutton but the pendent drop of water, once muddy, now by grace purified, hung on a lowly spray, soon to be exhaled, and quickly forgotten? If she have a brightness, 'tis the reflection of Him by whom she was produced, and to whom she exults in thinking she will soon return. I feel I have powers of mind which have no sufficient employment; but I look to a more genial clime and soil for growth; I look to eternity.

To Miss S. Greer.

December 6, 1823.

I am much engaged with various duties, missionary collections, building and chapel fund collection, holding occasional meetings, house affairs, etc. My leisure time is spent in reading English to my father, and the languages to myself. I have read fifty-four psalms in Hebrew with accuracy, am reading a little Arabic, and applying diligently to the Persian. This last language is so simple in its construction, and so beautiful in its figures, that I love it much; but without my previous acquaintance with the Arabic, I could have done little with it. From whence books will come to me I know not. In about five months I must lose my Arabic grammar and Testament, and the two folios of Sir Wm. Jones' *Persian and Arabic Dictionary*. I have a poor prospect, but I will trust in the Lord, and He can give me assistance from some unexpected quarter.

I am becoming very fond of the Hebrew; it is delightful to read the sacred oracles in their original tongue. I was about a week ago enriched by a person making me a present of Parkhurst's *Hebrew Lexicon*. This is very providential, and I feel truly grateful to God for it. Hitherto hath He helped me. Bless Him, O my soul!

You wish to hear of my spiritual state; well, let me tell you, I find life a paradise, with Jesus in my view. I am frequently laid in the dust, and have occasional varieties of feeling, but am always clear in my sense of acceptance, always satisfied with every dispensation. At times, and not seldom, all around me seems to shine in the sunshine

of reflected glory; the golden tints of eternity seem to irradiate the face of nature amid December's gloom, and bid creation share my heartfelt joy.

To Miss Langtry.

January 17, 1824.

I could wish to accept your kind invitation to-day for my own sake, that I might hear a good sermon, but my father is at Hillsborough, and he may be late in returning, and the horse will be tired, and, above all, I do feel so much about him in the mornings respecting his breakfast when I am absent, that it must be something a little urgent takes me from him at night, unless I come home before breakfast. Yet though I feel, he seems to feel nothing, but is insisting much on my going more than ever abroad, and as it respects visiting Dublin, I suppose I must; as he declares, if he has any authority, I shall. So give me your prayers and your counsel. I have been reading a deal to my father in the theological dictionary; and at all intervals of leisure, am busy at my Hebrew and Greek. All is pleasing when I can say, "I do it unto the Lord."

To Miss S. Greer.

March 24, 1824.

I have read Xenophon's *Cyropædia* through, Walker's Lucian, and am now at Longinus. I am also reading the *Iliad* again, and, to make a useful variety, am reading it backwards—that is, beginning at the 24th book, going afterwards to the 23d, etc. I also usually read a chapter in the Greek Testament, one in the French, a Psalm or a dozen verses in the Hebrew, and some of *Telemachus* daily.

But, above all, I am seeking and enjoying more of the power of an endless life. Yes, my dear friend, God is my all; I am hourly ready to give up everything to and for Him. Oh, help me to praise Him, for He is good, for "His mercy endureth for ever"!

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *April* 24, 1824.

Your kind requisition to visit you this evening would, my

dear friend, have my hearty concurrence, and very prompt compliance, did I possess now—what I did ten years ago—a mother. But I have a self-imposed obligation to my own house, which I find becoming more binding than ever. I owe all attention to my poor father, and taste the sweetest pleasure in being to his declining age an aid or comfort; in supplying his want of sight by reading to him, in gratifying his literary taste by my application to the languages, in meeting his hospitable views by endeavours to make his guests comfortable; and in my own private solitary efforts to live to God, with occasional holding of meetings around my own neighbourhood, I find myself happy, hopeful, and safe. 'Tis in this little sphere I revolve with pleasure, and have the approbation of Heaven joined to a peaceful conscience.

I am such an advocate for filial affection that, had I a harsh father, I might be sadly put to to keep my conduct and precept consistent. It is not every son and daughter pleases me, and, above all, not one wife in twenty. So it will be my interest through life to keep out of scrapes of the latter kind, that I may exercise all the offices of censor without being chargeable with misdemeanours myself!

I have read two books of the *Odyssey*, and like it better than the *Iliad*. I have met two or three illustrations of New Testament passages, which I have copied into one of my Greek Testament margins. My father bought me two French books.

Our poor horse is almost worn out with incessant labour, and I suppose I shall walk to and from Lurgan to-morrow, to save him.

To Miss Langtry.

May 27, 1824.

Of late I have been looking at the uncertainty of life, and thinking of my own tenure. I may be gone before winter; I must before another century commences. 'Tis a melancholy thought to leave this world, and have done nothing to purpose in it. 'Tis ever painful to think of labouring in the vineyard, as we all are doing, and getting

present pay, and a large reversion in future; and yet when we die, not a vestige be discernible of what we did, or where we toiled. Why, I want no praise, no celebrity to myself; but I want our holy lives, our faithful exertions to produce fruit, to stand as monuments of God's power, and tributes of thanksgiving for His goodness, when we are long removed from time to eternity. Oh, let us be saving of time, studious of work, laying out our little to best advantage. Let us love a pilgrim's name, and deserve it.

To Miss Langtry.

June 15, 1824.

After meeting my class, which was large, on Sunday, I went to church, and heard Mr. W. preach on "Faith which worketh by love." I liked parts of the sermon well. I went with Mr. and Mrs. Johnston at four to a meeting in Breagh, and heard Mr. M——n at seven. Monday morning I rapped for admission at my own door five minutes past six, having left Lurgan on foot; and when about half-way, stepped into the post-car. I dearly love to get my father his breakfast, and were I not both dragged and thrust out, I would leave my own house very little. I am not doing much at my books this summer; indeed winter is most favourable, even with its scanty portion of up-sun. Yet I still do a little, and find it beneficial; but I trust my soul prospers, and grace is better than knowledge, all seasons of the year. You scarce advert to the one subject which touched responds with joyful intonations. Well, ere long I shall hear the full-toned symphonies of your well-attuned harp—

> "Whilst not one plaintive groan and sigh
> Is heard throughout the joyous sky."

Farewell! Live to purpose. Speak early and loud in our meeting, and pray for me.

To Miss Langtry.

August 19, 1824.

Thank you very kindly for the contents of your note. It touched on a new point, matrimony, and I am glad your

ideas and mine so fully coincide. But you certainly had some reason for writing so, and I must know it. I assure you I never felt more averse to the idea of changing my state than I do at present, and have for some time past; nor do I believe I ever yet saw the man to whom I would surrender my liberty. So much for that subject.

Heaven bless you! I hope we shall have a winter of internal sunshine, and at last an everlasting spring.

To Miss Langtry.

September 11, 1824.

I expected to have seen you last night, and to have had an opportunity of showing you Bishop Mant's new metrical version of the Psalms published this year. I think he has succeeded in presenting the public with some happy emendations of our translation; but whether as a whole the work be superior or no, I hesitate in deciding.

I am sorry I had you not at my meeting in Lurgan, and yet more so when I heard you had been pained by our not going out to you; but we could not go to Kilmore that day. When I did get Edward ready to drive the horse, I was quite too weak to think without pain of being dragged round, when I could not stop; indeed I am not feeling strong, and have a fresh cold generally every week. But the Lord graciously makes up to my soul all lack of corporeal strength.

I am doing little at any of my books but the Bible. With the Hebrew I am becoming tolerably familiar. I read the other morning 231 verses in it, which operated on my frame like undue manual labour, and laid me in bed for the remaining afternoon. Here you will have no pity.

I got part of the cover of our May magazine from England; it has a dissertation, in about a dozen lines, on the extent of a female's province for public speaking; that is, it grants all I do is right. It was occasioned by some letter from a correspondent, who was warm against the promiscuous congregations of the English females.

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *Oct.* 21, 1824.

I have had but a sickly autumn. My favourite season,

however, is advancing, and I am accordingly getting quite strong. Cold weather suits my constitution best; I seem to have been formed for "enduring hardness," in every sense of the words, and really believe indulgence would spoil me body and mind. I have been reading Anacharsis this summer to my father, and Blair's *Letters on the Belles Lettres* to myself. I have derived much information from both. The former book and I have occupied one house together for years, and I wonder I never read it before. The language is quite superior to Rollin. I have been making progress in my Hebrew, and now read daily a chapter in the historical books and a psalm, with tolerable facility. I cannot, however, yet want the helps our good Archdeacon was pleased to lend me. I thought to have got your French books returned by your sister, but must wait some other opportunity.

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *Nov.* 27, 1824.

I am pleased to find that a difference of sentiments on some points does not cause a corresponding alienation of heart; for assuredly we do differ, and ever will, unless I meet cause to alter, or you look through a medium of information less liable to distorted representations. But far from regretting your observations, I embrace the opportunity they afford me of doing justice to that often aspersed, but still triumphant cause, with which I am connected—a cause, a connexion, a ministry, which has not only the approbation of God, but the sanction of the British Government; nor this merely in the late request for fifty of our missionaries to be sent to that field of labour where Government wished to see religion propagated by Methodist exertion, but in a decision of law not long ago called for, when the Chancellor recognised and ratified the Conference preachers as the legitimate successors of Wesley, after an accurate investigation of his writings.

You want my reasons for "leaving the Church party;" in reply, I have left no party; I am where I was at my commencement, with precisely the same views, the same mode

of conduct, the same feelings that I set out on—views, conduct, and feelings, which I shall never blush to acknowledge.

I am a warmly attached Methodist, adhering to that numerous, laborious, and wide-spreading connexion under the direction of the British, Irish, and American Conferences, exclusively Wesleyan. I belong to those whose missionaries are Christianizing the slave population of the West Indies, civilising the African Hottentot, and humanizing the almost infernal devotees of Juggernaut in the East. I belong to those who have not only their secret friends in many pious clergymen of the Establishment, but their avowed vindicators also. I belong to those who never forbade my church-going (I except a Presbyterian opposition I met in one family), and who know that I have the Established Church in my heart, to live and die in it. Should I leave those from whom I first heard the gospel of my salvation,—who have been my fathers and brethren in the Lord,—to whom should I go? Where could I find their superiors in any point of view? Preachers so holy, so talented, so humble, as many, yea, most of them, are? I know them not on earth!

For many years the Methodists of England, from whom we Irish emanated, and under whose fostering care we have been since the beginning, have had the disputed ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper among them. Some years ago, it was moved in our Dublin Conference that this kingdom also should have these privileges, and this was granted, but under certain restrictions, and in a very partial way. That this enactment was the very best and most fitting I am not prepared to say, nor yet do I think it altogether indefensible. It certainly was not what I should have petitioned for, or even wished; but as certainly it was not of that nature that could frighten me from the people who demanded, and the preachers who conceded it. I dearly loved the Established Church, I felt happy at her sacraments, I honoured even her worst ministers, for their office's sake, and never felt it needful to call in aids or substitutes for her communion. But I was not everybody. Others, principally from the Dissenters, prayed for Metho-

dists to have the sacrament. I kept neutral; loved all that loved the Lord Jesus; feared nothing but sin; knew I was where I might be saved; saw nothing "lovely nor of good report" in abetting a painful division, or joining an absurd outcry; and from the point of observation on which my unprejudiced feelings placed me, I could see the motives of both sides, mark their spirit, and form an estimate. This I have done, and what is the result? After eight years of not superficial observation, nor slight experience, nor slender aids to vision, I solemnly and disinterestedly prefer the main body to the party who have separated from them, both as it regards personal piety and a Catholic spirit. They use no force—strain no conscience—exact no implicit obedience in presenting the sacrament. Our preachers offer it, as the Bible distributors do the word of life at the poor man's cottage door—with fervent charity, with a hearty welcome to participation in its benefits, but with no bitterness when rejected. We may take it in both church and preaching-house, or we may receive it in the former alone, still we are recognised as Methodists dearly-beloved.

Treat me with personal indignity, cast out my own name as evil, through grace I shall lay my hand on my lips, and suffer in silence; but touch the Methodists, single out their preachers as subjects of animadversion, and, whilst God gives me a hand to write, a voice to speak, a head to think, or a heart to feel, I will, to the utmost, use their united energies in rescuing those dear characters from undeserved obloquy, who will "shine with the brightness of the firmament" when the corroding language of their adversaries is hushed by the grave. I feel bound by conscience, principle, and sober judgment to tarry where I am. I do not say this people is faultless, their decisions infallible; but I say this, I know not where to find a better, and I never knew a person given to change who eventually prospered. So, my dear friend, you will find me in my old lodgings when you visit the north—that is, just between the Established Church and Methodist preaching-house, loving both as intensely as is consistent with supremely loving the Lord. If the sensation you feel at sight of my letters has an increase proportioned to their size, I fancy you are in no

enviable state on receipt of this. My father often tells me to remember him to you in all my letters.

To Miss Langtry.

December 27, 1824.

I was sorry to learn you were prevented getting to church or sacrament on Christmas day. I was at Moira church, and found it a very impressive time. Mr. Saurin preached, and notwithstanding the severe day, there was a large number of communicants, principally Methodists from town and country. I always think the administration of the sacrament in the Established Church most solemn and influential.

I was at my class in Lurgan yesterday morning; we had a delightful time, and I never saw such liberality to the cause. Even a poor servant-girl gave her 1s. 8d.; and others accordingly. May the Lord remember them for good! Some of the Lurgan Methodists are forming bands; there are two private bands, each containing three persons out of my class, already.

I am but slowly overcoming my bad cold. Having few drags on my wheels from my situation, 'tis to be expected my constitution must have some, and it is as irksome to an ardent spirit, thirsting for improvement, to have to accommodate a sluggish body as anything I can imagine. I thought in summer, "Oh, I shall read a great deal in winter!" but here winter is half over, and I have read almost nothing. Well, we must fix all our expectation on Jesus, and then we cannot be disappointed. I have my will broken lest its indulgence should spoil me, yes, broken for me!

To a Friend.

1824.

There is a luxury of feeling always arises in my breast when I can communicate a temporary gleam of joy to a fellow-creature. In my walk home, a little boy overtook me; I gave him one halfpenny, and as I gazed on his expressive features, and as I listened to his impassioned description of the beautiful marbles that halfpenny would buy, I immediately thought, "When I so greatly enjoy this

child's added pleasure, what must be the felicity of God, whose gifts, so great, gladden so many?"

Little Johnny grew very talkative. He seemed resolved to evince his gratitude by some means, so he gave me a history of everything he knew. The recollections of the poor fellow's efforts to amuse me fill me with shame. Oh, my dear friend, what has the Most High done for us, and where is our proportioned zeal to please Him? To Him we owe all that we call valuable; never weary with blessing us, each moment we receive new proofs of His benevolent regard. I hope to be more grateful in future.

To a Friend.

1824.

The patient attention with which you have hitherto favoured my observations on domestic avocations encourages me to venture yet a few more on something of a similar nature.

I confess I am alive to all the awkwardness of my present office, and had I less confidence in your lowly-mindedness, I would hesitate long ere I would become your counsellor, I who am of late date, little experience, and immature judgment; but I dismiss apology, and advert to the point I had proposed.

I am pleased in perceiving your regularity in maintaining family worship in your house; this is very commendable, and the reading of the Scriptures, which I see forms a part of your plan, is calculated to serve many valuable purposes.

May I take the liberty of suggesting a few thoughts on the manner of conducting this devotional exercise, so as to render it ultimately edifying?

1st. Let us never forget that to do anything well we must do it heartily, must feel interested, must be solicitous, in earnest, really, and evidently. In nothing is this engagedness of the heart more needful, more visible, or more effectual than in public or family devotions.

2d. When we read the Scriptures to others, let us beware of doing it in a hurried, or a careless, or an indifferent manner; nor do I recommend a forced solemnity of aspect, and unnatural drawl in the voice, or unmeaning pomposity of delivery; but let us read with interest, feeling the force

of the argument, the importance of the doctrine, the incumbency of the precept, the beauty of the example, the ingenuousness of the narrative, and the dignified simplicity of the style. Let us open on our chapter as if we had never read it before, and were never to be privileged to read it again. This will fire our hearts with love to it, will absorb our thoughts in it, will give our looks, voice, spirit, their true touches, tones, and sensibilities. Thus reading, we shall communicate our feelings to our domestics, who will soon learn to reverence, admire, and obey the word of the Lord.

3d. If any passage particularly strikes us, let us make a pause and speak our view of it, but very briefly; and—unless gifted in a high degree for conveying a judicious remark, so as to assist the attention of the hearer—it is wise to attempt it but seldom. Let us never drag out mere commonplace observations; the Bible will do more real good if read aright than all the added comments of man.

4th. In prayer, let us be collected, calm, feeling, and impressive. Let the matter of our petitions be more social than selfish, rather embracing the wants of a little community, —when mistress and servant, as well as relation and friend are to be alluded to,—than taking in remote subjects, or generalizing all under the consideration of impenitents or believers. Let us never make our own dearest friends to be a part of our supplications on this occasion; servants will feel no interest about them, and to a servant's mind, every petition should become palpable, important, and full of meaning. Our prayers have to serve a double purpose,— to seize the hearers, and to ascend to heaven.

5th. When we arise from prayer, let us not, by any means, immediately begin to order our household. Let us give a moment's breathing time to the family, nor, till all have withdrawn, and the door is closed after them, let us allow our minds to spring out after earth. This is a profitable piece of self-denial, and is indispensable even to decorum.

I think I shall soon have exhausted my stock of advice, though I shall never cease to abound in good wishes.

To a Friend.

1824 (?).

Unable to satisfy myself in expression, yet wishful to write, I this evening attempt a few lines to you.

How to unite my exalted sensations of Divine love with my abject views of self is what I know not. I do indeed "abhor myself as in dust and ashes;" I see all about me to be so imperfect, so defective, so little, that I am ashamed before God and man.

But 'tis a "guiltless shame." I am humbled, not condemned. I am not confounded, but astonished; astonished at what I feel, and what I hope for. Oh, how I anticipate death and eternity! Praise pants for an expression in my breast. Hope's glowing tints can find no words descriptive of their brightness, and the fire within exhausts nature's strength, and seems but to receive fuel from grace's eloquence.

I would not use such plainness of speech to you, but that I know I do it safely; I am weary of forbearing, and I cannot stay. Perhaps I am soon to cross the narrow stream, and have this simple tribute of gratitude to pay. If you survive me, you will remember me as one saved by mercy, and so saved that earth was turned to heaven. Oh yes! I could, but for appearances, shout for joy, and I do indeed

> "Taste unutterable bliss
> And everlasting rest."

I can so cast my care on the Lord, that I have no burden to carry, but the exquisitely sweet one of enjoyment. I frequently feel from outward things, but 'tis the feeling of a moment, like an arrow passing through the air; my pains are soon forgotten, and leave no trace behind. Oh, I cannot tell you how happy I am! I may as well cease. Still, still, I experience indescribable blessedness.

To Miss Langtry.

February 26, 1825.

I sit down to write you a few lines, and to acknowledge your kindness in sending me H. More's brief memoir. Your friendly design of prompting me to imitate her is quite consistent with all your other air-built schemes; but,

my dear friend, you calculate on my possessing powers of mind to which I have no pretensions. I shall give you my honest views of myself. I consider my mental capacity was, from my earliest infancy, capable of great improvement, and perhaps superior to that of many of my companions; but it needed culture, care, and encouragement to produce anything valuable.

'Tis true I was always a favourite with my parents; I was indulged in everything, was allowed to work, play, read, or whatever I chose; but I knew little restraint, and they saw no abuse of the liberty. My genius ran wild, and novels absorbed my thoughts, till about two years before my Christian life commenced.

Had I, in my unconverted state, devoted much of my attention to improving my understanding, and following the openings I saw to literary fame, I believe I might have become reputable as a writer on some subjects; for I had originality of thought and invention, and my imagination was luxuriant and enterprising enough to produce something out of the beaten path. But just about the period that I began to be in danger from some flattering marks of regard from that quarter, I was arrested by an earnest desire to save my soul; and for now nearly ten years I have relinquished my ambition to excel as a writer. My understanding has, I confess, been much improved in late years, my stock of useful knowledge increased, and my observations on others considerably enlarged; but never did I stand lower in my own estimation. Still could I do anything for God's glory, or my fellows' benefit, I am perfectly willing to attempt it; but I see not my way at present.

Now tell me honestly, what more can I do without forcing my way? I write frequent letters on pious subjects, I hold my little meetings, I strive to live for God alone, and am willing to be honoured or reproached, brought forward or thrown in the shade, as He pleases. Tell me my duty, and I am ready to do it.

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *March* 21, 1825.

I had a pleasant ride (single) to Dromore yesterday

morning; was in time for the eight o'clock class; held my own meeting at ten, had a large congregation and a good time; and having afterwards visited a happy young woman, dying in consumption, I returned in time to give my own family their "portion of meat in due season" at two o'clock.

I think I never knew a constitution better fitted for the fatigue of running after ordinances, or perhaps 'tis "the unconquerable mind" that seems to yield to pressure, and tells the body "it must be done." Oh, how delightful is life with Jesus in the heart! I feel to-day light, easy, cheerful, and void of care as early infancy. All scenes please, all objects instruct, all prospects tell of pleasures yet to come. Stripped of the semblance of merit, I find myself the happy dependant on mere mercy, and could weep with the sweet consciousness of being graciously regarded by Deity.

You know I do not write thus to exalt myself. Oh no! but to a grateful mind, there is a luxury in having one to talk to of benefits received from Heaven. You can bear my simple tale of happiness, and will help me to bless Him who is the author of it.

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *March* 31, 1825.

I hope that both in body and soul you are in health at present. The former is not always in our power to secure, but who can say she must of necessity have a sickly soul? Oh, my dear, dear friend, banish complaining by accepting the cure! You are backward in coming to Christ, and perhaps too easily moved from Him. The one is usually caused by unbelieving reasonings, the other is frequently connected with warm and not properly subdued feelings. Simplicity will counteract the first, and a weight of love alone subdue and regulate the last. Oh, pray for both, that you may permanently abide in the Saviour!

I suppose you think I am doing much in reading or writing, but I assure you I am doing very little at either books or pen. I still continue to read some Hebrew and Greek, but I have so many things in turn to attend to, that I am but desultory in study. Yesterday, when preparing

to write to you, my father banished me to my room to make him some verses for a favourite tune of his.[1] I am content to do, or not do, as Providence shall order my way, and whether it is grace or nature, or a happy mixture of both, I do not now say; but I find it not less delightful to have myself fixed to trifling occupations than sublime speculations. Heaven's will is all.

To Miss Langtry.

April 19, 1825.

I embrace an early hour of leisure to write to you. Had I any interesting matter to communicate, I should feel delighted to do it. Indeed, I may enter on the goodness of God as an inexhaustible theme; for oh, how new are His mercies! There is a sort of reprehensible timidity in most persons I am acquainted with, and it is as inconsistent with their conduct on other occasions as it is reprehensible. If they have an earthly attachment, they are usually not solicitous to conceal it. When that dear individual is named, in reference to their mutual affection, they do not cry out, "My unworthiness," and immediately change the subject as if too painful to be dwelt on. No, they become eloquent in descanting on her good qualities; they repeat the oft-told tale of first acquaintance and early feelings; tell who esteems her also, and think they find the seeds of excellence in every one who commends her. Now mark, these same good people, when the Lord Jesus is spoken of, they love Him a thousand times better than the dearest object on earth, and yet they speak of Him almost by stealth!

Again, some people think that the tone of sensible love to Deity is so elevated and refined that its expression should find a nobler medium than speech. This I grant; it should glow in the conduct, leaven the temper, hallow the imagination, and, in its indefinable mixture of gravity and cheerfulness, brood o'er the features till the countenance becomes the herald of the soul's deep devotedness;[2] but I contend that the tongue be allowed to dwell more on

[1] See p. 129, *supra*.

[2] The beaming countenance of the beloved writer of this epistle was a living illustration of this remark.

this same sweet subject than on any other, and I have a variety of reasons why it should so be—reasons connected with ourselves, our neighbour, and our God. But I shall reserve them for some other opportunity; meantime, let us talk and write and meditate.

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *May* 26, 1825.

I have been thinking to-day how difficult it is to hinder our affections from influencing our judgment. There is a servant-girl lives next door to us, and from the seat I occupy at my desk, I can frequently hear her voice when she passes under my window, accosting some person or returning a salutation. Now I never heard any person commend Hannah's person or speech as superior to others, yet to me her countenance always beams with benevolence, and I never hear a voice that awakens in my breast the same pleasing emotions. And what do you think has thus transformed her in my eyes? Why the simplest thing in the world: Hannah's mistress keeps the post office, and from the servant I have got the dear letters of friends. Oh, you may smile at me, but 'tis only what I do at myself oftentimes! But I have not done with Hannah. If I thus love the accents of a voice not owing its sweetness to natural melody, but to the annunciation of a letter arrived from a distant friend, how exceedingly sweet should the book of inspiration be to every Christian! It tells me delightful tidings, confirms my hopes, banishes my anxiety, and fills me with consolation. Precious volume! I do love thee, I will love thee yet more! And when I hear the well-known voice beneath my window, and feel its wonted effects in recalling to my remembrance much-loved friends, I will make earth conducive to a greater nearness to heaven, glance at my Bible, and think of the Redeemer.

Saturday, May 28.

I have been drawing a comparison between your manner and mine in social intercourse, personally and by letter, and really it has not been unprofitable; for I am come to this conclusion, that we ought each to verge towards the mode

of the other, yet so verge as not to lose our particular characteristics. You are so fearful of making professions of attachment to a friend that you conceal the truth; I am so wishful to obtain influence, that I tell it. What proceeds from your lips or pen, cautiously expressed as high treason, necessitates one to draw inferences; what I give is warm, open, unsuspecting as the heart that sends it. My style savours a little of flattery, yours of indifference; mine leaves nothing to find out, yours leaves almost everything. Now do, my dear good Sophia, give me a specimen of what you can do, consistent with sincerity, in my style; and, in return, I shall, if you desire it, make as near advances to the North Pole as will be congenial with your frosty modes of expression!

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *June* 28, 1825.

You wish to hear from me some record of my ordinary movements; they are so barely worth transmitting that I hesitate taking up your or my time with them; but a specimen may cure your curiosity, and cannot be a difficult task to me to produce.

Well, I shall narrate last Sabbath's peregrinations. After having, as usual, met in the early society meeting in Moira, and got over breakfast in my little family, I set off for a country place about six miles distant (riding alone, as I now generally do). I hoped to reach my destination in time for church service, but was prevented by torrents of rain compelling me to seek shelter for half an hour by the way. At length I arrived safe, but got to no house of worship until I entered the Methodist chapel, to hold my own meeting. It commenced about four o'clock, and on the way I began to think that primitive days were revived; for as I and two others passed from Mr. B——'s to the chapel, about half a mile distant, a Papist concealed himself behind a car, to have the satisfaction of pelting me with the "stercoraceous heap." He was however discovered, after he had most liberally bestowed one parcel, which yet never touched me, but pitiably bespattered a lady who had my arm. I felt quite tranquil at the circumstance; but indeed

the injured lady was inconsolable, and not to be reasoned out of certain prophetic feelings, for she avowed that our persecutor would be hanged yet! I smiled, and tried to extort a promise from her of praying twice a day for poor Rory, but I would have been equally successful in soliciting her to visit the moon! Pray! Oh, that was an eminence in the Christian life she devoutly wished she might reach five minutes before she expired; but her mental vision could now scarce discern it, so immense the distance.

After my meeting, I returned to Mr. B——'s, who accompanied me four miles homeward. On our road we stopped to hear a good sermon; and then I, having parted with my companion, visited a sick man, and had a delightful time with him and his family in prayer. As I left this house, the moon shone with great beauty; the evening had an interesting and indescribable loveliness. I gazed around me, and felt the internal state to correspond with what I passed through—"All was calm and joy and peace." I thought of you, of others, of time's transient date, and our happy reunion in a land of love. I came home, found all well, and after family prayer, went to sleep, thankful and hopeful.

Wednesday, June 29.

Yesterday I was more indisposed in body than usual, yet was able, besides attending to many domestic matters, to read twenty pages of Lucian, and some chapters of my Greek Testament. I know not what to think of my continuance in this life; but Heaven's will be done! I seem to be outliving most of those I dearly loved; but oh, what a pleasing thought that they are not without hope in their end! O my Sophia, live now as you will one day wish you had done!

Saturday, July 2.

My health has been a little improving these few days, so that I am now able, with less inconvenience than formerly, to apply to my books. If ever my heart take an undue gravitation to earth, 'tis here 'twill tend, for my intellectual enjoyment far exceeds every other excepting spiritual; but I am not very apprehensive of bird-lime in books, whilst I feel as free to forego them to-day as I did on a former

occasion, when for about four years I conscientiously abstained from human learning, lest it should diminish my religious fervour; and had I not been freed from such a dread, I never would have resumed it. I bless the Lord, however, for the little knowledge I have, and am thankful for the least discernible increase. If it never materially subserve the cause of truth, it yet enlarges my mental capacity, gives a vigour to my thoughts, and a copiousness to my ideas, with a precision and a correctness I could not otherwise have attained, all which have a certain use and an indescribable sweetness.

This day my soul hangs so on the Saviour, and feels so grateful to paternal Deity, for what I experience of temporal and spiritual good, that I find no words of corresponding expression.

Monday, 4th.

Returning from Lurgan yesterday morning, I found I would be too late for church service in Moira, so I sent home the horse, and slipped into Maralin church. Walking home rather quickly, I got excessively warm, and though I immediately used the precaution of redressing, I caught cold, and am not capable of any great exertion, bodily or mental, to-day. I expect to go, Providence permitting, to Newcastle or Bangor in about ten days, where, if the water conduce to convalescence, I shall probably remain three or four weeks.

O my Sophia, live inwardly independent, internally superior to the trifles, the perishable trifles, of a flitting moment. Give up your own will without a murmur, your own judgment without even a petty altercation, to those about you; learn to exalt your character by voluntary self-abasement, and to become truly great by practically renouncing greatness. 'Tis in your own family I fear for you, lest you manifest not all the endurance of contradiction, and meek relinquishment of your own opinion, and humble submission to be lightly looked upon, which are most lovely traits in Christian character. I write freely; for I fear not giving offence.

Thursday, 7th.

I am oppressed by lassitude to-day. I was able yesterday

to read the first satire of Juvenal and part of Plutarch's *History of Lycurgus* with tolerable spirit. I greatly enjoy a few moments to write to you, and anticipate a coming time when I shall have undisturbed leisure, sure if my expectation be not realized on earth, it will in a better world; so this castle-building is safe.

July 15.

As Tuesday, 19th July, is fixed for my salt-water expedition, and I have to hold a meeting nearly fourteen miles off on Sunday, and return Monday forenoon, I must now bring this long letter to a conclusion. I rode eleven miles last Sunday after meeting my class, and had a very large assembly of females in the evening. I came home next morning, and then found the exercise of travelling rather beneficial to my health; but I am not recovering, I am getting quite thin, and my poor father is desponding. My worst symptom is a total loss of appetite; but lose what I may, I never lose my spirits; they keep good, and my gracious Lord kindly bears me up without any solicitude. I feel satisfied to live or to die; but did I dare choose, 'twould be to depart. Yet life had at no period of existence more sweets, so 'tis not disgust that makes me joyful to leave it. My destination on Tuesday is Warrenpoint, near Newry.

To Miss Langtry.

Warrenpoint, *July* 20, 1825, 4 P.M.

I was almost electrified this day about twelve by the tidings from Mrs. Shillington and Mrs. P. that the presiding leader in this place published last night, at the prayer-meeting, that I would this evening hold a meeting for females. The house is expected to be crowded. I have been remonstrating on the impropriety and hurry of such a measure, and had determined positively to stay away, till Mr. Mazaroon called in to see me, who, though he was ignorant of what was done till I informed him, advised me to attend to it, under every disadvantage, as Mr. Davis is an original, has much authority, and is so scrupulous an adherent to old Methodist discipline, that he would not permit the Princess Royal to get the preaching-house, if he did not believe it consistent with strict Methodism. "This publication by

him of your meeting," said Mr. Mazaroon, "is equal to a decision of its legality, and the genuineness of your mission, in the judgment of the most captious."

I submitted, and at seven o'clock commence my ordeal; but if God be for me, whom need I fear? You can scarcely think how considerate a friend Mr. Mazaroon is; he is to write to me from Newry what time the good people there fix for a meeting. Oh, how condescendingly gracious is the Lord to my weakness and my wants! May I be practically grateful!

21*st*, 8 A.M.

Well, I attended my appointment last night, and had a large, elegant, and deeply attentive congregation, and a time of very peculiar liberty and sweetness to my own soul. As I entered the gate leading to the preaching-house, I was shaken hands with by a young man of serious appearance, who had, either optionally or by Mr. Mazaroon's contrivance, stationed himself there to prevent intruders of his own sex, which pleased me greatly. During the meeting, when Betty Stevenson stole to the door to reconnoitre, she saw him at his first post, leaning his back at the entrance into the gate, considerably remote from the door; so that I am honourably treated here.

To Miss S. Greer.

35 Mount Street, Dublin,
September 7, 1825.

I am sorry, my dear friend, to send this by post, but you are uneasy to hear from or about me, and I must write. I am under the care of Dr. Cheyne, and he pronounces that I labour under no organic disease, but am fallen into extreme nervous debility, from exhaustion of mind and body. I am taking medicine since I came here, so powerful as to cause me to think the re-establishment of my system must be preceded by its complete demolition. For eight days past I am fainting almost daily when I sit up. Dr. Cheyne prescribed a strict regimen; I must lie by the whole winter, think, read, speak only what cannot be avoided. I am scarce able to finish, but always, sick or well, continue your real friend.

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *September* 16, 1825.

Once more I find myself in the quiet habitation of an indulgent father. I am better in health, but excessively weak. I was prodigal of strength when I had it; and now, like other spendthrifts, must keep in the shade till my affairs retrieve themselves. I am an excellent catechist, and when I see you face to face, shall probably, by multiplied interrogations, take a close survey of the heart I am so fortunately become possessed of. I study a friend as I would a book, and must read every page, or think my knowledge partial. So prepare yourself for unfolding your natural disposition, mental habits, and prevailing propensities without reserve. You perceive I am an odd being still, and have my "unaccountables." Oh, happy shall I esteem myself if I may but live to His glory who

> "Passes all my weakness by,
> He sees, but He imputes it not"!

Dear, dear friend, renew your covenant with God to be unreservedly His.

Farewell in Him who deserves as well as demands our whole hearts!

To Miss S. Greer.

October 19, 1825.

You may suppose my love to the languages is unabated when I tell you I was dreaming, two nights ago, that I was surrounded by old Latin and Greek volumes, which I was buying up with all the enthusiasm of an incipient scholar. Do not put on a grave look, and begin to fear I love God less. I hold everything as mere dross compared with Him. I would really rejoice in having a sacrifice to make to Him, which might seem to cost me something. Never, never can I forget what I owe Him, till consciousness becomes extinct.

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *November* 10, 1825.

I continue better in health, and find early rising and

walking out very helpful to me. I heard from Dublin this week. Mrs. Booth, who was at Bath when I was in Dublin, wants me up to her house in spring. I think the people of large towns, particularly the female part, have more simplicity of spirit, more humility, and are easier influenced in religious matters than those who reside in villages,—at least, so it appeared to me when amongst them. The great adversary to pious progress in the city seemed to me to be an easy, genteel, sensual life, which introduced the individual to the society of others like-minded, and thus sealed the slumber on the soul which an indolent and fallen nature induced, and the devil himself guarded.

A lady in Mount Street, on hearing that, in prospect of death, I had been divested of every fear, expressed her astonishment to the person who was telling her, and concluded with significantly observing, "She is an angel!" I saw some young ladies who were well-disposed to religion, for whom I felt much, eagerly buying the sentimental Christianity of popular works of fiction, that they might be instructed in the way that leadeth to life. Even Methodists themselves are so shamefully defective, either in experience or zeal, that to be in their company is not always to be edified; and when there is enjoyment of religion, and zeal for the good of others, there is not frequently found that gentle, unobtrusive power of attraction and persuasion which alone can hope to succeed with the intelligent and affluent. What is to be done? Indeed, I pity the "rich in this world" above all others.

To a Friend.

Monday, February 6, 1826.

I assure you I am not influenced by an unkind or censorious spirit in venturing to suggest to you a small alteration in one particular, which pressed itself on my notice yesterday. May I ask you, were you sufficiently cautious in your conversation, particularly at dinner? did you "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy"? Is the subject of politics less a breach of hallowing it than that of agriculture? You would not talk of crops, tillage, and market prices, yet you seemed delighted in discussing the merits

of orators and other news of the day. Take care, my dear friend; others err in the same way, but this precedent should only be a beacon to warn you to tread not in their steps.

Now what advantage did you derive from yesterday's social intercourse? I know Mr. Nelson frequently brought forward what was useful, but I was secretly sorry that we were so often regaled with lawless O'Connell and Stewart from other corners of the table. Pardon me this freedom; I write in love. I saw you enjoyed what strict, close walking with God would not tolerate on that sacred day; and I thought I would honestly express my disapprobation. Pray for me. You see that consciousness of beams in my own eye does not keep me from the wish to get yours free from motes.

To Miss Langtry.

May 30, 1826.

My life appears to myself not yet to have attained a permanent characteristic, or if it terminate with no further material variation, it can only be called life in miniature. There is a littleness in what I am, what I do, what I suffer, what I am connected with, which to me resembles the embryo shoots of an early season. I sometimes think my intellectual powers have never yet unfolded themselves, and that some casual trifle shall yet, by Providential concurrence, serve to elicit energy now latent.

There are peculiar moments of indescribable expansion of soul which tell me I have not yet done, if entered on at all, the work for which I was brought into this busy scene of being. I seem to grasp at distant and not very probable attainments, and attempt no very practicable undertakings; still I am visited by the idea that if I live long, I shall not always be as now—live to no purpose; but all this is conjecture, and I am saved from a thought which would not in a moment say, "Thy will be done."

To Miss Langtry.

Newcastle, near Castlewillan,
July 11, 1826.

Here nature, divested of her beauteous characteristics, puts on the sublime, and in the magnitude of her mountains,

and the noble expanse of her surging billows, exhibits grandeur, and inspires with elevation of soul. On Sunday morning Alice[1] and I went to the "Rock Church," as I term the Methodist cottage where class-meeting holds. Above thirty persons were there. Two leaders in succession met it. I found it a profitable and sweet meeting. After breakfast, Alice and I went to Briansford Church; we had delightful singing, and a good sermon from old Dr. Moffat. In the evening, Anne[1] and I went to the Rock Church, where we had a prayer-meeting. The leader requested me to pray, which I did not dare refuse. After tea, Hugh[1] hastened off to Lord Roden's chapel at Tullamore Park, and heard Mr. M——, an Independent minister. The Earl is expected home this week, and Mr. M—— published for his lordship's officiating on next Sabbath.

In one direction nought meets the eye but the wide waste of waters beneath, and the motley variety of ever-changing clouds above; a little to the left, the castle of Dundrum; nearer still, the scattered cottages along the sand-banks diversify the scene.

To Miss S. Greer.

Newcastle, *July* 24, 1826.

You will expect to hear some further particulars of my visit to this place. Mrs. Kevern wished me to dine with her this week, but I declined, as I hope we shall get to Moira on Thursday. I hear there is a very pious Major Rainy and his family, about four miles from this, who, when the Methodist preacher waited on him for a mite toward the new house now erecting, begged to have a few days to ask a trifle from the other members of his family. A week after a letter arrived enclosing a cheque for eight pounds.

I was at a Bible meeting in Briansford on Thursday; the speakers were Mr. Malan, a Swiss minister, Mr. C——, etc. You would be in raptures with Malan; his English is very imperfect, but his heart is right with God. I heard him preach on the lawn before Lord Roden's drawing-room windows, as no room would contain the people.

[1] The young people alluded to are the children of her sister, Mrs. Murray.

Monday, 31.

Yesterday I accompanied my sister and niece to Tullamore Park, where I heard Lord Roden lecture to a numerous company in his newly-erected chapel. His lordship seems possessed of piety, plain sense, and a wish to be useful.

Write as early as you can, and say that you still regard with affection.

August 4.

I am once more at home, and feel increased gratitude for the advantages of my situation. O my Sophia, what a debtor I am to my heavenly Father!

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *September* 8, 1826.

I wrote to you a month or five weeks ago, but suppose you have not yet got the letter from Lurgan. I will try to be a good, kind, even-spun correspondent for the future. How I enjoy an hour with my books or with my pen! Above all, when obliged to walk into the country half a mile or more in the evenings, to visit some of my class, I cannot tell you how I feel; but it is enjoyment of the most exalted and exquisite kind. Every object, every sound, the very air I breathe, all, all yield an indefinable sweetness. I find myself much more susceptible of pleasing sensations from externals than formerly. I said *from*, but should rather say *through* outward matters, as I find them mere mediums; all centres in God. I am not a whit more earthly in my wishes, hopes, or fears; rather less so than ever; but a placid evening, a beautiful sky, a gleam of sunshine glancing obliquely on a partly shaded path, or a fine moon beaming on a white cottage, or peeping through a tree's thick foliage, very frequently convey to my soul such ideas and conceptions connected with Deity as I cannot describe. I could gaze on a bright cloud, or watch the increasing twilight, till, abstracted from every feeling for the moment save those of the purest spiritualization, I would become dead to all but a present God and a coming eternity.

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *October* 2, 1826.

You wish for my opinion on the propriety of attending many religious ordinances; I should rather have said, utility. To attend many religious ordinances is highly improper—

1st. When, by so doing, we neglect our domestic duties, and fail in conscientious discharge of our relative obligations. I cannot tolerate religious dissipation which distracts the thoughts, leaves families in want or ignorance, servants in indolence. I strongly suspect the piety, and contemplate with commiseration the individual who is seldom happy at home.

2d. When the motive for attending them is principally to meet a friend, or escape from uncongenial avocations: to criticize a discourse, or to hear something either new or affording an intellectual treat; in all these cases, better attend fewer ordinances.

3d. When frequent attendance on ordinances will not meet the consent of those to whom we owe obedience. Recollect I am treating of going to many meetings.

But come, let us see; when no duty is neglected, no improper motive admitted, no lawful superior disobeyed, what are the benefits to be expected from attending many ordinances? Where shall I begin my enumeration; or, having begun, when can I promise myself to find a period to the detail? When I can specify the effects of grace in all its diversified operations; when I can tell the plenitude and sweetness of pure spiritual enjoyments; when I can appreciate the value of example, and the importance of pleasing God, I may perhaps attempt to present you with a catalogue of benefits accruing from frequent ordinances. I am an advocate for them, when what I have specified does not interfere; but when it does, I am silent, or only heard on the other side.

I know it is objected that there is a certain excitement kept up by ordinances, which is unfitting for the sober walks of plain life. This word "excitement" is one of those terms that are used to convey censure, without designating the object clearly. Pray what is excitement, religious

excitement, as it is called? If by religious excitement is meant a Divine ardour, prompting us to all good words and works, a holy breathing after more of the grace of God, a perception of spiritual benefit from "waiting on the Lord," and a delightful anticipation of an "eternal weight of glory," then I cannot condemn the frequenting many ordinances; for such an excitement is precisely what every Christian should seek to maintain continually.

I am extremely limited in my time at present, but hope what I have written will satisfy you that I am for a religion of feeling, gained and held by the use of means, and evidenced by all "holy conversation and godliness."

One morning last week I wrote a poetical translation of an Italian sonnet.[1] You shall see it.

To Miss Langtry.

December 4, 1826.

O my dear friend, religion is love; happiness is love; "the heaven of heavens is love." Get love, and you get the principle of purity, the germ of perfection, "the earnest of your inheritance." Love will sweeten solitude, and hallow social intercourse; will render afflictive dispensations tolerable, and make more fortunate ones equally conducive to the soul's prosperity. Love raises us to an assimilation with the Divine nature, and fits us for the eternal enjoyment of the Divine Presence. May you and I be privileged with its plenitude! Amen.

I shall hope to be with dear Sophia in the evening. Tell her that my ancestors were originally from England, that consequently, in my love for her, I always unite the Irish warmth with English steadiness. Heaven bless you both!

To Miss S. Greer.

Sabbath, December 10, 1826.

You say that pride still clings to you. May I treat you with all freedom? and can you bear with me when close in my observations? I believe you can, and I therefore

[1] It was from the Italian of Trissino, and appears on p. 61 of Miss Lutton's poems published in 1829.

ask,—do you labour to mortify that pride, not merely by bearing silently, unresistingly, and meekly the wounds it receives from those around you, but also by inflicting some on it yourself? Do you repress its aspirations by rejecting its thoughts, abstaining from its words, and denying it what it would lead to in action? Perhaps few persons in your circumstances do more in this than you, but that is nothing. Do you, I ask, conscientiously practise all the means you know of for becoming meek and lowly? or will you resolve, from this day, to be more faithful herein?

I never less esteem or love an individual for being constitutionally haughty, but I certainly do for neglecting to cultivate humility; and were I to delineate what, in my estimation, would comprise the loveliest and most admirable Christian character, it would be a high spirit, completely subdued by the grace of God; a strong mind, sunk into the simplicity of the gospel; and natural ardour, converted into spiritual devotedness.

Oh, take care of superficial religion; take care of cherishing self by even a frequent recurrence to its own vileness! We may give it additional life and vigour by an unnecessary exposure of it to the eye of our contemplation, just as some apparently dead bodies revive on meeting the rays of the sun. True self-abasement consists in self-forgetfulness; and instead of wasting life in running after sinful self, to crush it under all the forms it may assume, and weep over each new reappearance, let us "follow Christ;" each step of imitation will be a successful stroke on the foe, who, when spurned, falls; neglected, loses strength; and touched by the Divine power of Jesus, will at last cease to live.

To Mr. W. Lutton, Breagh.

Moira, *December* 28, 1826.

I want you to inquire and write to me if there are any books of the late Dean Blacker's library which the Colonel would sell previous to the auction. I do not care about English works, but Latin, Greek, French, Italian, German, or Hebrew would be my object. At all moments I can

steal from my sleep, I am busy reading Italian; and I lately got a present of a Spanish Testament, which I must soon try to begin; so you see I am likely to spend life in learning languages, and must at last die and lose all.

But no, I shall not lose all, I shall still retain a capacity enlarged by information; and if tongues shall cease to be necessary in heaven, it will glad me in eternity to look back at time spent in acquiring them which would most probably, if not employed thus, have been occupied with idler thoughts, or passed over in slumbering ignorance. We are formed for activity; and to have a continued succession of innocent, improving mental pursuits is to have a constant source of intellectual enjoyment. This need not hinder communion with God, nor, if kept in subordination, will it.

The great art of being happy consists in vigorously prosecuting three objects: the business of life, the improvement of the understanding, and the salvation of the soul. Not to have an idle moment, a useless meditation, or a wrong feeling, is the perfection of our active powers; and to enjoy God in all places, at all times, in all situations, is the great good which can alone satisfy an immortal spirit. Dear William, let us live in the Divine presence, live for a better world, pray as if eternity depended on our fervent asking, and live as those who must give account.

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *December* 29, 1826.

Very few persons are disgusted with religion when arrayed in her Sunday clothes; it is in her every-day garb that she meets the most coldness. Whilst she talks of the heights of devotion, there is an ennobling sublimity in her strain of eloquence which raises us above, and for the moment lifts us out of ourselves. But if she descend to dwell on duties; if she step from church, chapel, or conventicle to the kitchen, tuck up her robes, give us a dissertation on earning, saving, and taking care; tell us where our eyes should be, where our hands, and where our head,—half her amiability vanishes, and we could wish her fairly in heaven

again, so we might steal back to the parlour. Is not this true?

To a Friend.

February 17, 1827.

I cannot tell you how surprised I was, on hearing from yourself that you were always so indisposed to common domestic duties as to leave their contrivance and execution wholly to your servants. Allow me to say that such a declaration does you no credit. Did you keep a regular housekeeper, to whom everything was entrusted, it might be tolerated; but if your inclination prohibit this, you are certainly culpable in such a mode of conduct. To superintend our household affairs in person, and minutely and frequently to assist in active service, is productive of the following advantages:—

1st. It prevents our becoming the dupes of servants, who not seldom impose on the ignorant or indolent mistress. Do I hear you say you would not fret yourself looking after them, for the value of all they would take? then I pronounce on you that you are an unfaithful steward of your Lord's property, and must "give account" in the judgment for the waste you suffered, and the dishonesty you expedited.

2d. It prevents our becoming the slaves of our servants. Is anything more degrading to a woman than to have to humour or bear with bad qualities in a servant, whom her own idolence, or inattention, or want of knowledge has made necessary to her housekeeping? I would not be thus a dependant on the best domestic, for any consideration. No; a servant's place is an honourable one, if the individual filling it be faithful, humble, diligent; but it ought never to be occupied by one longer than the mistress can govern by a look, and reward by judicious and moderate approbation. Neither can be done if we are not in our own place, superintending our own business, and occasionally evidencing our capability to direct, by working with our own hands.

3d. It prevents much of that odious practice so common with ignorant mistresses, petty and perpetual scolding. Let a female know by experience the difficulty of doing everything well, and she will be more lenient when her

servants fail to please her. She will learn to distinguish between incapacity and inattention, between indifference to how a matter is done and inadvertence in doing it; she will feel for her fellow-creature in a low situation, but her feeling will be manifested by mildness, regulated by prudence, recommended by information, and made effectual in correcting faults and encouraging assiduity, by its equal, wise, and dignified exhibition.

I have read the first *Philippic* of Demosthenes with great pleasure. When the affairs of the Athenians had become desperate, it is wonderful how the orator managed to cheer the people. "Athenians," said he, "you have no cause for despondency; though matters look deplorably ill, what is really worse in past time gives the best prospect for the future. What do I mean? I mean, Athenians, that your present misfortunes proceed from past negligence; had you been thus calamitous after diligence and energy, there would now be no hope for the future." Much of Demosthenes' orations will, with a slight alteration, apply to a nobler purpose than rousing a slumbering people to assert civil rights, and maintain national privileges. It may be I shall be made a better Christian by their perusal.

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *February* 21, 1827.

Do not allow yourself to be displeased at my compendious sheet of paper.[1] I shall contrive to put as many directions in it as shall keep you busy to adhere to; and when you say that my little letters are become as easy in their exactions as concise in their contents, I promise you to try my abilities on a larger scale.

You complain of much deadness in prayer, and ask how you are to get all your devotional times "seasons of refreshing." I need not remind you that the smallest measures of spiritual enjoyment are the immediate gift of God; that we can as easily create a world around us as create what Divine feelings we wish within us. This you will, on a moment's consideration, grant. As spirituality of soul, or a heavenly

[1] The paper on which this tiny note was written would hardly measure a handbreadth.

relish for, and a strong perception of Christ's presence in the heart, is not from ourselves but from above, we are only to ascertain what, on our part, will constitute a constant state of preparation for this blessing, and what will conduce to its continuance and increase. Previous to retiring for private prayer, I would earnestly recommend a few minutes' deep reflection,—not cursory, not superficial, not merely formal, but as if about to approach the judgment-seat of the last day. Let the first thought be your own vileness; the second, your particular wants; the third, God's goodness in past times; and the fourth, His blessed promises for the future. Thus you will be humbled, stimulated, grateful, and encouraged. Go then to the place of prayer as you would to the audience chamber of Deity; keep it fixed in your mind that there you are to meet Jesus, and, with like reverence as if your eye saw Him, prostrate yourself, and pour out all your petitions. Beware of getting into a complaining, desponding strain in your addresses; lay self before the Saviour in all its deformity and weakness, but do it in such language as will show that your hope in God is greater than even your dread of sin, and that even in conflict, you triumph in anticipation of victory. God will assuredly visit you. Retire blessing and trusting; abide watching and denying; come again recollected, abased, longing, thankful, and expectant.

To Miss S. Greer.

March 1827.

In a walk I took yesterday into the country, it seemed to me as if the finest sensibilities of the soul, on surveying the scenery of nature, were but just now awakened in me. Oh, what intensity of feeling, what combinations of thought, sweet, pensive, and cheering, mingled their varied colours! On one side the road lay a flat, covered with water to a considerable extent; on the other rose a noble row of tall elms, in all the luxuriance of ancient growth and stately grandeur. Fancy, which can dub errant poets and errant enthusiasts as well as errant knights, quickly filled me with some faint conception of what my sensations would be, were I privileged to traverse the valleys of Piedmont, or catch

the inspiring song of the Swiss *berger*. There seems to a something in my mind's formation peculiarly suscept of an indefinable and hallowing pleasure, from the cont plation of nature in her sublime displays of magnificence minute exhibitions of diversified productions, but chi from the former. In moments of enthusiastic absorbm gazing on the glowing sky at sunset, or measuring altitude of some tall tree by its protracted shadow ath the ground, silvered with moonbeams, I have been consci of latent energies, and alive to mental enjoyments of common description. But what does all this signify? C me all knowledge, all means of becoming wise, 'tis so thing with Christ, without Him nothing. My God, Thou my portion, and cause everything else but to cond to this!

I would not stoop to the meanness of listening to discourse which I believed was not wished by the speal to reach me; I would not enter a room where I reason to suppose I might catch a sentence without currence of the company, until my approach was signi before a sound therein met me. Yet I was once so circ stanced that I must unavoidably overhear what passec an adjoining chamber. I would rather not have heard never attempted to conceal my being nigh; I loved persons who had entered the next room, dearly loved of them. At that time she censured my manner towarc stranger with whom I had been in company, as having b severe, and she expressed the height of her gratificatio my having met with a spirited reproof.

I shall not soon lose the remembrance of the chil sensation of that moment; it went to my heart; it gave two feelings in greater perfection, and bade me neve lose them; one was the purest delight in considering as a changeless friend, the other self-abasement that I not, on all occasions, been more tender of absent individ It is all past and gone; I love her, I still will love her de but never can I confide to her the varied movements o unsuspecting breast.

Thursday, March

I have a bad aching jaw, and can do little but sit at

fire and moralize on the occasion. Last night, after lying down, the pain became excessive, but I got so absorbed in the delightful exercise of recognising and welcoming each acute visitant, which, in quick succession, came to me, as being sent by my heavenly Father, that presently my mind's happy temperament prevailed over my bodily affliction, and I fell fast asleep. I awoke soon again, but, oh, how sweetly tranquil was my soul! and how I blessed the chastening which became such a means of mercy! Do beg of dear Sally to try my cure for the toothache, and bid her remember that whenever the good proposed by the correction is effected, that moment the rod will be removed. What! are the hairs of our head all numbered, and can pain come uncommissioned? Impossible!

It was very kind in you to communicate the intelligence about "Sweet Prayer."[1] I feel very thankful if I am used in

[1] The poem here alluded to was widely circulated both in Ireland and in a separate reprint made in America, and brought over to England. It was written to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home," and is as follows :—

"When torn is the bosom by sorrow or care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer;
It seizes, soothes, softens, subdues, yet sustains,
Gives vigour to hope, and puts passion in chains.
Prayer, sweet prayer!
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

"When forced from the friend we hold dearest to part,
What fond recollections still cling to the heart;
Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are there,
Oh how hurtfully pleasing till hallowed by prayer!
Prayer, sweet prayer!
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

"When pleasure would woo us from piety's arms,
The syren sings sweetly, or silently charms;
We listen, love, loiter, are caught in the snare,
Or, 'looking to Jesus,' we conquer by prayer.
Prayer, sweet prayer!
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

"While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to bliss,
Heaven pours its first stream through no medium but this;
And till we the seraphim's ecstasy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer.
Prayer, sweet prayer!
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer."

the smallest measure by "Him who worketh all in all." Let me have your frequent prayers.

To Miss Langtry.

May 7, 1827.

I felt a little disappointed at not seeing you yesterday. We had a profitable meeting, and a good day throughout. Well, I do think, after all that infidels scoffingly say on the subject, if women evidence the influence of religion more than men, this rather proves its excellence than weakness. The life of men usually consists of important and evident business, terminating in something valuable; whilst that of women is made up of petty, unobtrusive trifles, fitful and multifarious, and leaving no vestige of their having ever existed. Now many motives may combine to make great things easy, when lesser ones will be extremely difficult. If religion makes the mistress of a family patient, kind, recollected, and cheerful, it has done more, in my opinion, than when it makes the master transact his business with integrity, and in a devotional spirit.

To Mr. William Lutton.

Moira, *July* 17.

I am much obliged to you for your door-keeping,[1] and request that whenever I hold a meeting within four miles of you, you may be in attendance. Should you grumble at having to do it for "thank you," give me previous notice, and I can raise a collection inside the house for your benefit, and call you in, at conclusion, to put round your hat gracefully!

To Mr. William Lutton.

July 25, 1827.

I go away next week for the benefit of my health to the neighbourhood of the Giant's Causeway, and shall be away at least one fortnight. Miss Stevenson keeps house for me. If Uncle Robert would come to my father, it would fit in well. Immediately after the month of August, I will hope to see you. I request you will bring your flute with you, but do

[1] The allusion is to his undertaking to exclude men from her meetings.

not tell any one about this; my object is to get as much knowledge of music as will enable me to take off a tune by note. I have no idea of applying myself to make much proficiency, but I want an elementary knowledge of everything.

To Miss Langtry.

Moira, *September* 5, 1827.

I have been thinking of late that, as every new acquisition of knowledge furnishes us with a new medium of enjoyment, we are really faulty if we do not seek to know everything in the compass of our power. Had I life to begin, I would attempt all arts and sciences that I could obtain access to. I would get at least an elementary knowledge of mechanics, optics, music, and painting.

If we look at youth, we see it cheerful, animated, and uncomplaining. Why? Not merely because of its corporeal vigour, but because it is full of hope, of enterprise, of determination; bent on discovery. Look at advanced life; it is often pensive, if not peevish; dull, if not desponding; and silent in sadness, if not sighing forth its sorrows. Why is this? Not because of a decaying body principally, but because of a listless mind; yielding to indolence, sinking into apathy, and—content with youth's acquirements—seeking no more. In age we feel the want of variety which idleness perpetuates. Everything we know becomes insipid by familiarity; and what we know not we have been so long accustomed to pass coldly over, that the desire for information is wholly destroyed, or degraded to the mean medium of listening for some new occurrence, or investigating the characters of those about us.

What do I mean by these observations? Simply this, to inculcate the utility of learning new lessons as long as we live, that we may increase in intellectual pleasures as we advance in years, and not starve in the midst of plenty. Oh, how have I heard the language of comfortless inactivity pouring forth its catalogue of grievances, when surrounded by sources of mental enjoyment, not possessed because not sought after! Every day's added experience convinces me that God designed our happiness to predominate in

the mixture of human feelings, and if we look on our combined nature, body, soul (or intellect), and spirit, we see such numerous congenialities for the two former as may fill us with surprise and gratitude; and for the latter, all spiritual good, even God Himself. Oh, my friend, how are we situated? Wherever we set our foot, there is a path to pleasure; wherever we look, there is a prospect to invite us.

Assume a firm tone of mind and a cheerful appearance. To what place can you remove on earth from whence comfort is banished? If new scenes and new trials await you, so also do new springs of enjoyment. Oh, fear nothing! As long as you continue "looking unto Jesus," all is well.

To Mr. William Lutton.

Moira, *September* 6, 1827.

You would smile did you see me at the flute. I have learned the scale, and can, with tolerable readiness, go over the 100th Psalm.

As I am making it a great secret, the oddity of my musical attempt is that I never dare fill the flute; but when Miss Stevenson leaves me, I shall steal off sometimes to the garden and practise. Be sure you send me some easy tunes, and directions for slurring, etc.

To Miss S. Greer.

Friday, September 21, 1827.

I was much struck yesterday when reading *Gil Blas* in Spanish, by the history of two robbers, who, by the injudicious yet completely opposite mode of treatment pursued by their respective parents, were brought to precisely the same unhappy course of wickedness. Indulgence destroyed the one, and severity the other; and I was led to extend the application of the moral to almost every relationship and connection in life. Extremes are to be avoided, but then are there not desperate cases which demand desperate remedies? In some few solitary instances, such may appear exceptions; yet still, with either a refractory child or perverse friend, affection will always do more than anger. By affection I do not mean that laxity of discipline, and weak, womanish connivance at

errors which is so common, but that sincerity of attachment which gives firmness to the conduct, whilst it allows mildness to the manners, and the tenderest tones to its honest expostulations.

"I hate putting away," says the Lord; and so say all His dealings with the children of men. Judgment is His "strange work." Let us humbly imitate Him, and with our fellow-creatures, try all means before we resort to harshness.

A melancholy event occurred yesterday near this town. The wife of James Wilson, a labourer, went to see two of her children bathe, as she feared permitting them to go alone, a third — her eldest son, fourteen years of age — accompanying her. When at the river, he wished to bathe also, but no sooner entered the water than he was seized with cramp, and sank. His mother, seeing this, sprang in after him, and in her efforts to save him, both were drowned. Oh how awful to be called thus into eternity!

I had a meeting for females in Port-Stewart on Sunday evening last, most respectably and largely attended. I have very urgent letters to bring me to Dublin, but I prefer spending some months in my native town.

Oh how I long to be of some use to others, and to obtain increasing meetness for my last journey!

Saturday, September 22.

Oh how could any one suppose that the soul dies with the body? Had I no other proof of its immortality than what I feel within me, it would be at least enough to make the contrary idea highly improbable. Day after day I perceive indications of some latent powers which here have no exercise, or only in a scanty measure; any little advance I make in any kind of information only shows me my ignorance of a thousand things beside, and prompts me to attempt some new pursuit; this partially attained becomes familiar, loses its interest, and gives place to some other. Still I aspire to greater, and were I possessed of all that this life can boast, I verily believe I should weep unsatisfied that I could proceed no further. And whence this feeling? Oh whence, if God is not its author, object, sufficiency,

and eternity about to give it ample range for expatiating, enjoying, and arriving at perfection.

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *Monday, October* 1, 1827.

I was much pleased yesterday, when reading the Second Epistle of Peter, in my Spanish Testament, at the rather new, or at least clearer idea conveyed in the first chapter, fifth verse. In the English translation it is, "Add to your faith virtue," etc.; but in the Spanish, "Let there be evidenced in your faith, virtue," etc., which I think is an excellent sense, as the characteristic of Divine faith is "virtue" (courage, fortitude), and the guard of this latter is "knowledge" (or prudence); and so on with the others.

I cannot tell you the peculiar delight I feel when I discover new beauties in the word of God, and I never yet was able to read it in a new language that I did not experience, in this respect, ample reward for all the toil of elementary cultivation.

Wednesday, October 3.

I have long thought that there is more time lost than real advantage obtained, by putting oneself under another for instruction. I have ever found it easier to teach myself than wait to be taught, when languages were my pursuit; and now, when bent on music, I prove the same. Do not imagine however that I shall not learn accurately all I attempt. Be it known to you that I fairly won (my enemies themselves being judges) a halfpenny prize, in competition with a Bachelor of Arts in reading Greek!

To Mr. William Lutton.

October 8, 1827.

I know it will give you pleasure to hear that I got a letter from America on Friday last. Robert is married.

I received your note. I believe I get on tolerably well at the flute, but I find it difficult to sound middle D. Get me some 6 lines 8s tunes if you can, and that one of another measure, beginning "Sweet is the work," etc. Be sure you pray much for me.

To Mr. William Lutton.

October 22, 1827.

Many thanks to you for your nice tunes; they may contribute, in some future day, to my devotional spirit, as well as to relaxation from studies of a more intense nature. I am transcribing all the good tunes you send me into a book, which I wish to make as correct as possible. I suppose you will smile when I tell you that this simple circumstance of my application to music has been the subject of many a prayer. Indeed I can commence nothing without commending it to God, and looking to Him for sanction and assistance. Oh, did you know how He condescends to me, you would join me in songs of praise! For some days past I have been peculiarly happy. Often are my eyes filled with tears, and my lips with thanksgiving; often do I sink astonished before the Lord, and almost adopt the fine figure of the poet—

"Oh, would He more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessel break!"

I need not tell you that all this is very consistent with a thousand defects, and much humiliation before the Lord and His people. Oh yes! merit I have none, mercy is all I can claim, and that through the Saviour.

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *October* 25, 1827.

I want something new in the book way. I am resuming reading Demosthenes and Tasso; I also intend to apply to mathematics. If convenient, at some time get me the other two volumes of Demosthenes. My health is not improving, but I can tell you good news; my soul is so sweetly sustained, I am borne above everything. I cannot describe to you the goodness of God.

October 29.

I wish I could tell you all I feel to-night. Help me to praise Him who deals thus bountifully with His poor servant. Either He means to remove me soon to a better world, or else I am about to suffer more acutely from some quarter, as such uncommon deep happiness usually does

not exist without some extraordinary occasion following it. May He be with me!

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *February* 19, 1828.

I am, as you wish to know all about me, very sweetly supported in life's pilgrimage. Particularly for the last few days, I feel such an internal pressure of mercy as calls for continued praise. I am expecting some severe sickness or cross to follow soon, as I believe every addition of Heaven's love manifested to the soul is to prepare us for approaching sufferings or duties, or to re-animate us after them.

Last night I was in sleep removing to a new habitation, to dwell alone in a very small chamber, within whose walls stood my only articles of furniture—a bed and a bookcase; a narrow window seemed the only aperture. I was inside, could not get out, but a bright sunshine shone on me through the lattice, and I felt more than contented. It is but a dream.

Thursday evening, February 21.

My father has passed a severe night. He keeps his bed to-day; we fear inflammation. He is very ill indeed. I hope it is only a bad cold, but he has no cough. He says it is death, but I will not admit the thought. Oh no! I shall go before him yet.

Friday, 22d.

I have sent for Dr. Stewart; my father is not better; we sat up with him last night. Oh what a cold-hearted world I am shortly about to pass through! But is not Christ for me? and am I not clinging to Him as my all? Fear not, O my soul; there will be grace given when greatly needed.

To Miss S. Greer.

February 28, 1828.

It will give you pleasure to learn that my father's health is once more improving. I have every reason to hope that he will get over this illness,—the only severe one he ever had in his life.

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *March* 11, 1828.

My father has continued very ill, with two or three days' interval only, ever since I wrote to you last. On Sunday we began to entertain hopes of his recovery, but yesterday and to-day all is gloomy. He takes no food, and a spoonful of cold water constitutes all his cordial.

March 14.

My father is better, but not able to sit up.

To Miss S. Greer.

March 22, 1828.

There seems to be no prospect but one respecting my dear father, that soon earth shall be exchanged for Heaven.

Sunday, March 23.

My father grows worse; scarce speaks at all, passed a very bad night, and is likely to be soon where sorrow and sighing are unknown. How cheering is it to his children that, in these last days of mortal conflict, he testifies so clearly, "I know that my Redeemer liveth"!

His latest earthly care has been for my future welfare, and committing me to a wise and good Providence. He has often said to me since his illness commenced, "Anne, I feel assured that the Lord will not let you ever want a friend, nor leave you when I am gone; He will yet abundantly provide for you. On Him I hang."

O my father, my father! thou hast been to me as father, mother, sister, friend, and preceptor, everything! and what a world now lies before me to pass through without thee! But it is of the Lord; let Him do with me as seemeth Him good.

Tuesday, April 8.

All is now over, and my last surviving parent moulders with my mother's ashes. I cannot now dwell on the past, but hasten to tell you about the future.

On the 23d of this month I sell all our furniture, and on 1st May I quit housekeeping. I purpose depositing the

articles I retain with my sister Murray, and staying a few weeks with her before I go up to Dublin, to which place I have so pressing an invitation that I cannot well decline it. How I shall permanently fix myself, or where, I cannot even guess; but I trust in a wise and gracious Providence that I shall be in the way of duty wherever led. Pray for me. I am beginning life, and know little of the world's anxieties, but confide in Heaven.

ELM VILLA, CHEPSTOW.

CHAPTER VI.

1828-1857.

THE greater part of Mr. Lutton's property was only his for life. His hospitable and generous disposition, combined with the losses of his later years, had prevented his accumulating money; and therefore on his decease, he was only able to leave his daughter what seemed, in comparison with her past comforts, a bare competency. It is no easy task for a sensitive nature to be thus left to front life alone; but Miss Lutton's happy trustfulness was not to be shaken. "I have no fear for the future," she writes; "I am devoid "of anxiety, and yet know not the colour of my old and "latter days, save this: that beggary would be brightness "with the Lord's presence and blessing. Oh yes! give me "Heaven's favour, and I can rejoice anywhere."

Her trust was not disappointed, even as to her share in

this world's goods. Most of her property was in the hands of a Roman Catholic, who held it on bonds, in one of which was a legal informality; but the man acted honourably, and always paid his rents regularly, whilst several Protestants and nominal Christians never paid a penny to a proprietress whom they thought little likely to enforce payment.

She quickly left the ancestral house, and disposed of the larger part of the furniture, retaining enough for two rooms, and amongst other things her father's handsome oak bookcase, a large quantity of old china, probably for two hundred years in the family,[1] and some of the richly-chased family plate. She at first took up her abode with her sister Mrs. Murray in Moira. Owing to the disparity of years between herself and her sister, she was nearer in age to the young group of the Murray family, and not only the sister but the children lovingly welcomed her as an inmate.

Before settling down she spent four weeks at the seaside at Bangor, to recruit her health, and then visited her sister Mrs. Tucker at Belfast. A wonderful work of grace took place at that time in the circuit, and amongst those brought under its happy influences were two of her nieces, daughters of Mrs. Tucker, who date their conversion from that revival; they afterwards had the pleasure of kneeling at the Lord's table for their first communion with their mother and aunt. It was probably on this occasion that an incident occurred which has been thus related by a friend of Miss Lutton's :—

"I have often heard, from those who knew her when living in Ireland, of her power in prayer, especially when pleading with God on behalf of the penitent. On one occasion, she came into a meeting where many were anxiously seeking the Lord, and my friend remembers how,

[1] I have in my possession, and much prize, part of a beautiful dinner service of antique china given me by Miss Lutton, which came from the old home in Moira.

while she was supplicating at the throne of grace, a whole row of penitents seemed simultaneously to lose their chains and burden, and start into newness of life."

An aged minister, Rev. William Cather, records a visit paid by Miss Lutton in 1828 to his father's house at Omagh and to Aughnaclony, both in County Tyrone, where she addressed gatherings of women, and he was installed doorkeeper. His "dear pious mother" and sister were among the privileged listeners. They reported the sweet melodiousness of her voice, both in singing and speaking, the thrilling and impressive earnestness of manner, and the deep devoutness of her spirit. Catholics as well as Protestants, the intellectual and the wealthy as well as those of meaner station, flocked to hear her, at first perhaps from curiosity, but afterwards from love and reverence.

This tour was not prolonged, and she soon returned, by way of Portadown and Lurgan, to her quiet home at Moira. Here she had two rooms set apart for her use, into which were brought her stock of furniture, all her home belongings, her books and pictures, her two pet canary birds, and a favourite white Persian cat,—dearly loved and dearly loving too,—which was accustomed to sit quietly perched at her elbow when she wrote. This poor pussy came to an untimely end, being worried in the fields by a dog; a successor was offered to the sorrowing mistress, but declined, as it could not take the place of the lost favourite.

Mrs. Murray being now a widow, at her earnest request Miss Lutton assumed the duties of family chaplain. She was very wishful that the worship should be conducted leisurely, and without distraction, and to secure this, she wished it to be at an early hour. She was one day requested to postpone it, to meet the convenience of some member of the family, but declined, lest this should become a precedent. She afterwards however called herself to task for

this refusal, lest she might have been unduly influenced by a reluctance to be disturbed, when she had once retired into her own study.[1]

Miss Lutton thus describes her new mode of life: "I "live very secluded here; my sister says I am a complete "hermit. Sometimes I take a solitary stroll along some un- "frequented road, indulge in thought, or admire Nature's "diversified scenery, or have a book and enjoy it; or I "secretly take my flute with me, and 'far from the busy "haunts of men,' sit down and play 'Auld Lang Syne,' "until remembrance of former days steals on my soul, and "suffuses my eyes with tears of mingled grief and pleasure. "Oh, how sweet to think

"'Of our partnership in light,
"Of our glorious meeting there.'"

Again she writes: "I have lived very quiet, much in "my own rooms. I have been doing almost nothing; but "I have thought, felt, reflected, enjoyed, read, rejoiced, "prayed, praised, and anticipated eternity!"

Requests that her poems should be published had frequently been made to Miss Lutton, by those friends who were gratified by their perusal. Unwilling to be guided by wishes which she considered might be too partial, she transcribed the poems, and sent them for an opinion to the Rev. C. Otway, a clergyman, and a man of literary tastes.

Encouraged by his approval, she arranged for their publi-

[1] I have before me a tiny MS. book in her writing, entitled "Lessons," in which she deduces hints for the future from her failures in the past. It records her penitence on this occasion; on another, when she had walked out of the room with a severe remark, when a gentleman persisted in obtruding conversation upon her which she had told him was painful; and on a third, when she deemed herself guilty of forming a rash judgment. Thus was her conscience ever alive to the slightest want of consideration for others.

cation in a small duodecimo volume, the price of which was to be 4s. After this arrangement had been made, she was persuaded to adopt a much more expensive form of printing, and very fine paper. The book grew into a sort of *edition de luxe*, of 208 octavo pages, with wide margins and broadly spaced, so that the originally contemplated expense was almost trebled. Yet, with the chivalrous punctiliousness of her character, Miss Lutton absolutely refused to allow the first-named price of 4s. to be exceeded. The consequence naturally was that, though 1000 copies were printed,—out of which orders had been given for 700, and it is believed that a large proportion of the remainder were sold,—she rather lost than gained by the publication.

With the original poems were translations from Latin, Greek, Italian, German, and Spanish authors. They were chiefly written between 1810 and 1825. The preface alludes to a longer poem in contemplation. It was in blank verse, on the pleasures of religion; a portion was written, and is still preserved; but it was never completed.

The poems were noticed outside the circle of her own immediate friends, and were reviewed by Mr. Emerson—afterwards Sir Emerson Tennant. They were also commended in the *Examiner* and in the *Methodist Magazine*. They circulated extensively in Ireland, but are not much known in England.

In order to superintend the publication of her book, Miss Lutton spent a few weeks in Dublin. There were two persons resident there, then comparatively new acquaintances, but with whom she formed a close and lasting friendship—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Booth. They heard of her in 1825, and on their journey from the Giant's Causeway, took Moira in their way, and went to see her at her father's residence. From that time their house was her home whenever she was willing and able to visit Dublin. It is recorded of her that, on her first visit to the beautiful

metropolis of Ireland, she was so interested in what she saw, and so anxious to examine the localities, that she would rise early and take long walks before breakfast alone, till she had quite mastered its topography.

Her Dublin friends were most reluctant to part with her, and offered her a home, "my board, lodging, and washing "free for ever;" but the attractions at Moira were too strong to be resisted, and in July she returned thither; the winter was spent in studious quiet.

In the following spring she had an awkward accident. The large house-dog flew at her as she returned from her garden walk, and bit her leg so severely that she was laid up. A servant summarily punished the vicious brute by hanging him.

In April Miss Lutton returned to Dublin, and spent six months with her friends Mr. and Mrs. Booth, leading a life of incessant activity. She had a weekly meeting, attended by ladies high in social position. She did a good deal of private visiting in the same circle, to those who, to use her own phrase, "took it into their wise heads that she was doing "them good;" and then the poor,—whom she visited in their own homes, as agent for the Benevolent Society,—the sick and the prisoners also, all had a share of her kindly attention.

Rising at four or five for study, and engaged in Christian work most of the day, she still found her health improved, and her friends urged this as a ground for reiterating their request that she would remain in Dublin, and make it her permanent home. This she refused to do, but promised, on leaving the city in September, to return thither the following summer.

In the year 1831, however, the cholera visited Dublin in so severe a form that it was hardly considered prudent even to pass through it, and a visit was out of the question.

She showed her sympathy for her Dublin friends

by writing them a set of hymns to be sung at the anniversary of the Methodist Female Orphan School, in Whitefriar Street, of which the following is a specimen :—

" Assembled in Thy name,
" Confiding in Thy love,
" We crowd Thy courts to claim
" An answer from above.
" Oh, hear our prayer, our object bless,
" Thou Father of the fatherless !

" These orphans who appear
" Before Thy gracious throne
" Look up, from year to year,
" For help to Thee alone.
" Oh, hear our prayer, our object bless,
" Thou Father of the fatherless !

" Let every feeling heart
" To Thy sweet impulse bow,
" And may we act the part
" Of faithful stewards now.
" Oh, hear our prayer, our object bless,
" Thou Father of the fatherless !

" Whilst sympathy has birth,
" May liberal aid be given ;
" For what is lent on earth
" Shall be repaid in heaven.
" Oh, hear our prayer, our object bless,
" Thou Father of the fatherless ! "

In April 1831, Miss Lutton, with some of her friends, went to Coleraine and the Giant's Causeway, utilizing the time by holding frequent meetings, and visiting the

peasantry, by whom she was highly appreciated. In June, whilst still from home, she stumbled in one of her walks, and struck her leg violently against the broken stump of a tree. Fearing to give trouble to the friends around her, she said nothing about her accident, but bore the pain consequent upon it, and upon the continued use of the wounded limb, till walking became impossible, and the doctor was called in only just in time to prevent very serious mischief.

Miss Lutton had now entered upon her fortieth year, and she wrote the following verses, which she sent to her friend Miss Elizabeth Beeby :—

"My Fortieth Year.

"My fortieth year, my fortieth year! and art thou come so soon?
"And must I think of evening now, who only thought of noon?
"And were my youthful visions vain, which, rich in promise, rose,
"And flung the fairest flowers of life to deck its future close?

"I heard that thou wouldst never smile but on the wise and good,
"That folly felt thy withering frown, and vice thy vengeful mood;
"And therefore, when a little child, I cast my sports away,
"And pored on books, and thought on heaven, and tried to learn and pray.

"Year after year has come, has gone; gay seems the world around me,
"But I am sad, for wise or good no season yet has found me.

"In vain has been my studious toil, in vain my watching, weeping;
"Oh, happy are the peaceful dead who in their graves are sleeping!

"My fortieth year, my fortieth year! all has not been in vain;
"The word was uttered recklessly, it shall not breathe again.
"Wisdom and goodness are not mine, but I have lived to prove
"The blessings of a humbled heart, and of a Saviour's love.

"And these shall realize the scenes which fancy erst portrayed,
"Joy's rosy sunshine on my path, and flowers that never fade!
"Then vanish sorrow from my breast, and sadness from my brow!
"My fortieth year, my fortieth year! right welcome art thou now!"

Miss Lutton remained pretty constantly at Moira during the autumn and winter of 1831. Meantime the health of her friend Mrs. Booth being very delicate, she had gone over with her husband to England, and they took for three years Elm Villa, a house near Chepstow, in the midst of the beautiful Wye scenery. They were urgent upon Miss Lutton to join them in their new home, and at length, in the spring of 1832, she consented, and thus paid her first visit to England. She sailed from Belfast to Liverpool, travelled to Bristol, and thence to Chepstow, where she thus describes her surroundings to a friend:—

"I am most sweetly circumstanced at Elm Villa. When I

" sit in my own room, I am alternately charmed by the music " of the birds in the shrubbery, and the soft notes of some " band accompanying a water-party, or the reverberations " along the rocks of random shots fired off to cause an echo, " and my feelings become in unison with the scene and " the sounds, till I seem to myself a creature of another " world, possessing indefinable sensibilities, and panting for " an Eternal Good. Oh how trifling is earth compared " with the grasp of an immortal spirit! The world recedes, " it disappears; the soul soars above all the senses can " apprehend, and seeks in God sufficient happiness, un- " mingled pleasure."

It was on the occasion of this visit to Chepstow that I was privileged to form the friendship which has been one of the greatest charms and blessings of my life.

In the spring of 1832, my brother and I were taken to spend a few weeks at Chepstow. We had recently lost the youngest of our little group of three, and a change was deemed desirable for our dear mother, Mrs. Jasper Westcott of Bristol, whose spirit was much broken by the long illness and the death of my only sister.

A friend of my father's, the late Rev. James Wood, on hearing of this proposed visit, offered us a letter of introduction to Mr. and Mrs. Booth. He said that they were expecting a visitor, a lady from the north of Ireland, who was distinguished for high intellectual attainments, and for eminent piety.

The letter of introduction was accepted, but it was not at once presented, as the society of strangers was not desired by my mother in the early days of her sorrow. She however attended a class-meeting, conducted by a good man who had recently lost his only little girl, and who was consequently prepared to speak words of comfort to her. At this meeting, the lady and gentleman from Elm Villa, with their guest, were present, and my mother and Miss

Lutton met for the first time. Miss Lutton's deeply sympathetic and loving heart was touched by my mother's grief, and my mother was charmed by the kindly words of the gifted stranger, and much impressed by her elevated and joyous Christian experience.

After this informal meeting, the letter of introduction of our friend in Bristol was speedily taken to Elm Villa. The visit confirmed first impressions. Mrs. Booth, with genuine Irish hospitality, gave us an invitation, which included the younger members of the family, to spend an evening with her husband, herself, and her guest. Greatly did we admire from the drawing-room windows the lovely view of the river, the old castle, and the rich woods. Our host and hostess were most cordial, and there were also some juveniles in the party. But the chief attraction of that never-to-be-forgotten evening was the society of the newly-arrived lady from Ireland. We children were spell-bound by her conversation, her look, her manner.

She talked to us, took us into the garden, and as she walked with us there, she sought to allure us to tread in the paths of a holy life in the days of our youth. "Oh," she said, "religion is such a happy thing!" Her bright, beaming look, her winning smile, confirmed her reiterated assurance that religion was not a thing of gloom and clouds, but of sunshine and enjoyment.

Mr. and Mrs. Booth excited still further our admiration of their guest by telling us of her wonderful linguistic knowledge, which had, even then, extended to an acquaintance with at least fifteen languages. They lent us also her recently published volume of poems, and drew our attention especially to one of them, entitled "The Withered Leaf," which had been characterized by her compatriot, Dr. Adam Clarke, as the most elegant poem which he had ever read.

They told us moreover that she was accustomed to rise by four o'clock, that she spent a large portion of

her time alone in her room, writing or reading, and that when engaged in prayer, her fervent supplications were frequently overheard by a servant who slept near.

During our sojourn at Chepstow, Miss Lutton held some of the public meetings for her own sex, such as she had been accustomed to conduct in her own country. My mother, cousin, and myself attended one of these; my young brother was however rigidly excluded. I retain a vivid remembrance of the first service at which I was present. It was a summer evening; our accustomed walk in the lovely country was given up, and we wended our way to the chapel, a neat, plain structure, in an obscure part of the curious old town. The congregation were quietly waiting in the little pews and in the gallery, till the appointed time arrived for the service to commence. Then Miss Lutton entered the chapel, and ascended the pulpit; she was attired in a black silk dress, and a white net cap with a high crown and single border, after the manner of the early Friends.

She began by giving out the hymn—

"Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the evening sacrifice
Which now to Thee we give."

She commenced the tune herself, and sustained it throughout, aided by the hearers. Then followed a fervent prayer. Her appearance was dignified, her manner commanding; her voice, rich and melodious—evidencing deep emotion under strong control—was clearly heard by the congregation; a slight and graceful movement of the hand occasionally gave emphasis to some special appeal.

My mother made some notes, still preserved, of her eloquent address. The subject was the choice of Moses.

When the service was concluded, her friend Mrs. Booth led

her home by a quiet way, as she disliked any greetings or converse after a meeting.

At the request of ministers and friends, Miss Lutton held similar services in other places in the vicinity of Chepstow, viz. at Tintern, Caldecot, Glynn, Bocoshrerig, and Sherenewton. In each case the door was sacredly guarded from male intruders by Mrs. Booth's faithful servant Martha, who has supplied some of these reminiscences of scenes which the lapse of so many years has failed to obliterate from her memory.

A friend who listened to two of these discourses in Tintern was so deeply impressed by them that she remembered the subjects, after the lapse of more than forty years. The text of one was, "Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life." Miss Lutton herself records, in reference to one of these meetings, that "at one period of my "addressing them, every face was bathed in tears, and the "suppressed sobs of the whole assembly were forming one "sound of the strangest utterance." They were frequently so crowded that late comers could not obtain an entrance.

When we left Chepstow, we prevailed on Miss Lutton to accompany us to Bristol for a few days, and she much enjoyed visiting the places of interest in our ancient city.

During her residence at Chepstow, she continued her practice of attending the parish church in the morning, and the Methodist chapel in the evening. She took the sacrament regularly at church, and occasionally at chapel. The life at Chepstow was secluded, owing to Mrs. Booth's delicate health; but this gave Miss Lutton the more leisure to indulge in her dearly-beloved study. She usually, when not at services, gave the evening to her friends, and shared with delight their walks in the lovely neighbourhood of Chepstow, the romantic and rich scenery of which struck her imagination forcibly.

One day as she, in company with her friends, was passing

under Lancaut Cliffs, on the banks of the Wye, she espied through the trees the quiet little country church, and, struck with the lovely seclusion of the spot, expressed a wish, should she die in Chepstow, to be buried in Lancaut churchyard. Her poetic imagination was impressed with the practice, then prevalent in some parts of Wales, of decorating the graves of relatives and friends with flowers once a year, and she writes: "I should like to be buried in "some of these village churchyards, where once a year my "grave should be strewed with flowers."

Although Miss Lutton was often playful and humorous in conversation and letters, it was but rarely she indulged in humorous verses. The following were elicited by a request from her friend Mr. Booth that she would compose his epitaph:—

"To T. Booth, Esq., Chepstow.

"Dear Sir,—Your request strangely puzzles my head.
"What! dash off your epitaph ere you are dead!
"No, never! for friendship, when free from self-seeking,
"Has two ways of acting, and two ways of speaking,
"And would scorn to present to a favourite, whilst here,
"What she writes on his tomb and embalms with a tear!
"Yet I wish to be civil, and prove my good nature
"(You know I was always a pliable creature),
"So I send you some verses which lately I wrote,
"Not to place on your coffin, but pin on your coat.

"Here rests T— B— from the work of his Master,
"Who was sure to stand still when required to go faster;
"Who had talents which, rightly improved, would have given
"More glory to God, and more subjects to heaven;
"But he shrank from his duty, and shrugged up his shoulders,
"And slunk silent away, to the grief of beholders.

"Shout, Satan, thy triumph! there's slumber within;
"He is conquered by sloth who would ne'er yield to sin.
"Never fear that thy transports of joy shall awake him,
"'Tis like rocking his cradle to call or to shake him.
"Then gambol about, and go on with thy labours,
"Thou hast given him his nap, and he gives thee his neighbours!

"*21st June* 1832."

In contrast to the above are the following verses, entitled "*Pensez à moi*," written to her dear friend Mrs. Booth, when —her long visit drawing to an end—she was about to leave the beautiful "rocky steep" so dear to her, and return home:—

"Oh, think of me when the spring is here,
"When the landscape smiles on the infant year,
"When the budding boughs are impearled with dew,
"And the little leaves leap forth to view;
"When the sunbeam kisses the early flowers,
"And sips the nectar of recent showers;
"When the sportive zephyr of changeful mood—
"Now mild in his movements, now ruffling and rude—
"Shakes the snowdrop's delicate form
"With fitful gusts of a menaced storm,
"Like a froward boy among sisters meek,
"Plucking the hair, or pinching the cheek,
"The timid maidens shrink from his touch,
"Yet love the urchin that teazes so much,—
"Then think of me—oh, think of me!

"In the closing eve of the summer's day,
"When the bright and the beautiful fade away,
"When the crimson streaks of the western sky
"Are mellowed and lost to the gazer's eye;
"When night, as if pausing, ashamed to appear
"On the scene of the sun's late brilliant career,

"Mounts slowly her throne, and invisibly flings
"Her opiates on mortals, her darkness on things;
"When the silvery moon emits her beam
"To sleep on the mountains, or dance on the stream;
"Whilst the floating clouds which sweep o'er her face,
"As if envious grown of superior grace,
"Seeking to shade what they cannot impair,
"But prove their gloom through the splendour there,—
"Then think of me—oh, think of me!

"For though I shall be on a distant shore,
"In spirit I'll pass the blue waves o'er,
"And wander with thee as in former time,
"When the spring and summer were in their prime,
"Through the tangled copse, or lonely dell,
"Or down by the river's rapid swell;
"Or, placed on the verge of the rocky steep,
"Gaze pensively down on the rolling deep,
"And imagine I hear thee so tenderly chide,
"And recall me again to my place at thy side,
"Lest the crumbling cliff consign me to death
"In the yawning gulf of the waters beneath,[1]
"Whilst I smile at thy terror, and playfully prove,
"By exciting thy fears, the extent of thy love,—
"Then think of me—oh, think of me!

"And, oh, may each thought of an absent friend
"With higher and holier musings blend,
"And a boon become for thy benefit given,
"Like a spell on thy soul to unite thee to heaven!

[1] If any reader of these lines should wish to see the scenes which are described in them, he must walk from Chepstow Bridge, up the hill, turn to the left, go along the public road to the double view, near Lancaut church, and return through the grounds of Pennoyle, the residence of Miss Phillips.

"Then think of me in the house of prayer,
"For I'll join thy spirit when worshipping there;
"When the solemn chant of the grateful song
"Is borne by a thousand voices along;
"When the penitent breathings of souls sincere
"Seem conscious alone of a Saviour near;
"When lessons of life from the sacred word
"Are pressed on the heart by the power of the Lord;
"When sin sinks subdued, and a foretaste of rest
"Through the medium of faith is conveyed to the breast,—
"Then think of me—oh, think of me!

Miss Lutton's relatives and friends in Ireland naturally felt a little jealous of her warm attachment to England and the English, and expressed their fears lest the new country and friends should be preferred to the old. This sentiment she warmly disavows, but adds that she seeks earnestly Divine direction, is prepared to take any country or any path on which the "cloudy pillar" rests, and cares not where or how she may finish her life, provided she has the smile of God upon her.

She suffered much at this time from a stomach complaint, which culminated in distressing spasms, aggravated, if not caused, as she herself recognised two years later, by severe fasting. On the appointed fast days, she tasted no food till four in the afternoon, and she had her own fast days in addition; but for the present she did not believe that they were injurious to her. It needed longer experience to convince her of this. Her Chepstow doctor, evidently considering the stomach ailment to be primary, not secondary, advised a careful and spare diet, and abstinence from many classes of food. This starving regimen did not agree with a system already debilitated by fasting and overstudy, and she wrote to a Dublin doctor for his advice. He recommended a more generous treatment, and by

degrees she rallied, and recovered strength for her journey to Ireland, where her presence was needed on account of some embarrassment which arose in reference to the management of her property, and issued in temporary loss. This she resolutely met by a reduction of her expenditure, as she had a strong objection to tamper with her capital.

She left Elm Villa on 3d October 1832, and sailed from Bristol to Dublin.

It was in troublous times that Miss Lutton returned to her "dear, dear Ireland." The cholera had now spread from Dublin to the north of Ireland, and prevailed in Moira, causing many deaths and much poverty and suffering. She sympathized keenly in the distress which she was able only partially to relieve.

The winter was quiet and very studious, her health still requiring more consideration than it received, for she confesses to late readings at nights, and again to rising early, and reading by candle-light some hours before the family are stirring.

The following spring she was again induced to pay a visit to England. She left Moira on 1st March 1833, spent a few weeks in Dublin, and on 9th April crossed over to Bristol, and thence to Elm Villa, Chepstow. With some difficulty, we prevailed on her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Booth, to let her come to Bristol in the autumn, though they only consented to spare her for a short visit of a fortnight. Whilst with us, she held two meetings in our drawing-room, and addressed large assemblies of ladies. The subject of one of the discourses is distinctly remembered, "God is love,"—a theme on which few persons, from their inner consciousness, could be able more feelingly to dilate. Miss Lutton then returned to Chepstow, and spent the winter in quiet seclusion with her friends Mr. and Mrs. Booth.

It was one of her occupations during this winter to write

the autobiography which forms the earlier part of the present volume.

The following spring we had again the joy of welcoming her to our home, and this time it was for a much longer visit, one of ten months. Her residence in Bristol brought her into contact with a phase of life novel in some respects to her. We were in the habit of keeping what is called "open house," and receiving numerous visitors, who were chiefly, but not exclusively, religious people. Miss Lutton looked carefully at her duty in such cases, and laid down for herself in her diary the following plan of action, to which she carefully adhered :—

"*May* 16, 1834.—Feeling the importance and necessity "of being decided on the subject of social intercourse, I "have formed for myself the following resolutions for the "regulation of my conduct in future. O Lord, help me "to adhere to them, for without Thee I can do nothing!

"1st. Previous to going into any company, to spend "a few minutes in fervent prayer for Divine strength and "teaching.

"2d. To have always some sentiment or scripture written "in my tablets, which might suggest useful thoughts and "lead to experimental conversation.

"3d. To watch for seasonable times for introducing such "subjects.

"4th. To avoid too much conformity with the views "and sentiments of others getting into my language and "manners, lest my mind lose its independence; at the "same time, let me yield to those around me as far as "I can, consistent with realizing the Lord's presence.

"5th. To make my parting words impressive.

"6th. If it can be accomplished, to have prayer ere we "separate."

Miss Lutton's letters during this period are not numerous; postage was expensive, and though her friends would most

gladly have paid it for her correspondence, she was unwilling to tax them, and franks were not always obtained easily. The letters preserved were chiefly addressed to my mother, between whom and Miss Lutton a friendship of the strongest and purest kind, founded on spiritual and intellectual sympathies, was becoming gradually more and more cemented.

My mother and our friends being interested at this time about a bazaar to be held in Bristol, in favour of Wesleyan missions to the lately liberated negroes in the West Indies, Miss Lutton wrote on behalf of the object the following verses, which were printed leaflet fashion, and sold largely at the bazaar :—

" A sigh—not such as, softly stealing,
" Tells of one solitary feeling,
" And seeks from sympathy to borrow
" Some lenient for a selfish sorrow.

" A sigh—to common grief unknown,
" Which misery might breathe alone,
" Utter'd by millions left to languish ;
" Deep, concentrated, full of anguish ;

" That sigh had sped to many a shore,
" And told its tale of torture o'er,
" Through the sylvan shades and the crowded city ;
" Alas ! in vain—there was none to pity !

" Then it swept the waves of the mighty deep,
" And climb'd the cliffs, and clear'd the steep,
" And through Albion's isle pour'd its plaintive strain,
" Where a sigh has never been sent in vain.

" The Briton was roused by its shriek of despair,
" Wherever he listen'd, the sigh was there ;

"And it seem'd to call on the free and the brave,
"For the sake of the Saviour, to succour the slave!

"O England! thy name is emblazon'd in story;
"In the camp, in the court, thou art cover'd with glory.
"But thy noblest achievement was—loud be it spoken—
"When the slave was redeem'd, and his shackles were broken.

"Yet still the sigh is heard in the gale,
"With a bolder swell, and a deeper wail;
"And it cries, with a voice which no power can control,
"'Ye have ransom'd the body, now rescue the soul!'
"COLSTON'S PARADE, *June* 4, 1834."

On June 27 she received an appointment, very unexpectedly to herself, to take charge of a class which was accidentally without a leader, and thus initiated in Bristol a course of Christian usefulness in which, I think I may truly say, she was without parallel.

She removed with us in the summer to 20 Portland Square,—a house to be brightened so many years by her presence,—and in the autumn she shared our rustication, which was this year to Blue Anchor in Somersetshire, where we remained four weeks, she greatly adding to our enjoyments by the keen zest with which she entered into them, and by her enthusiastic admiration of the beautiful in nature. After this we went for three weeks to Chepstow, where there was a friendly rivalry between my mother and Mrs. Booth, as to who should succeed in prevailing on our dear friend to give her the winter. But my mother succeeded,—I think it was partly that Bristol class that did it,—and we brought our prized guest in triumph back with us. She alludes in her diary to the pleasures she enjoyed in Bristol of social intercourse with Christian

friends, and to her appointment on 30th September to a second class in Ebenezer chapel.

The new year opened with an attack of illness, partly the result of a mental struggle which she underwent, owing to a proposal of marriage from a gentleman of high religious character and influence. The primary consideration was her future usefulness. She had consecrated her life to Christ and His work, and she could allow nothing to interfere to divert her from this, the one fixed and central object of her existence. This offer therefore, like several others made to her in her own country,—as her niece has informed me,—was declined; she preferred the independence of a single life, and she considered that marriage would rather contract than extend her sphere of usefulness.

Her illness had however another cause. After keeping her quarterly fast by tasting no food till four P.M., she had several attacks of faintness; she persisted in trying to go out as usual, though in great bodily distress, and at night could hardly be kept from continued faintings. One good result followed; she became convinced that in her present condition, fasting was injurious to the body, and ceased to practise it to the same extent; but in after life, the jealous watchfulness of her friends was sometimes needful to prevent her injuring her health in this way. She endeavoured to elude observation, and yet to keep her conscience clear, by taking the smallest quantities of food, and selecting the sort of food least agreeable to herself; thus keeping the principle of self-denial without the rigour of an actual fast.

In the spring of 1835, the importunity of her friends in Ireland prevailed with her to return thither. Each member of our family, and many other friends, went in the early morning of April 7 to witness her embarkation from Cumberland Basin, with deeply regretful feelings. One of the youngest of the party, my dear brother, was destined never again to see his kind friend.

The incidents of the voyage and of the sojourn in Dublin, *en route* to Moira, are given in the appended letters. She mentions a meeting held by herself at Whitefriars Street, Dublin, on Wednesday, April 22: "There was an immense "assemblage of my own sex, and two gentlemen of strictest "honour stood all the time at a distant gate, to secure me "from the intrusion of all lords of the creation. We had a "sweet meeting."

On April 27 she once again returned to Moira, after an absence of two years, and was warmly welcomed to her sister's house. She had hastened thither the more rapidly that she might be present at the marriage, on May 7, of her niece, Catherine Murray, to Mr. Montgomery of Liverpool.

The first Sunday morning after her return, she absented herself from church to hear a missionary preach at the Wesleyan chapel in Moira. "When his sermon was con-"cluded," wrote Miss Lutton in a letter to me, "I was "electrified by our preacher descending from the pulpit, "and coming to me, to entreat that I would use the chapel "that evening, and allow him to announce my intention. I "trembled and hesitated, but finally consented; and at six "o'clock I had my townswomen flocking around me, and "my sister and her three daughters deeply engaged in their "hearts, praying for me. I shall not soon forget that "evening. I felt as if I had been brought from Bristol "purposely to address these, my old friends and neighbours, "and perhaps was soon to be removed from them, to "account to my Judge for the opportunity thus afforded."

The spiritual welfare of her neighbours was a subject that pressed heavily upon her. In her diary, June 8, 1835, she writes: "I have been thinking much, since I came back to "Moira, about what can be done among the people. They "seem to care less than ever for the public means of grace, "and the efforts to excite an interest have been unavailing. "I resolved to institute a prayer-meeting weekly for the

"females, in which I would regularly read the Scriptures, "and explain the obscure passages. Last Tuesday even- "ing I commenced it, and had the pleasure of seeing treble "the number who attend on other occasions. I fear I "shall not be able to keep up an equally good attendance. "Novelty has charms at first, but nothing save the Holy "Spirit can keep alive attention. O Lord, I entreat Thee, "make this meeting a blessing. I dedicate it to Thee; I "dedicate all my powers to Thee. Whatever knowledge "Thou hast enabled me to gain is Thine; to Thee I "humbly consecrate it."

These readings were held in the gallery of the chapel at Moira, which is capable of seating eighty persons, and it was generally fairly well filled.

The original notes of some of the lectures are preserved, each contained in about four pages of very closely written notepaper. She began by careful explanation of terms, customs, etc., in the chapter or part of a chapter to be illustrated; then deduced its practical lessons, and then the principal doctrines to be elicited from it.[1] These she enforced by the powerful influence of loving persuasion, all the more potent because her listeners were her fellow-townswomen, and they well knew that she who thus preached the gospel lived it also.

At the same time Miss Lutton was holding meetings weekly in one place or another. She mentions especially one at Aghalee (the burial-place of the family), that it was very full, and that she felt unusual freedom in speaking. At Portadown, Belfast, Bluestone, and Magheragall also meetings were held.

She suffered much at times from weakness and bilious

[1] The MS. contains notes of fourteen lectures delivered from June 2 to December 4, 1835, on the first fifteen chapters of St. Matthew, but several of the series are missing; also one of December 9, 1836, on the 3d chapter of St. John.

attacks, and as winter drew on, was more confined to the house, from inability to encounter the rigours of the season. She owns that she was far from possessing her former vigour. She speaks of a fortnight's illness supervening on, though she persists in thinking it was not to be attributed to, a walk of five miles from Lurgan to Moira.

The godly jealousy with which Miss Lutton watched and held in check any tendency to self-indulgence appears from an entry in her diary of January 25, 1836. She accuses herself of neglect in not rising early,—and by early she usually meant four or five A.M.,—owing partly to her own precarious health, partly to family circumstances, which sometimes detained her out of bed till midnight, and partly to a fear of injuring her eyes, which felt sore after her early readings.

But she grappled with what she believed to be a temptation to sluggishness, and soon began to enjoy her early rising, and to experience benefit from it. Her theory as to herself was, that one long sleep of five hours, from twelve to five A.M., sufficed her. In this respect she resembled Cardinal Mezzofanti, so celebrated for his linguistic attainments, who for years only allowed himself four hours' sleep, and yet survived to a vigorous old age.

Miss Lutton was through life scrupulously honourable. Indeed this scrupulosity amounted almost to morbidness in money transactions. Having casually heard of a debt which she believed her father to have contracted to a lady, under some peculiar circumstances not explained, she made up her mind, though she could ill afford it, to tender the amount; but it was strenuously refused, the lady declaring she would never accept a pound during Miss Lutton's life, and if she chose to bequeath the sum, would accept it rather as a gift than as a debt.[1]

[1] This circumstance is recorded in the diary under the dates of June 26 and 29, 1836.

I remember myself incurring a gentle reprimand for wishing to present her with some article which, when in Ireland, she had commissioned me to purchase. She requested me to understand that it was a principle from which she could not deviate, to pay for whatever she ordered, because otherwise she could never feel comfortable to ask her friends to get anything for her.

The year 1836 was marked by much anxiety in the Lutton family. Mrs. Murray had serious and repeated attacks of illness, and these were pleaded as reasons for Miss Lutton's resisting the importunity of her English friends to return to them. "I love England and the Eng-" lish," she writes, "but I do not love them better than my " own dear Ireland and its inhabitants. If I can be used " anywhere, it is at home among my own people."

In the month of June she paid a visit to Moy, near Charlestown, to her dearly beloved friend Miss Sophia Greer, which was a source of great happiness to her, and of delight and good to the whole of the Greer family. She was much interested on her return at the advent of a young grandson in her sister's family, the child of Mrs. Murray's married daughter, Catherine Montgomery, who had returned from her home in Liverpool, to be near her mother at the hour of trial. To this child Miss Lutton often alludes in her letters with loving interest.

The winter of 1836–7 was again saddened by the serious illness of Mrs. Murray, who was confined to the house from November to March, and when she began to recover, an epidemic of influenza seized the whole household, and Miss Lutton herself had it three times. On these grounds she resisted our warm entreaties to return to Bristol, even though my parents threatened to go over and fetch her, if no other means would avail.

In the spring of 1837 however she again contemplated a visit to us, which was to be preceded by a long sojourn

with her friends Mr. and Mrs. Booth, who had left Chepstow, and were now resident at Kilbeggan, situated on the river Brosna, forty-five miles from Dublin, in the county of Westmeath. Thence she was to visit Dublin, and if all went well at Moira, to travel to England.

In anticipation of this journey, she addressed the following verses to Miss Anne Fleming of Richmond, County Longford, a niece of her friend Mrs. Booth, and who afterwards became her own niece by marriage with her favourite nephew, Hugh Murray :—

"To Miss Anne Fleming.

"Farewell! On earth we meet no more,
"Yet think not I can e'er forget thee ;
"Memory shall oft the scene restore
"When first I loved, when first I met thee.

"Something within the bosom starts,
"From separation shrinks affrighted ;
"But let us give to God our hearts,
"And He will keep them still united.

"Farewell! It is a word of pain
"When worldly friends are called to sever ;
"But, dearest, we shall meet again
"Where friends in Christ are friends for ever.

"Kilbeggan, *May* 24, 1837."

One scruple had caused Miss Lutton to waver as to the propriety of her English journey. This was whether, in the distressed state of Ireland, she should not expend all the money she could spare in helping her own people.

All hesitation was speedily ended by a terrible blow which befell our family. My only brother — nineteen years of age, full of hope and promise, and a special

favourite of Miss Lutton's—fell into a rapid consumption, which within six weeks terminated his career. Several times during his illness he expressed a strong wish for the solace of her presence, and no sooner was the desire conveyed to her than she flew, as quickly as the then tardy means of conveyance permitted, to see him; but it was too late. "Don't be frightened, ma'am," was the somewhat clumsy greeting of our servant when he met her on board the vessel; "but Master Henry's dead." He expired 25th May 1837, three days before her arrival in Bristol.

What the presence of Miss Lutton was in that desolated home, whence the only son—the second lost of the three children—had been snatched away, none can tell but those who felt it. She was indeed the "angel of the house." With the tenderest sympathy for the poignant distress of those around her, she combined an unruffled and almost cheerful serenity,—cheerful, not because her own heart was not deeply touched, for my brother had been very dear to her, but cheerful because to her the heavenly world was so intensely real that, knowing that he had "died in the Lord," she was rejoicing with him and over him, whilst she shared our mourning.[1]

Now indeed my dear mother knew, as she had never known it before, the value of such a friendship; and so closely cemented did it become, that our treasured friend never left us again, except for occasional visits, and was our beloved and honoured guest for more than forty-four years. Yet many were the attempts made to lure her away. Mr. and Mrs. Booth wanted her; her own relatives at Moira wanted her. In Bristol, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, to whom she soon afterwards was introduced, offered to

[1] Miss Lutton wrote a beautiful little memoir of my brother, which, with one previously printed of my sister, was circulated and made useful to young people.

place a suite of rooms at her disposal for life, and to leave her the uncontrolled use of her time, she only joining the circle at meals and in the evenings. A similar offer was made by two wealthy maiden ladies residing at Clifton, with the important adjunct that if she survived them, she should inherit all their property.

But all these she refused; as my mother said, we had her heart and we kept her.

A brief glance should be taken of the student life of Miss Lutton, during the nine years embraced in the present chapter, 1828–37.

The books alluded to by her as read during this period are:—

Tilloch *On the Apocalypse.*
Goldsmith's *Life*, and *Citizen of the World.*
Piers Butler's *Raymond.*
Present State of Modern Literature in Europe.
Cunningham's *World without Souls.*
Travels in North Wales.
Napoleon's Last Days in Exile.
Lamartine's *Travels in the East.*
Miss Talbot's *Martyrs of the Wilderness.*
Pollock's *Course of Time.*
Montgomery's *Pelican Island.*
Akenside's *Pleasures of the Imagination.*
Hemans' *Records of Women.*

In foreign languages are the following:—

French History of the Crusades.
Letters of Madame de Sevigné.
Boileau's *Satires and Epistles.*
Cervantes' works.
Don Quixote in French, about which she expresses her disapproval of the liberties taken with Cervantes by his translator.

Metastasio, three vols. out of the eleven of his works.
Dante's *Inferno.*

This catalogue is by no means exhaustive. Miss Lutton kept no list of books read. It is merely compiled from the references made to them in her letters.

She continued her Spanish studies, and began Portuguese, having obtained a grammar and New Testament. She was also able to gratify her long-indulged wish to learn the German language, the literature of which greatly fascinated her, especially the character and poetry of Schiller. She wrote a criticism on his life, which showed careful perusal, and gracefully translated into English verse his ode to Minna. She also mentions with interest her reading of *Don Carlos.*

Allusion has already been made to an old Irish prayer-book which excited her wish to learn the language; a further present of a large Irish Bible,—the Old Testament being Bishop Bedell's edition, and the New Testament Boyle's edition,—with the needful grammar and dictionary, enabled her in 1830 to gratify this wish.

The Rev. Mr. Beattie, rector of Moira, presented her with a Chaldee grammar, which led to her study of that language; and also with a small Hebrew Psalter, with Latin notes, which she often carried in her pocket, to comfort herself with the perusal of a few verses. But her favourite pocket companion was a very small Greek Testament, with excellent marginal references, which, though she had read the Testament in Greek twenty or thirty times, she again perused, she writes, "with a pleasure and "advantage I cannot describe."

The gift of a Hebrew New Testament was also much prized. She purchased one in Syriac, and also the Samaritan Pentateuch, and thus acquired both those languages.

In 1836 she studied the commentaries of Matthew

Henry and Adam Clarke, and also purchased the five Latin folios of Pole's *Synopsis*, by way of winter amusement. Except the Bible, she says she has read no book oftener than Thomas à Kempis.

In a letter of 22d June 1836 (p. 261, *infra*), Miss Lutton gives, in answer to an inquiry, a summary of the languages which she had acquired, which exactly coincides with that given in her autobiography (p. 31, *supra*). It may be interesting to chronologize, from allusions in her letters, the dates at which she acquired the several languages alluded to. Latin and Greek were thoroughly mastered between October 1813 and April 1815. After her conversion at this latter date, she discontinued for several years the study of foreign languages. They were then taken up in the following order, as nearly as can be ascertained:—

1822. French and Arabic.
1823. Persian and Hindoostanee.
1824. Italian.
1826. Spanish.
1828. German.
1829. Russian.
1830. Irish.
1831. Portuguese, Chaldee, Æthiopic.
1832. Syriac.
1833. Samaritan.[1]

[1] I have before me a list of Miss Lutton's library, a curiosity in itself, when it is considered that the owner was a lady, and with but few educational advantages except such as she derived from her father's able teaching. It contains books in all the above-named languages, except Russian, and a considerable and very miscellaneous collection in English,—biblical, theological, devotional, educational, historical, geographical, biographical, poetical, controversial, and Methodistic; a little of everything, in fact, except fiction, and even in this department is Mrs. More's *Caleb in Search of a Wife*, and Mr. Wesley's *Henry, Earl of Moreland*.

Her system of language-learning was thorough, carefully plodding through the grammar before attempting translation, and the amount of application involved was very great, though lessened in her case by her rapid, intuitive grasp of knowledge, by the wonderful tenacity of her memory, and by the facility which comparative philology gives to the student of many languages.

LETTERS.—1828–1837.

To Mr. W. Lutton.

October 1828.

I was glad to get a line from you. I have been four weeks at the sea at Bangor, and since then five or six days in Belfast, so that I could not well get to Breagh. I am not sure but I shall go to Bluestone about the middle of November. In Belfast there is an astonishing revival. It is not surprising there to see ten, fifteen, twenty, or more converted in one meeting. Some can find no rest to their souls in the public means, and spend the night in private wrestlings with Heaven till set at liberty. In Moira we are very quiet. I shall give you a piece of good counsel; if you need it not now, you may at a future time; it is this:—

Keep at the utmost distance from the beginnings of evil in thought.

Keep in the constant possession of spiritual-mindedness.

Keep sensibly and be evidently humbled to the dust.

Observe and maintain these three rules, and "you shall never fall."

To Miss S. Greer.

April 8, 1829.

I am arranging everything here previous to my departure for Dublin, and I am expected there next week. I have again become a victim to cold, which I caught by means

of wet feet neglected. Now do not scold me, for I am scolded enough by my sister and by my own conscience in this business. My throat is very sore, but I am doing all I can to retrieve; afterwards I shall reform.

To Miss S. Greer.

Dublin, *May* 11, 1829.

I saw my sister set off for home on Saturday morning. She is not worse.

I have this day put my manuscript in the hands of the printer, and have my specification, so as to secure the work being done in the very best style of printing. I shall this evening make my purchases of very fine paper. I am determined to spare no cost. I am paying extra for superfine ink, so that I hope to please the eye at least.

To Miss S. Greer.

June 20, 1829.

I do not find that I can, with any propriety, postpone my work at the printer's. He is very uneasy to finish, and only wants my little preface from me, as he has put to press the last page of the poetry.

Mr. Mangin, his two daughters, and their governess, took me on Thursday last in the carriage to Woodlands, the beautiful demesne of Colonel White, where we had a cold dinner and delightful stroll. We then drove to Lucan, took tea with a lady there, and returned to Dublin about ten o'clock, with two servants and a castle messenger on horseback to escort us safe home. They are planning an excursion to Powerscourt for me, and to some other picturesque places; but I am secretly planning how to get home, so exhausted am I with mental exertion. I have gone to sleep at one, and risen after five, sleeping almost none intermediately, with anxiety about my little affairs, with poems to remodel, and poems to write!

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *July* 31, 1829.

I am now two weeks from Dublin. You will be surprised to hear that my volume is not duodecimo, but octavo. The

alteration has put me to double, yes, nearly treble the expense; but I would not alter the price, it is still 4s. I corrected the press myself; it was very laborious and vexatious, but I did it well. It usually costs a deal; but a kind friend, a bookseller in Dublin, gave me an hour's instruction, and I became independent.

I could scarcely get back to the north at all. I was offered my board, lodging, and washing, free for ever, and my time to be at my own disposal, by a gentleman and lady; but I love my own dear friends for ten miles round Moira too well yet to decide on leaving them.

To Mr. W. Lutton.

Moira, *September* 12, 1829.

If you have any business at any time in Belfast, I beg you will not forget to buy me a telescope. I will not limit you to price.

To Miss S. Greer.

September 30, 1829.

I went on Thursday last with two of my nieces to Gracehill, the Moravian settlement, where one of them had been at school. We did not return until Monday night. I have been since hearing read the *Two Sisters*, by Mr. Hofland, whenever I went down to the parlour. Also I was to-day reading an introductory dissertation prefixed to the *Widow of Roseneath*, on the utility of fictitious narrative. I suppose all that can be said in its favour is there advanced, but I confess I bow not to the decision. I do not object to the relation of an incident, the delineation of a character, the life of an individual being interspersed with moral inculcations, or replete with scriptural allusions; but I demand a true story, a real character, an authentic biography. In these there will be sufficient to interest, much to instruct, and nothing to injure. The imaginative power will be less called into exercise by the writer, and the susceptibilities of the reader more judiciously elicited. Yet I grant much will always depend on the manner and style, and perhaps it requires talents of the highest order to do justice to truth; but indeed I am sincerely inquiring after the "more excellent way" in this matter, not preferring my own judgment

through prepossession, but adhering to its dictates through dread of error. May Heaven direct me!

To a Friend.

Moira, *November* 3, 1829.

Have you read *Michael Kemp*, one of the fictitious works of the day? I looked it over lately, and, taking the liberty to preface my opinion with "I am no judge," I venture to say I prefer it, in its design and execution, to *Father Clement*. If any work of fiction is likely to do good, and have Heaven's approbation, I think it is this one. Still I would rather have a life of the utmost obscurity than blend the truth of God with the non-existent creations of my own imagination, and become popular.

You ask me about the Millennium. I am very unfit to decide; still I form an opinion, and it is this: that our Lord's personal reign is not to be anticipated. I have read very little on the subject. If you are an advocate for the other side, tell me your "strong reasons," and I promise you to be open to any power they may possess of conviction.

To Miss S. Greer.

December 9, 1829.

This morning I was roused out of bed by a person coming to request me to visit a sick friend in Lurgan. She is a distant relation of my father, married a few years since, in comfortable circumstances, but till given over to serious feeling by disease, she never cared for more religion than was barely needful for a decent exterior. Poor woman, there is little hope of her recovery to health, and under this persuasion, she is longing to see me, whom she would have fled from six months ago! What can I do? Some people seem to think my attendance on a sick-bed has some virtue in it, just as the good country people imagined my dear mother's touch cured the whooping-cough! By the way, I must have some hereditary power that way too, as I was lately applied to by a fond parent who had buried one child, and ran to me to save the other. I go to Lurgan on Monday. I think I have caught cold, but two or three days will effect a complete change, perhaps.

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *February* 6, 1830.

This is a trying season for the poor. I am sometimes distressed to hear of poor householders supporting a whole family on threepence per day. Even books, so valued by me, have been of much less importance for some time past than the relief of my fellows' necessities.

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *March* 23, 1830.

You will, I know, be grieved to hear of my strange accident; but "it is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good."

On last Wednesday evening I was returning from walking in the garden, and passing by our large dog, he flew at me, and bit my shoulder and leg very severely. I am, of course, laid by, and sometimes laid up too, as bed is the easiest place for my leg; but do not be frightened, all will be yet well. The Lord is very good.

Give my sincere love to your sisters; do help one another heavenward, and remember me in prayer.

To Miss S. Greer.

24 Great Ship Street, Dublin,
July 17, 1830.

I have been in this city since the beginning of April, and if my life in the country was distinguished for leisure and idleness, it is here marked by incessant occupation and activity. But I must give you somewhat of a regular account of myself.

First then, I have had a weekly meeting for persons of my own sex, which has been most numerously attended, chiefly by the fashionable. If I did not feel quite sufficient counterbalance in other ways, I might be tempted to look at myself a little complacently, for I am growing very popular in the higher classes of society; but I am not likely to suffer by it.

Secondly, out of the former has sprung a new employment,—visiting some ladies who have taken it into their

wise heads that I do them good. I am very sceptical. I go out more than ever I did, and find it useful to myself at least.

Thirdly, I am connected with a Benevolent Society, the members of which meet one evening in each week to work for the poor, and as I am constituted visitor and investigator of the cases of applicants for relief, I walk a great deal, indeed several miles daily.

These are only a few principal demands on my attention; but there are many minor duties which I cannot wait to specify. I rise very early, sometimes half-past four, five, or half-past five o'clock; rarely later. I got myself last week into a sad longing to be in Newgate, and had Sheriff Scott's order to that effect; but on my admission, found that I could not see the poor wretch I desired. She is to be hanged on the 28th for attempt at murder, but she is a Roman Catholic, and the priest had forbidden access to her cell without his approbation.

Well, as I could not talk to that one criminal, I gave up Newgate for a time, and turned my thoughts on Bridewell, got myself introduced to the superintendent matron, and yesterday I lectured and prayed with ninety unfortunate females, I hope not in vain; many wept as I spoke, and when I left them, it was most interesting to hear their thanks, and entreaties to me to visit them again.

I never had less time for reading or writing; I have been however reading Tilloch *On the Apocalypse*, Miss Talbot's works, and *The Martyr of the Wilderness* and *Raymond*, by Rev. Piers Butler. I have been at several churches, though I prefer going to my parish one, St. Luke's.

To Miss S. Greer.

Dublin, *August* 10, 1830.

I cannot send Miss Madden's letter without a few lines from myself. I have procured her the patronage of Lady Harburton, who will, I think, prove a warm friend. Lady Harburton, formerly the Hon. Mrs. Pomeroy, is very active in doing good. I frequently attend her lectures, and find them profitable. She told me to-day that she felt it not quite agreeable to her fallen nature to see me one of her

audience; "but," said she, smiling, "we must not consult that."[1]

I am striving to do all to God. Oh, how good and gracious a God is ours!—so full of mercy and love, so abundantly pardoning, so condescendingly upholding us! Often is my heart so overcome with a pressure of grateful feeling, that finding it impossible to make any return to the Lord for all His mercies, I sigh for eternity, and anticipate its superior capabilities.

I have not yet decided on the time for my return to the north. Every two or three weeks I am on the eve of departure, then some circumstance compels my continuance; but whether, in the providence of Heaven, I be placed in Dublin or in Moira, all is well, all is welcome, let me only be "found in Christ."

To Miss S. Greer.

Great Ship Street, Dublin,
September 25, 1830.

I expect, Providence permitting, to be in Moira on this day week, though I never left Dublin with more genuine feeling of grief, and shall have to do violence to the wishes and affections of some very sincere friends, who think they can see this city as the place where I ought to abide. How I shall be disposed of in future years I feel not anxious about; hitherto I have been perfectly independent in all my expenditure, and can trust Heaven I shall continue so as long as shall be good for me.

My health is exceeding good, and if I do not yield to some undue measure of worldly sorrow at leaving my dear, busy, pet place of Dublin, I am likely to take northward a very regular flow of cheerful spirits, and a very comfortable feeling of complete reliance on the Saviour. Oh, my friend, how delightful it is to experience an all-sufficiency in Christ!

[1] In another letter about this time Miss Lutton writes:—"I have been so often at Lady Harburton's tea-parties that I am growing afraid of religious dissipation in myself, and have to keep out of her ladyship's way, lest I be engaged too frequently."

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *October* 12, 1830.

You ask my thoughts on slavery; can there be any but one opinion on the subject? Can there be an individual, not a slaveholder, who would advocate a system so degrading to character, so revolting to humanity, and so inimical to the precepts of Christianity? I do deplore the evil, and would gladly send my little aid to its removal, but I can get no one here to believe that the rejection of West Indian produce by a single family can accomplish any good.

I got a commission from a lady, a few days before I left Dublin, to obtain female signatures to a petition to Queen Adelaide on the subject, and had I time enough allowed me, I might get a considerable list; but it is soon wanted, and I suppose I shall have to return it this week, with some fifty names for my contribution. Still I rejoice in any mode of assisting the cause.

You wish to know "all I did in Dublin, and my prospects for myself." The first of these I shall merely answer by adverting to profitable results, and saying, in this view, I fear I did very little. The second must be equally brief in reply, for really I have laid down no plan, devised no scheme, seen no opening, felt no solicitude, thanked Heaven for past mercies, enjoyed present good, "cast my lot into the lap," and left the disposal thereof to the Lord. I neither know nor feel in the least degree anxious how or where I am to be next year. I have quite a sufficiency for my temporal wants at present, and whilst I can say "I am not my own," I can rely on being cared for by Him whose I am, and whom I would delight to serve, with my body and my spirit, which are His.

I have commenced since my return several works which I purpose to read during the winter. One is four vols. in French, connected with the crusades; another is the works of Cervantes in Spanish, bestowed on me by a lady on my leaving Dublin; and lastly, the New Testament in Hebrew, given me by a gentleman a few days since.

I can be of small service to body or soul of my fellows, but I have ease, idleness, leisure, books, pens, and paper,

and good health, good spirits, and the kindest friends in the world! I have peace on earth, and the prospect of getting to heaven, and what want I more?

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *November* 16, 1830.

Lady Bateson is giving some life to the Moira ladies, by her female school for the poor. Mr. Beatty[1] wishes much to get my nephew from Sligo to be his curate in Moira, but I do not think Hugh Murray would leave Mr. Hamilton or the Bishop of Elphin's diocese by any means. We often get Sligo papers, in which are advertised his anti-slavery speechifying.

To Miss Sophia Greer.

Moira, *January* 29, 1831.

I am very busy at present at my books. I believe I told you in November that a gentleman had presented to me a fine copy of the Hebrew New Testament. I must also inform you that I received by post, from a lady in Dublin, a beautiful large Bible in the Irish character, with a letter begging my acceptance. It is, in the Old Testament part, Bishop Bedell's edition; however it was a sealed book to me. I have commenced the grammar of the Iberno-Celtic, and hope soon to be able to read a little in it. Have I not great cause of gratitude to my heavenly Father, by whom cometh every good thing? And to conclude my little story of recent advantages, three days since, Mr. Beatty requested me to take a Chaldee grammar, and a very small edition of the Hebrew Psalms with Latin notes. I find the little volume of psalms very useful to me; I can carry it in my pocket, and experience much comfort from reading a few verses occasionally.

Oh how delightful is the word of life! I do indeed taste most exquisite pleasure in drawing from it, through each different language, the knowledge of a Saviour, and such a Saviour, so all-sufficient!

I am endeavouring this winter to make much progress in Spanish. I think I shall find it so easy as to be laid aside

[1] Rev. J. Beatty, clergyman of Moira.

till I learn Portuguese. I have a grammar of that tongue, and a Testament. Now confess the truth, do not you think I keep myself a long time at school? Well, but I never can make a way for myself; Providence must open one out of this, if ever I leave it. In Moira I have little to do. Am I then to be idle? I hope you with your school, and I with my grammar, will not neglect the chief end of our existence, and be ready when our Lord shall call.

To Miss Beeby.

Moira, *March* 31, 1831.

As to fasting, I believe it is to many persons a duty, and if attended to by them, would be very useful to both soul and body. I have generally been profited by it, though not always at the exact time when I used it, but afterwards. If your health is good, I should have no objection to your occasionally fasting. Fasting is necessary to many persons to mortify the body, to repress imagination, to clear the understanding, to dispose for prayer, and to remind us of the incumbency of watchfulness. Fasting gives a vigorous tone to the powers of the soul; it braces our mental system; it is a sort of military discipline, which fits us for "enduring hardness, as good soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ." It is like a proclamation from the sovereign to his subjects, requiring a slight evidence of their obedience, that, being exercised in small proofs, they may have no reluctance when called on for great ones.

Only let not fasting go to an undue extreme; let it not be too often, not more than once a week; not too long, never later than three or four o'clock in the evening; when in weak health, not at all. But remember, I do not bid you fast; perhaps you do not require it, or there may be some reason why you ought not. I only state my opinion of its usefulness, and say I have found it serviceable.

I have been busy at the Irish since I got the dictionary.

To Miss S. Greer.

Bushmilis, Giant's Causeway, *May* 14, 1831.

I spent nearly a fortnight in Coleraine on my way here.

I came here on Tuesday last, and am quite at home among the people. I delight in strolling about, talking to the children, and feasting my eyes and ears "with rural sights and sounds." But do not expect any description of scenery from me. I can enjoy much better than I can describe it. Rocks, mountains, woods, and water, with intermingling or blended grandeur and beauty, have charms for me I cannot define, and excite sensations which language only spoils when labouring to communicate; yet whatever delight I may feel in gazing on inanimate creation, I have superior pleasure in contemplating the endless variety of mind and manners in my fellow-creatures; and many a fine specimen of the rare and curious I meet in this respect.

Do you admire the Scottish dialect? I am greatly amused with it, and here little else is spoken. I have in the neighbourhood three pets, two old men and one old woman: they are complete originals, very pious, very partial to me, so poor as to have only the necessaries of life, so independent as to take no aid from any one, happy in the Divine favour, contented in their outward lot, fearing no one, loving all the world. They tell their sentiments in good broad Scotch, and bring in such odd illustrations, and use such singular terms, as alternately tempt one to laugh and weep when listening to them. The names of these important personages are David and Nancy M'Curdy, and Matthew M'Ilroy; so having thus introduced them to your notice, I shall perhaps allude to them again without further ceremony.

A country-woman, with a huge handkerchief tied on her cap, followed me down the street a few days since, into Dr. Dunlop's parlour, and with a mixture of respect and familiarity, abruptly addressed me, "I live five miles frae this toon, and I jist gaed in after ye, to speer about when ye'd hae a meetin' here, for our hale kintra-side was a' doon wi' ye whan ye had yer last gathering in Bushmills, an' we never saw as mony tears drappit on a dry floor afore, an' we'll jist stap o'er and see it again, if we only heard the time for it."

I engaged to send her word, and she left in high spirits, saying, "Do, dear, an' Jean M'Conaghy will be wi' ye in a crack, an' a' the neebors at her heels."

Friday, 20th.

This morning a gentle tap at my door from the servant summoned me to the hall, where I found the family assembled for prayer. I am chaplain's substitute in this hotel, so we united in worship, and found Him whom we addressed to be no respecter of persons or places, but everywhere present and to every one gracious. Oh, dear Sophia, how sweet is it to get thus to our proper level in feeling! To prove the equality of the soul's estimate in the mind of the Deity! To find ourselves, mistress and servants, acquaintance and strangers, all, all blended down into one grade; sinners before the Lord, with one prayer,—mercy and grace,—and only one recommendation for us, the Saviour died! It was a solemn time; we arose humbled and hopeful.

A stranger had joined us. He approached me, and I was struck with his appearance. He was above middle height, overtopping most of his compeers (in my imagination at least), yet proportionally strong and muscular. His hair was grey, but the frosts of time had not untwined the curly bunches which in youth had adorned what phrenologists would call a strongly marked forehead. After the usual first subjects on such occasions had been discussed, I ventured to allude to religious influence, and found he was no stranger to it. "My name," said he, "is John M'Conaghy. I hae twa dochters; ane o' them followed ye t'ither day into Dr. Dunlop's parlour. Oh, I had ance three as bonny boys as ever the sun shined on, but Heaven tuck a fancy to them a'; ane by ane they drappit aff, till last Easter Sunday I buried the last o' them. A bright fellow he was; just five-and-twenty years of age. An' he never married, but stuck by me and the bit land I hae, and weel he kept me and weel wad, had he been spared langer; but it's a' ower noo, and we maun be content. I'm fifty years amang the Methodists, the auldest ane o' them in these parts, and I wish to tell ye hoo I cam' to be ane at a'.

"Fifty years ago the Methodists had in the open air what we ca' tent meetings. Adam Clarke was then amang them, and had sic a meetin' in our kintra. I went to it, no' for loo o' my Maker, nor of the meeting, but for the loo o' as braw a lassie as ever lived, whose hoose was hard by whar the

preaching held. I looed her dearly, and I maun tell ye, she was aye in my head the time o' the sermon. When it was o'er, up comes Adam Clarke, an' he says, 'Don't go into the public-house now to drink, but go home.' An' he tuck me by the hand, an' he says, 'Promise to me you won't go there, but you will go home and pray.' It was sair wark this; my bit o' a sweetheart wad expect me, and I tried to pull aff, but I cudna do it, and I got sae frightened about death and judgment, and sic like things, that I fairly set aff hame, cried to the Lord for mercy, got a wee pickle o' religious comfort, and hae some o' it till the present."

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *July* 28, 1831.

Look at the difference in mind, manners, habits, and appearance, between the dwellers in a southern or western Irish cabin, and those who are in this part of the north. The former are savage, lazy, dirty, and degraded; and their sensibility of want, instead of prompting to vigorous endeavour, provokes them to plunder. In this part of the north, we witness the complete reverse of the picture; and if it be true that the pride, almost proverbial, of the north, causes the difference, still it is a pride we must respect, as it proceeds from an honourable love of independence, and produces industry, generosity of soul, and a patient endurance of rigours sufficient to try Spartan bravery.

It is very difficult to ascertain the extent of the privations of many families here, because they as studiously conceal them as my countrymen of the west disclose them; but this much I know, I have pressed a small pittance for acceptance on the mother of several children whose husband was out of employment, who had not tasted food for thirty-six hours, and whose pale cheek reddened into shame when compelled to confess the truth, and receive the almost unwelcome means of prolonging existence. Nor is this a solitary case. Alas! I fear many have been literally starving, whilst I could only relieve a very few.[1]

[1] This state of feeling still prevails in the locality here named, where the really indigent and deserving have to be searched for in their poor homes.

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *October* 13, 1831.

I should be really sorry did I allow myself to think you had any doubts of the immaculate purity of our Great Redeemer, but I only suppose you have heard that some pervert the text you quote, to prove that our Lord died for His own sins as well as for the people's. I shall give you my sense of the passage with great pleasure.

We greatly err in imagining that a verse taken by itself will always give a clear and distinct meaning. In the argumentative parts of St. Paul's epistles, a verse is only a link of a great chain, which must be connected with others, if we would see its use, and admire its fitness.

Such is the case with Hebrews vii. 27. It is a part of an important whole, which, instead of derogating from the holy character of our Saviour, exalts it by contrast above every other, and establishes the fact that "He knew no sin."

In this chapter, St. Paul is showing the superiority of the gospel dispensation to that of the law, by exhibiting the excellency of Christ's priesthood above the Levitical, in the following respects:—

1st. The Levitical priesthood was constituted by the law, which might be changed. See verse 12. The Evangelical priesthood was by oath, which is immutable. See verse 21.

2d. The Levitical admitted and required many priests. The Evangelical one only, Christ.

3d. The Levitical required a succession, "by reason of death." The Evangelical one without a successor, because "He ever liveth."

4th. The Levitical had priests who had infirmity, and therefore could not offer up "a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice;" they had therefore to do it daily, not for the people only, but for themselves also. The Evangelical has the Son of God, who is "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens;" who, of course, needed not to offer sacrifice for His own sins, for the twenty-sixth verse asserts He had none. Neither did He need daily to offer for the people, "for this

He did once," or once for all, the one offering being sufficient, once offered. I shall follow the comparison no farther.

To Miss S. Greer.

Elm Villa, *July* 13, 1832.

It certainly gives me pleasure of no ordinary kind to commence a letter to my dear friend in Moy, and to anticipate her receiving it, even after the lapse of several weeks from its date.

I desired my niece to send to you some letters I wrote to her; from them you already know where I am, and how I like the vicinity of my residence. It is indeed delightful. I have also been a few days in Bristol, visited Clifton, Kingswood, Westbury, Henbury, and that now celebrated resort of all curious travellers, Blaize Castle. I have had a very dissipated time of it in one respect; sailing on the Avon when at Bristol, and on the Wye whilst at Chepstow; in both places whirling about in carriages, when our object could be better accomplished by land than by water. And what was this very important object? Why, to gratify a certain taste for viewing all that is grand and beautiful in nature and art! I do assure you I should not have gone far to do this, had I been permitted to mark out the map of my own proceedings; but my friends were emulous to show me everything, and I was passive, or I opposed in vain, and I could not escape from my kind persecutors in Bristol till I promised to spend some time with them on my way back to Ireland, and allow them to carry me to Bath.

Yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Booth took me to see Raglan Castle, a fine ruin in good preservation, famous on many accounts, and once the favourite resort of King Charles I., who greatly admired its terrace, calling it the finest walk in his dominions. The drive from Chepstow to Raglan is twelve miles, so we took a large basket of provisions in the carriage, and a servant to attend us, and spent a very sweet day, from an early hour in the morning until a late one in the evening. We came home by Tintern Abbey. I am becoming very partial to Old England, and should not be much averse from making it my ultimate resting-place; but let the Lord do with

me as seemeth Him good. I am not anxious about change, and shall be content to lay my bones in any dust on any shore. He is everywhere, and where He is, all may be bright and beautiful and bliss-inspiring, all may be sweet and soul-cheering. His presence consciously felt inspires with confidence whilst it humbles to the dust, and fills with rapturous hope whilst it whispers "rejoice with trembling." Oh, my dear friend, why are we not more alive to spiritual truths? Why are we not combining in our own experience the sweet seeming opposites of some gospel privileges and duties—hoping and fearing, rejoicing and trembling?

Miss Hannah More is living at Clifton. I hear she sees no strangers, yet I think I shall make an attempt to gain admittance to her ere I leave England. I wish much to see her. Give my love to your sisters, and to your aunt, Miss Jane Greer. I cannot say when I shall return to Ireland, but think it may be in September or October; at all events, it cannot be till the cholera abates in Dublin or Belfast.

To Miss Beeby.

August 1832.

If I live through the ensuing winter, I suppose I shall return here in the spring, to comply with an engagement I have made to spend some time in Bristol. Oh, how little we know of to-morrow! It is dark, only as lighted up by the beams of hope—that "hope" which "maketh not ashamed." I have selected my last resting-place if I die in Chepstow. It is in the graveyard of Lancaut Church, about a mile from this place, beautifully situated on the bank of the river Wye, with the most stupendous rocks opposite, and a high hill, thickly planted, behind. The church is the smallest and simplest I ever saw. It is not larger than a moderate-sized cottage, is whitewashed, and would hold about forty persons.

All the surrounding scenery is romantic in the extreme. I never saw a spot so secluded having a church. No foot treads the hallowed precincts of this burying-ground, save the Sabbath-day worshippers, or perhaps some sorrowing mortal who leaves the haunts of men, and pierces into the recesses of this deep glen, to kiss the grassy mound over

some loved relative. Oh, it is sweet to sit on the green-sward at the portal and think, here I shall rest perhaps ere long, and from this hidden corner rise in the resurrection morn. Yet it is sad also, and I scarce know why; but when I think of some who will visit my grave, I feel as if I could wish to spare their feelings, and be interred where the busy hum of active life should soon obliterate their grief. No matter; all shall soon be eternally well.

To Mrs. Westcott.

Elm Villa, Chepstow, *September* 26, 1832.

Arrangements are made for my return to Ireland, and I expect to commence my journey early in the ensuing week. Some of my temporal affairs are in so precarious a way as to require my presence in the north of Ireland during this winter, else I know not that the importunity of my friends could have prevailed on me to go there before spring. But "the ways of God are a great deep;" we know only a small part of them, and what His providence designs for me in coming time I know not; only one thing I know, cling to, and exult in,—"All things work together for good to them that love God." "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever!"

The illness of my stomach is considerably abated, and my general health, as usual, pretty good, so that I anticipate enjoying the unspeakable blessings of a healthy body and a happy soul, in these near approaching months of outward gloom and desolation. Oh, what a lot is the Christian's! peace, contentment, cheerfulness; the heart filled with love, the eye bright with hope "which maketh not ashamed," and every hour of existence fraught with innumerable mercies! True, we shall have trials, but they are "for our profit;" temptations, but out of them all we shall be delivered; and if we keep simply looking to Jesus, in grateful, humble, confidential reliance, what can harm us?

I feel disappointed in not being able at this time to fulfil my engagement with my dear Mrs. Westcott, and spend a week or two in Bristol. My unexpected illness prevented my going to you immediately on receiving your kind letter,

and now my stay in England has been protracted to its utmost length, and I am compelled to bring it to a conclusion.

Indeed I have been greatly pleased at the idea of being with you, and finding in your family that congeniality with which we so rarely are privileged in common society. I felt myself to be at home when I was with you, and I cherished the hope that it would be for the spiritual advantage of us all that we had been so singularly made acquainted with each other. But we cannot realize any of these images of pleasure now—at least, not for some months; we must be separated by a greater distance than that which divides Chepstow from Bristol. But oh, delightful thought! we can meet at the throne of grace, and ere long we shall meet at the throne of glory! We are members of one Living Head, and as such,

"Mountains rise and oceans roll
To sever us in vain."

If we "abide in Him," we have the same faith, Lord, baptism, and shall soon dwell in the same heaven for ever.

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *October* 10, 1832.

I gladly avail myself of the earliest opportunity of apprizing you of my safe return to Moira.

I left Elm Villa on Wednesday 3d inst., and arrived here late on Saturday night following.

My stomach complaint is not yet completely removed, though considerably lessened, and it still demands a caution which, however reluctant I feel to particularity of that kind, I am forced to pay it. After about six weeks' adherence to the instructions of my Chepstow physician, and swallowing as many pounds' worth of nauseous drugs as would frighten you, and being reduced to a half skeleton by hard regimen, I changed my master, and put myself under the care of Surgeon Wilmott of Dublin, to whom I forwarded a written account of my case. He insisted on my going immediately to Dublin, but I could not; so he prescribed, and I tried his medicine before I left England. He also reversed my

regimen, and ordered chicken and other nourishing food, as I found myself able to take it. In consequence, I grew much stronger, and better fitted for enduring the fatigue of travelling. I am recovering much of my flesh, and I expect to be ready for a new campaign in the ensuing spring, if a wise Providence shall so appoint.

But all beneath the skies is uncertain; I may, long ere spring, be in my "narrow house," and among my kindred worms; nor can I calculate on possessing, for any length of time, even the degree of convalescence I now feel, as the smallest matter sometimes renews the spasms and increases the acidity. Still all is well, for the Saviour is ours; and what can prove injurious to our true interest, if we be followers of that which is good? Oh, nothing, nothing! so that we may boldly say, "The Lord is our Helper; we will fear no evil."

I left England with more regret than I had ever anticipated previous to my visit to its shores, and if spared to return to it, shall freely pitch my tent there, if so ordered, till Death strikes it.

In every place I find the same Divine Presence. In all society I occasionally meet a congenial mind, secretly aspiring heavenward; and as all Christians are pilgrims, parting from one another at cross-roads need not grieve us immoderately, for however seemingly our respective paths diverge at commencement, they will ultimately terminate in one central point of eternal reunion. Oh, thought full of happiness! a few brief months or years, and the saved shall see each other in the light of His unclouded glory, who hath loved them, and washed them from their sins in His own blood!

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *December* 17, 1832.

I have not been from Moira since I came home, not even in Lurgan. This has been partly owing to carefulness for my health's re-establishment, and partly to my unremitting application to my books, as I usually read till late at night, and am again sitting with my candle some hours before the family rise in the morning. One reason

for this literary zeal is, I cannot bear to profess a knowledge of anything, and yet only know superficially. So I am trying to be perfect in nine or ten of the languages I oftenest read.

To a Friend.

Bristol, *April* 15, 1833.

I scarcely understand my own character; I seem to need an immediate and certain motive for everything. I cannot go a walk merely because I am told it may be useful to my health; but if there is a poor or a sick person to be visited, if I know I ought to go, I am ready in a moment, and delight in the employment. It is just so in writing; I must have a specific purpose. I think I have found one in writing to you.

Yesterday morning at half-past ten o'clock, I went as usual to church. Redcliffe Church is the finest building in Bristol; it has all the grandeur and amplitude of a cathedral. Dr. Bridges preached from, "What shall I render to the Lord for all His benefits?" The discourse was calculated to be exceedingly profitable. Dr. Bridges is a very old man; his office is lecturer. It was through his instrumentality that the vicar was brought to experience religion. Dr. Bridges is uncle to the person who has written on the 119th Psalm.

I hear much respecting the activity and vigilance of the Bishop of Bath and Wells. He is not, I believe, evangelical in his sentiments, but he is unremitting in his exertions. In one part of his diocese, there had been much inattention in the clergyman to the church of his parish. It was a country church, and never till the clergyman was seen riding up the avenue did the bell-ringer dare to pull the rope, as his coming was very irregular and uncertain. One Sabbath a strange gentleman addressed the sexton, as he was anxiously watching the road for the rector. "Why do not you ring?" "Because," said the man, "master be not come, and I'm afraid he will not come at all; so I should have all the people about my ears for nothing." "Ring immediately," said the stranger, and the tone in which he spoke was irresistible. The man obeyed. The congregation

assembled, no parson appeared, and the stranger entered the church and preached. "Sir," said the man at the conclusion, "master will maybe be angry; who shall I say bid me ring?" "The Bishop of Bath and Wells," said the dignitary; and added, "Bid him wait on me next week." The clergyman was severely reprimanded; but the church has never since been without a weekly sermon.

To a Friend.

Elm Villa, *April* 26, 1833.

Flowering Sunday, as it is called in this place, occurred this year on the Sabbath before Easter. On that day, you are aware, every grave is decorated with the choicest flowers of the season. Some persons who observe the Lord's day to keep it holy content themselves with strewing the graves of their relatives late on the Saturday evening preceding; but very few are thus scrupulous, and are so superstitiously attached to this ancient custom, that to neglect its observance is accounted the highest degree of disrespect for the dead and the living.

To Mrs. Westcott.

Elm Villa, *August* 9, 1833.

We are delightfully privileged, for whether we groan only beneath a simple load laid on us by the Divine appointment, or have added to its weight tenfold by our own despondency and dejection, we are in all cases commanded to cast our burden on the Lord; and that we should not err in supposing we shall thereby effect an instantaneous separation between ourselves and our crosses, it is added, "And He shall sustain thee." The burden still clings, and we still partially feel it, but we ourselves are borne up in the arms of love, under the ever-wakeful eye of a wise Providence.

I know you would chide me for my close application to books, did you see how unremittingly I attend to them.

Every Monday I ramble through the country and visit the cottages, and during the remaining days of the week, I abide in the house generally, endeavouring to read the

Holy Scriptures in every language for which I can obtain the necessary grammars and dictionaries.

To Mrs. Westcott.

October 23, 1833.

It is quite too sudden a transition for my feelings, from conversing hourly with dear friends, to having no intercourse with them whatever; so just to prevent the fatal effects of all at once suppressing my thoughts, after so long indulgence as a fortnight in uttering them, I resolve to interpose this note between the two extremes of my late loquaciousness and my future projected silence.

I hope your soul and body are living, as all married people ought, in perfect harmony, and that the superior party is not reproaching the inferior with its inconvenience. Believe me, our bodies are noble structures, and not to be lightly esteemed. However they may have suffered from the Fall, however liable they are to pain and sickness, however they occasionally repress or suffer from mental ardours, still, under the controlling, directing, and hallowing power of God, they are exactly suitable to co-operation with His providential purposes and gracious designs. And only think how unbecoming, how uncourteous, it is for spirit to be ever calling matter hard names, and loading it with invectives because of its infirmities, whilst those infirmities are entailed on matter in consequence of spirit's own transgression! Really it is a rudeness not to be tolerated between the parties themselves, and I fear it is a procedure which does not sufficiently honour the Hand which formed us.

"Our vile body," in Philippians iii. 21, is our humble body, or the body of our humiliation; or, as the same Greek word is translated in Luke i. 48, of our "low estate." Nor can I call to mind any part of Scripture which, rightly understood, can justify degrading and contemptuous appellatives applied to the body. As to its being a clog, the expression is not scriptural, and I greatly doubt the correctness of the idea. We are enjoined to "lay aside every weight;" either then the body is no weight to us in running the heavenly race, or we are to "lay aside" our bodies!

I must be singular, and hold the former proposition to be the true one. I may be mistaken in the views I entertain on this and similar subjects, but I perceive much danger in floating along with my fellows in all points, in the commonly received direction. I must therefore be allowed to sink sometimes from the stream's surface, and if after diving I bring up no pearls, still I impede no one's progress, I am better fitted by the experiment for success in some future attempt, and I again cheerfully dash into the old line with my companions, ready to join the laugh at my failure, and secretly resolving, whenever occasion shall favour me, to go once more to the bottom!

To a Friend.

Elm Villa, *November* 20, 1833.

I am not surprised that you find difficulty in deciding how I should act in the coming spring. I myself cannot yet say what seems certainly my way of Providence; but I am disposed to think it shall become clear just when it is absolutely necessary it should be so. I had more letters this week to urge me to promise that I would not leave England. Oh, may the Lord lift me up, and lay me down in the identical part of this world that He wills me to occupy, and so hedge me round about with thorns that I cannot break through them without carrying away, on my poor torn person, certain evidences that I have forced my way out of an enclosure where the Lord was "my Shepherd"! Farewell in Him who only can make happy, and keep happy!

To Miss S. Greer.

December 16, 1833.

Your last note expresses a wish to know particulars respecting my Elm Villa hostess and my Bristol friends. 1st. My hostess here is my old Dublin friend, Mrs. Booth, who, with her good lord and master, is very partial to beautiful landscape scenery, and accordingly prefers the much-admired neighbourhood of Chepstow for a short time as the place of her residence. The family keep very retired; they are strangers to the English, happy in domestic

life, with minds capable of enjoying the pleasures arising from books, friendship, and religion; they keep aloof from society around them, and pass on in the noiseless tenor of their way. Mr. Booth is a gentleman of originally a fine mind, fond of reading, and amusing in conversation. Both he and his good lady are Methodists; but what is infinitely more valuable, they are Christians.

2d. My Bristol friends are also Wesleyans; but Methodism in England is not like the thing of the same name in Ireland. I must know it better in this country before I decide which is to have pre-eminence. English Methodism seems to be very rich, honourable in public estimation, elegant, and refined. You perceive I am now speaking of the circumstances of its people; its doctrines, its experimental and practical evidences are just the same as in my own dear, dear land; and I believe it exists among them in its depth, purity, and fruits of righteousness.

I had been accustomed to consider the English as a cold, calculating, reserved people; it may be so, I only speak from experience, and I have had so many proofs of the reverse that I begin to doubt if the national character be known at all across the Channel. I have unavoidably fallen under the notice of some of these reserved, cold, calculating creatures, who seem determined to manifest as much strong, tender, disinterested attachment as would lead me to inquire, "Can they have imported the commodity?"

The family at Bristol with whom I am most intimate are pious, intellectual, they fear and love God, and when I visit them, I am completely at home. About three months ago, I was forced to spend a few weeks with them, and as they wished me to address my own sex as usual, they prevailed on me to have two meetings in their drawing-room, which accommodated a large number of ladies, to whom tickets of admission were previously issued. Everything was done in the most agreeable manner; one room was appropriated to refreshments.

Our meetings were indeed times of peculiar influence from on High. I am exceedingly importuned to spend a long time there.

I am daily combining two things,—the enjoyment of the life that now is, and the earnest longing after that which is to come.

To a Friend.

Blue Anchor, Somersetshire, *August* 5, 1834.

Here I am in a new country, on the shore of a very stormy sea, and far from every human being whom, two years ago, I knew or was known to. Yet such is life! Every year is eventful, and brings its changes,—its good, its ill; its bitter and sweet. Happy she who has a persuasion that "all things work together for good"! To her, all is welcome; with her, all is well. She can float on the wave of Providence, secure, wherever it cast her, of finding the same "goodness and mercy" which have ever followed her, and able to sing of "the loving-kindness of the Lord" in all scenes, amid all circumstances.

I have been wandering along the beach, climbing the almost perpendicular banks of fearful height, clambering among rocky fragments of huge magnitude, which, torn from their original position, now stand in solitary greatness, frowning on the angry surges, which roar and lash themselves around their bases. I have been exploring the mazy intricacies of the woody headlands, where the foot of adventurous mortal seldom treads, and where the intertwining bramble forms the best security for maintaining the dizzy elevation of the summit.

Here I have been rapt, delighted, borne on Fancy's pinions, till I seemed to breathe a new atmosphere, and experience new enjoyments.

I rather think I shall stay in Bristol till spring; but "who knoweth what a day may bring forth?" We remain here three weeks longer, and then return to Bristol.

To Miss S. Greer.

Bristol, *November* 10, 1834.

You have been perhaps provoked to occasional hard thoughts of me, my dear friend, since my last letter; but we shall soon meet where all shall be high, hallowed, and heavenly. Often, when contemplating this desirable period,

"My spirit struggles with its clay,
And longs to wing its flight away."

Free as air I shall move, clear as sunbeams shall be the mind's manifestations, and correspondingly ardent the heart's social glow towards the "spirits of the just made perfect." Thank the Lord for such a prospect! It is cheering to pilgrim-spirits; it is stimulating to candidates for a crown.

I have been during the last six months on a visit in Bristol, where I purpose remaining till March or April next year, at which time I think of again going to Moira, and spending some time with my dear sister. I long to see my old friends, gaze at familiar scenes, recall days departed, and then sweetly sink into the will of Divine Providence, whether that will direct my lot to be in the wide waste or in the city full.

I wish I could give you an adequate idea of my Christian advantages in this place. At no period of my life did I ever love God more than I now do. His word is to me, in a sense which no human language can utter, "food and medicine, shield and sword;" every other book is comparatively insipid; it, it is replete with all the knowledge my spirit grasps at. I have travelled through huge tomes; I have greedily devoured the labours of the learned, and sought to acquire all knowledge. I seem to have proved the insufficiency of even such lawful and beneficial studies to fully satisfy the immortal spirit, and to have found now at last the point towards which I was tending. By this I am far from insinuating that mental cultivation is wrong, or need be a hindrance to piety; the reverse is my creed. But I mean to say that, having toiled through difficulties, and tasted the exquisite pleasure of surmounting them, I yet enjoy a more exquisite and simple pleasure, in lying at the Fountain Head of spiritual wisdom, and drinking from the Holy Scriptures the pure "water of life."

At present I am led to converse with my fellows, not with books. I have been appointed to the charge of two classes in this city, which give me much to do in visiting and conversing with some deeply devoted Christians. I

have also more pressing solicitations to social intercourse with ladies of the Baptist and Independent congregations than I can comply with, though I often hail these sweet evening interviews as foretastes of heaven. Oh, it is delightful to find in every people those who are risen with the Saviour! Perhaps few more than I needed to be taught with Peter that "God is no respecter of persons." My warmest charities were too much confined to the Established Church and Methodism. I yet give them a decided preference to all others; but I now know many friends of other denominations, to whom my heart is united in the gospel of Christ, without any diminution of love from the circumstance of their not worshipping at Jerusalem but Mount Gerizim. Mine will, I am now convinced of it, be a humble, quiet path to the grave, strewed with minute and multiplied flowers, distinguished only by its lowly, hallowed, tranquil descent to eternity; such is congenial, such it has hitherto been, such is safest, and therefore I infer such it ever shall be.

I am greatly importuned to come and live in Bristol; and were it to be determined by my simple choice of a place most highly favourable to my spiritual improvement, I should not hesitate for a moment in saying, "Here will I die, and here also be buried;" but I am in the Lord's hands, and what He will do with me in coming days I know not. I am perfectly satisfied I shall be cared for by Him on whom I have the privilege of casting every burden. Oh, I cannot tell you half the peace, the sweetness, the self-abandonment to the disposal of Heaven in which I am kept! My heart and eyes are often full, from a grateful sense of having the King of kings for my Father, my loving, ever-present Father.

The church I attend on Sabbath morning is the celebrated St. Mary Redcliffe. It had, when I began to go to it, that most excellent minister of Christ, Dr. Bridges, as lecturer; but he is now dead;[1] yet as we have still an

[1] Dr. Bridges died in 1832. As he was not only lecturer of Redcliffe church, but had for many years taken an active part in the philanthropic and religious institutions of the city and neighbourhood, the parishioners were very wishful to have a suitable epitaph composed for

evangelical preacher, you will not blame me for continuing to go there. There are deeply pious ministers in churches much nearer where I reside; but I cannot bear to leave Redcliffe, having once commenced with it. So you may imagine you see me every Sabbath, rising from the breakfast-table a quarter to nine o'clock to go to a select meeting in Ebenezer Wesleyan chapel; then, at its conclusion, hastening off to Redcliffe church, a mile distant; then returning home and spending the afternoon at my bedchamber fire, with my Bible, or going a few streets off to a dear young Christian friend for an hour, to converse on subjects of deep interest in religion. At six I again go to the Methodist chapel, and remain after sermon for a sweet prayer-meeting, which is not concluded till near nine o'clock, when I return, and having supped, I lay me down in peace, and sleep sweetly. Excuse these trifling details; to you I think aloud.

To a Member of her Class.

1834.

You must not be surprised at my affection for you; you are my charge, whilst a member of my class. Allow me to allude to two or three things which I entreat, for the sake of the Saviour, you will conscientiously "observe and do."

1st. Beware of being led by any current of conversation into censoriousness. Every social circle is full of it, yet every one rails at and disclaims it. Oh, my dear young friend, "do unto the absent, when approaching their cha-

the mural tablet which they were erecting to his memory in the north transept. A committee was appointed to sit upon those inscriptions which were offered, all being without names. At the solicitation of her friend Mr. Westcott, who was a vestry-man, Miss Lutton sent in an inscription, partly in prose, and partly in verse, and the committee were unanimous in their choice of her inscription. They never knew that it was the composition of an Irish lady, almost a stranger to the city. It thus concludes :—

"Marble will moulder, monuments decay,
"Time sweep memorials from the earth away;
"But lasting records are of Bridges given;
"The date, eternity; the archives, heaven.
"There living tablets, with his worth engraved,
"Stand forth for ever, in the souls he saved."

racter, as you would they should do unto you;" call it not a rigid scrupulousness to abstain from the most trifling observation on their habits, appearance, manner, or conduct, which you would not wish their own ears to hear just when, and where, and how you uttered it. Place this before you as the rule, and God as the Judge; so shall you be innocent from the great transgression.

2d. Seek to be increasingly "clothed with humility." Let no consciousness of capability, no communication of grace, ever be allowed to rob you of poverty of spirit. Be aspiring, but only after God; be ambitious, but only of "that honour which cometh from above."

3d. "Keep thy heart with all diligence." Watch over the memory, the understanding, the imagination, the affections. May all gospel blessings be yours!

To Mrs. Westcott.

1 Weavers Square, Dublin, *April* 15, 1835.

I know you will be wishful to hear how I have borne the fatigues of my late trip across the Channel. My *compagnons de voyage* were agreeable, but sea-sickness commenced about five in the evening; the night proved rough, and for twenty-four hours I was excessively sick.

I found it impossible to leave Dublin immediately; I have been compelled to promise our preachers to have some meetings next week. On Monday evening I went to the quarterly love-feast in Whitefriar Street Chapel, and for the first time in Dublin on such an occasion, I rose and spoke. The Lord was peculiarly present among us; many and sweet were the simple testimonies borne to the power of Divine grace.

On Tuesday, at noon, I found myself thrust into one of the class-rooms in the same chapel, with the remnant of the class I formed in 1826; there were twenty present, only eight of whom were the original members. It was a delightful meeting.

The kind welcome to my native land from my dear countrywomen is almost oppressive to my feelings, and had I not proved the existence of corresponding capability of strong, sincere attachment in Englishwomen, I should

have been tempted to imagine Hibernia only could produce hearts in which ardour and steadiness were combined. Whilst my fondest affection clings to the "home of my fathers," I can appreciate worth in another nation, and devotedly love it. Long shall reminiscences of the land I lately left retain their brightness and sweetness in my memory. I can, I do bless God for my introduction to your country, for my friendship with your family, for my intercourse with Christians of all denominations in Bristol. My soul sinks momentarily before the Lord in humble adoration; a sacred calm possesses all my powers. "Jesus, all the day long, is my joy and my song." You live in my strongest, steadiest friendship. To meet you all, glorious in eternity, will be one of my sweetest hopes.

To Miss S. Greer.

Dublin, *April* 17, 1835.

Once more am I in my native isle, and enjoying the delights of social intercourse with old friends. I left England, however, with feelings of strong attachment to the place and the people. Bristol must ever be dear to memory. There have I experienced most disinterested friendship; there have I seen the Lord manifest Himself in the most encouraging manner. I have not yet determined how to act in coming time. I am importuned to return in autumn, and remain in Bristol. Could I know Heaven's will, in it would I ever abide. Pray for me, that I may know my Providential way.

I rejoice to find that your sister is in an improved state of health; but whether sickness, or sorrow, or the reverse be allotted to you, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." Sweet, soul-cheering declaration! Many a saint on earth, and glorified spirit now in heaven, it has made exceeding joyful, "even in tribulation."

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Moira, *June* 10, 1835.

You will much oblige me by going to Mr. J. M., and saying I wish him not to publish my meeting for Bluestone

to be on next Sunday fortnight, as that day will be our Moira quarterly love-feast, and I greatly wish to be present at it. Any other Sunday he may, for I think I can engage to attend. However if it be already published for Sunday fortnight, if he lets me know, I shall not disappoint the people.

To Miss Westcott.

Moira, *June* 16, 1835.

Last night I returned from a little excursion which had withdrawn me several days from Moira. Our Moira Methodistic quarterly love-feast was held in this town a few weeks ago. I thought much during its continuance of dear Mrs. Westcott, and heartily wish she could have heard the sermon which concluded the services of that Sabbath; it was so sweetly appropriate to most Christians, and so delightfully impressive; so just and admirable a proportion of English correctness and Irish fervour, as rendered it, in my opinion, meet for the sanction of her judgment and the approbation of her heart. But many a time do I in like manner feel as if I only half enjoyed some of my beloved country's advantages, whilst she cannot respond in person how much she too participates in the pleasure.

I have been holding some very interesting meetings in several parts of the country since I wrote to you last. On Sunday, 12th inst., I had one in a rustic chapel, which I am sure you would have been pleased with. The chapel might contain about 200 persons, has a straw roof, a number of moveable forms or benches without backs, no pews, and a little pulpit, perhaps not very unlike the tub of Diogenes. Here I had a large assembly, many of them cousins and second cousins, and cousins' cousins, for it was in the neighbourhood of my dear mother's birthplace, where almost a colony of maternal relations still reside, and nearly all the others who could not claim consanguinity were yet old acquaintances and kind friends. Previous to the meeting, I had promised to spend a day or two with my earliest religious friend, who was married and living near that place. As we drove home to her residence after

the meeting, my heart was filled with most delightful musings. There in the distance flowed the fine stream of the river Bann, with its banks studded by white cottages, and shaded by rich orchards, in all the promise of abundant produce. In one sweet, small dwelling, embowered in trees, I saw my grandfather's once lovely and loved abode; in another, an uncle's; again and again, as I passed around, the chimneys, or the orchards, or the high garden hedgerows of other uncles met my glance, and reminded me of my days of childhood, and my even then aged and venerable relatives. My grandfather and three of those uncles are dead, and their united ages would have averaged nearly ninety each. Two uncles yet survive, who are rapidly nearing the age, fourscore and ten years, of their deceased brethren. Oh, it was sweet to know they had the comforts of religion and the hope of heaven!

I remained with my friend till yesterday, making every day a visit to some of my relations, and having to meet and talk to large parties at their houses in the evenings. Tell your Mamma I had the very high compliment paid me frequently, that England has done me no injury, and that all the difference my friends can perceive is that I am more simply willing to talk in every company. She may guess the topic.

I met at one of my uncles' a very interesting person, who had been anxious to be introduced to me. She had been well educated, was intelligent, social, fond of reading. She married, left Dublin, and had resided a few years in this neighbourhood; but her books were works of fiction, her associates the triflers of the gay world, and with frequent convictions of the folly and sinfulness of her life, she yet resisted and postponed, and went on seeking rest in the world and "finding none." Unaccountably she felt lowness of spirits steal on her, then melancholy, then derangement, and she was sent to Dublin to her mother, who had the best medical advice for her. It succeeded; reason returned, and with it came a horror of her former careless life, and a desire to be devoted to God. We had a delightful evening together, and though our party was pretty large, I did not refuse to converse freely on religious

subjects, and pray before we separated. Often do I wish I had you with me on such occasions, that you might form a true estimate of the cheerful, improving tendency of religious society. My Moira weekly meeting is held now on Friday evenings, and is, I hope, of some use.

To MRS. WESTCOTT.

MOIRA, *August* 5, 1835.

The contents of both your letters were gratifying; only when they announced the fluctuations of your health, I felt that they, like all human matters, had their salutary admixture of the disagreeable.

Now were I unacquainted with the Christian religion, I should undoubtedly give utterance to some melancholy strains on the subject. Philosophy could effect almost nothing to counteract this tendency, for reasoning, however just, can only reach the judgment, not the sensibilities; and it is only in proportion to our experimental Christianity that we see circumstances concurring to work for our good, and find matter for triumph in all the dispensations of Providence. Philosophy is mere mental moonshine; it gives the exact form and proportions of things, but you have long, deep shadows. Religion resembles the light of the sun at noon-day. There is brightness and beauty, illumination and warmth, the air redolent of sweets; flowers innumerable lie scattered on the earth, and even the thorns, that occasionally inflict a slight pain, seem designed to call our attention to the precipice they have been concealing. It is well to have health; it gives energy to action, and fits for many a duty; but it is also well to have sickness, and good to be afflicted. Let the heart be filled with Divine love, and the individual will, in every circumstance, pronounce all good.

I am present many a time with my kind Bristol friends in spirit; particularly I live over again in memory some sweet seasons of communion which you and I have enjoyed together; but no recollection of the past can convey half the delight I experience in anticipating our near approaching eternity. Happy period, when we shall meet to be no more separated!

You will wish to know what I am doing; I am going from home on short excursions during the summer season, to hold my little meetings. I have been during the last fortnight in Belfast and some other places. My meetings are largely attended; as to results, I try to do all with a simple, pure intention, and leave the rest to the Lord. My soul is kept in perfect peace; I am enabled to live by the moment, and find that moment is full of lowly, loving gratitude.

September 7, 1835.

Your kind wish to induce me to revisit Bristol this year must, I fear, be met by a negative. I look at the state of the Tuesday and Friday's classes as very hopeful. I am not essential to the improvement of a single individual. I believe my most powerful attraction to Bristol would be my own profit and your gratification. But God can and does supply the want of Christian ordinances to my soul.

To Mr. Henry Westcott (aged 17).

Moira, *September* 7, 1835.

I hope you continue to like your legal engagements. Perseverance will conquer a thousand difficulties. As you have so many and great advantages in a religious way, I need not doubt on that most important subject; only be assured, my dear young friend, I take a deep interest in your soul's prosperity, and most devoutly wish you may soon become a decided Christian, loving God with all your heart. Let not the world deceive you; it may promise, but cannot perform. Happiness is the gift of God; seek Him, and you obtain it. Be nobly singular in devoting yourself early to Him.

To Mrs. Westcott.

Moira, *January* 11, 1836.

I cannot express to you half the sunshine that gilds my happy lot. Outward matters are not only a thousand times more comfortable than I deserve, but as agreeable as I could wish, and more so than I can have any right to anticipate; and within all is "wonder, love, and praise." I trust

I am not mistaken in believing that I experience increasing conformity to the Divine will. The measure, it is true, is very small, but it calls for "loudest songs of praise" that it is perceptible in even the least degree. When I reflect on the price paid for what I enjoy, I am filled with astonishment, and laid in the dust. The condescension, the love of the Most High, as manifested to His creature, is such as "no thought can reach, no tongue declare." Often do I long for new modes of expression to tell "the mighty debt I owe," but am compelled to refer the full disclosure to immortal powers and eternal duration. Time is rapidly bearing me onward. Soon, soon shall I be better qualified for my high employment. Till then, let me labour to be practically grateful. Oh, hence I am covered with shame and crushed to the very earth! I have nothing to present as an offering which does not need the sprinkling of the Saviour's blood. I try to do even the smallest things conscientiously and "to the glory of God," but after all, on reflection, their defects send me immediately to the atoning Sacrifice, and I feel I am destined to be a beggar every moment. Well, thank the Lord, we are welcome beggars at "mercy's door," and the frequency and importunity of our demands make us more welcome still.

Jane was kindly expressing a wish, in her last letter, to see me again in Bristol in the ensuing spring. Tell her I may flit over pretty often in spirit, but I do not expect to be there in body. I have some intention of taking a little excursion in the month of March in a different direction of the world. How long I shall remain is quite uncertain. Oh, there will many changes have taken place in us all. I am led to imagine, ere I again hear the pious rector of St. Mary's! Yet we are sure of nothing. I might be shipwrecked, and escape on a plank to Clifton.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Moira, *January* 20, 1836.

I have got quiet and peaceable possession at last of my rooms, and am sitting surrounded by books and papers and pictures. My two songsters[1] are making

[1] This refers to her pet canaries.

melody in the bed-room, and I am trying to be as happy as they are. The clock goes pretty well, only omits one stroke when telling the hour; but as I know her custom, I make the addition in my own mind, and think it is a much less evil than many of my fellows are guilty of, viz. multiplying and exaggerating.

What a strange sort of world this seems to be! We are living in nothing permanently pleasing in it, save whilst gilded by Heaven's sunshine, and the people in it are sometimes as perverse and hard to manage as if they were to live for ever, and sway the sceptre of the universe.

I often find myself strongly reminded of that beautiful Scripture, "Look not every one on his own things, but every one also on the things of others." Oh, how wise and salutary it is to enter into other people's feelings, and make every due allowance for them! This mode of proceeding would promote "peace and goodwill," and do away with much of the mean selfishness which characterizes the great majority of Adam's children.

I am quite undetermined whether to remain in Moira during this year, or go to England. My friends there are sadly grieved with my obstinate predilection for my own kindred and country; but I can only commit my way to the Lord, and pray Him to make it plain before me.

To Mrs. Westcott.

Moira, *February* 4, 1836.

I cannot agree with some good people with whom I am personally acquainted, who say that the human instruments used by Providence for our comfort ought not to elicit our very particular regard, or be more esteemed than others, seeing they are only subordinate agents of His pleasure who "doeth all the good that is done on the earth." I feel no congeniality with such a mental temperament as can overlook the medium in this sense, whilst contemplating the Source. Nor do I covet the peculiar disengagedness from creatures which does not love all for the Lord's sake, and those most fervently whom He has chosen to minister to our happiness.

Oh, we know little of how much we are made to depend

on each other, and how this dependance is designed to develop latent qualities, to exercise and increase certain graces, and to capacitate the soul for depths in holiness and heights in glory not otherwise attainable! It is a subject on which my thoughts are occasionally occupied, with real benefit to myself; it leads to lowliness and fills with praise. It gives more reverential and adoring ideas of Him who forgets not to be gracious, though the communication of His mercy, before it reaches us, must sometimes be transmitted through a thousand channels, and be years in its progress ere it arrives at its ultimate destination.

My song is still of mercy, and my tears are usually those of joy "that I have any hope of heaven." It is true they are sometimes caused by shame that I am so unprofitable and deficient, and sometimes they flow from an intense longing for the fulness of the Holy Spirit; but oftenest it is a strong pressure of the condescending love of God which "lays me low and keeps me there." I believe the work of grace is advancing within, and though I cannot look forward, but hang momentarily on Christ, I yet venture to say there are no clouds in my sky, there is nothing but love in my heart.

Perhaps you will think it not a small victory gained, when I inform you that, ever since this year commenced, I have prayed in any meeting, at any time, where any one called on me. It cost me agonizing struggles to resolve on this. It has been sometimes the crucifixion of my sensibilities to do it. But it has been well with me in taking up the cross, and often have I now to do it, and in presence of preachers and others before whom I could feel disposed to fly or sink into the earth. If God were not the strength of my heart, I could not attempt it. He is with me, and, "looking unto Jesus," I am upheld, and taught, and encouraged.

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *March* 19, 1836.

You do not say how your soul is progressing in its assimilation to the country and company to which you are hastening. Are you daily living as if another day were

not to be vouchsafed you? Are you rising above circumstantial and constitutional hindrances? It is very possible for us to give too great indulgence to even religious anxieties, till, in our over-solicitude for one part of Christian experience or practice, we are in danger of throwing others, not less important, in the shade. And above all, we are in danger of having the eye of faith withdrawn from "looking unto Jesus," by some plausible but pernicious suggestion of Satan. Yet He ought to be the "all in all." May He be so to my very dear friend!

I am glad you are reading Prideaux. I was much pleased with his work when I read it to my father. I have lately got Dr. Clarke's notes and Matthew Henry's notes given me,—both new editions,—and I have been much edified by the pious Henry's spiritual observations. These works, and Pole's *Synopsis*, in five folio vols. in Latin, are now my chief study, next to my Bible.

I feel no regret at having devoted most of my leisure in early life to that odd pursuit of languages; it was beneficial then, but much more so since. Now however my business is to be diligent in the application of that species of knowledge, and above all, to watch, for I know not the hour when my Lord shall come. I read English works occasionally to this family when they are at work, and altogether we live as happily, I should suppose, as falls to the lot of most people.

I am often written to by my English friends for advice in cases which exercise them. Last week I had to write a long essay on baptism for a young Quakeress. It was made of singular service to myself that I had to examine the origin, design, and incumbency of the institution, and it gave me new cause for grateful adoration, to find I was already in covenant by baptism with Him who never fails those that trust in Him.

To Mrs. Westcott.

Moira, *April* 25, 1836.

Mr. ——'s delinquency is a sad trial. I pity Mr. Westcott very much, because of the shock his sensibility must feel. His own mind is so honourable, that a discovery of the want

of principle in any one in whom he placed confidence must be, for the moment, almost overwhelming; but I comfort myself with the idea that he possesses more of the milk of human kindness than all the baseness and ingratitude of mankind can curdle.

It has given me much pleasure to hear that Jane is a zealous collector for the Methodist missions. I like it even better than tract distributing for a very young person, because it ultimately leads to the same result, whilst it immediately operates in a not less beneficial way on the mind of the agent employed. Whilst we solicit aid to a good work, we ascertain our real importance in society, by the quantum of influence we possess. We appropriate that influence to one of its noblest uses, we increase it by the mere exercise, and we insensibly learn to accommodate ourselves to those with whom we thus have intercourse, without any sacrifice of true dignity; and we become in our feelings identified with, and interested in the cause we advocate; so that lowliness of mind, commendable activity, suavity of manner, and love to religion may be reasonably hoped for from such an engagement. May I venture to remind you that there is a possibility of our anxieties for others degenerating into undue solicitudes, rendering us dissatisfied with leaf, bud, and blossom, when we fondly hoped for fruit, which in due season we shall reap if we faint not?

I do not attach much importance to dreams as prognostications of events, but I often regard them attentively as indications of the predominant feelings of the mind. As such I must relate one I have had since you last heard from me. It will tell you something of the Lord's condescending goodness to an unworthy creature, in making even sleeping moments subservient to spiritual enjoyment. The usual confusion in dreams affected the chronology of mine, but you will overlook this defect. I thought I was living at the precise period of Christ's nativity. I had been expecting the Messiah, praying for Him, listening to every breath which might announce His advent. Presently a rumour arose that He was come, that on the preceding night angels had appeared to shepherds, and pointed out the Infant Deity. The moment I heard the news I felt an inexplicable

conviction of its truth. I rose from where I thought I was sitting; I shouted for joy; I ran with all my might to tell my father, and still as I ran, I cried out exulting, "He is born in Bethlehem! He is lying in a manger! The shepherds are on their way to tell us!" Alas! my father would not believe; he quoted prophecy to prove Him a mighty conqueror, a temporal prince; he clung to commonly received opinions, and called me a simpleton for my easy faith. But nothing changed my views nor lessened my triumph.

Still, still I wept and shouted, "The Saviour is born in Bethlehem; if no one in my own country will believe the tidings, I have dear friends in England who never doubted what I affirmed; I shall write to them." I flew to my pen, it was to you I wrote, and just as I had completed writing that beautiful passage, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given," etc., I awoke bathed in tears, and filled with happiness.

I have had two very sweet meetings during the last fortnight in the country; one of them in a rustic chapel capable of containing, if packed to suffocation, about one hundred persons; the other in a farmer's kitchen, situated between two rooms, into which, when the central apartment was filled, the late comers were thrust. Much could I have wished to have had you, Jane, and Miss S—— with me on both occasions. All was simple, quiet, deeply impressive, and interesting. The Lord appeared to be peculiarly nigh to us.

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *June* 22, 1836.

Give my affectionate remembrance to your sister Miss Greer, and tell her I regret not having had sufficient Christian simplicity to reply to her most candidly, when she asked me what languages I understood. As a proof of my penitence, and as a penance for my fault, I shall now write down all of which I have even a small knowledge; French, Italian, Spanish, German, Irish, Russian, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Ethiopic, Samaritan, Arabic, Persian, and Hindoostanee. Of the Irish, Russian, and

Hindoostanee I know comparatively little yet, but hope soon to attain a greater proficiency. In the others I hope I should not be found very greatly deficient.[1] I am sometimes ashamed of acknowledging how much I know, whilst I reflect on how little I do, and how imperfectly I appropriate whatever I possess to the glory of God. At other times a dread of being accounted vain or egotistical causes me to reply briefly and unsatisfactorily to questions on this subject. I believe the better way would be to be simple, and fly the affectation of knowing nothing, as much as the affectation of knowing everything.

I found a long letter from Bristol awaiting my return; it is full of kind entreaty to go there.

To a Friend.

July 16, 1836.

I wish, for my benefit, you would epitomize your millenarian creed, and let me know in as few words as you can:

1st. What are its peculiar doctrines.

2d. On what Scriptures they rest.

3d. Their beneficial effects on the spirit, converse, and conduct of believers.

Now I will not be sent by you to octavos, duodecimos, or pamphlets for what you believe. It is not the opinions of our learned Rabbis I want; I want yours, for you do not believe because they bid you, but because the Bible bids you; and if ever I be proselyted, it is the Bible must do it.

To Mrs. Westcott.

Moira, *August* 1836.

I cannot express how painful to me is the information

[1] *A propos* of this modestly expressed hope, it may be stated that her nephew, Hugh Murray, who had been a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, challenged her to compete with him for the best composition in Greek, both in prose and poetry. She accepted the challenge. The umpire was to be the provost of Trinity College, and the palm of merit was awarded to the lady.

With Hebrew she was so conversant that, when in her eighty-eighth year, she much surprised a learned Jew who called upon her by conversing with him in that language.

respecting Mr. Westcott's precarious state of health; the thought of his declining strength has made me more wishful to spend once more a few months in your family circle. I have been endeavouring all summer to get my way clear to visit you in winter. That is the usual season of your sickness and seclusion; and when deprived of public ordinances, we find a friend's society soothing and salutary. It would not however be anticipated by me with half the pleasure, did my deferring it for a few years rob me of the prospect of seeing Mr. Westcott, as I have been accustomed to see him, making his household happy. You must not think it is settled that I go to Bristol in autumn; I only tell you my good intentions were it practicable, which yet it appears not. I have prayed concerning it; still there is nothing which satisfies me it would be my path of duty.

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *October* 27, 1836.

Soon after writing to you my second letter, I began to expedite matters for my journey; but unexpectedly my nephew came to see us from Sligo, and his health requiring sea-bathing, my sister arranged that we should go to Bangor for a few weeks. She would not go till I yielded to her entreaties to accompany her; and there we went, and there we stayed till the badness of the weather sent us home again. My nephew returned to his ministerial duties in improved health, and I came to Moira to pack my wardrobe, and set sail for Dublin in the packet on my way to Bristol. I had my books safely got up for travelling, and should have been off without delay, but my sister and her family grew so extremely averse, and all my religious friends in this town and neighbourhood so opposed my going away, that I at last consented to remain till next spring. My Bristol friends are exceedingly desirous to have me, but I cannot leave my relations dissatisfied. My mind is perfectly satisfied that all things "work together for good" to the soul that would prefer any pain or privation to the disapprobation of Heaven.

I have been, and still am reading a very interesting French work, published in 1835, M. de Lamartine's *Travels*

in the East, in 4 vols. The author's observations and reflections are generally just and deeply devotional, though he is a Catholic; but his spirit is Protestant, and free from bigotry. I translated twenty or thirty pages of it respecting Lady Hester Stanhope. Perhaps at some future period you and I may meet, when I shall be happy to read it to you. I am daily reading Henry's excellent commentary, and delight in marking the thousand lessons a spiritual mind can produce from passages which, to a superficial reader, would present scarce one.

As I know you are always interested in my egotistical details, I must tell you how wonderfully my health has improved during the last two months. For three previous years I have not either felt or looked as well as I now do. The sea air and bathing agreed well with me. I have been keeping quietly at home since, and having no fatigue, which has contributed to my renewed strength; I shall be a close room-keeper all winter, with occasional walks about the town in fine weather, and try to leave my native shores in spring in as healthy a state as possible, were it only to prevent the solicitous fears of friends left behind.

To Miss S. Greer.

November 1, 1836.

I have been reading, with much pleasure, White on the *Second Advent*. Have you seen it? Miss Lucy Saurin lent it to me, and I think it admirably written. Do you know this youngest daughter of our good bishop? She is very pious, and trying to do all the good she can. She spends this winter with her sister, Mrs. Wynne. Mr. Wynne preaches some most excellent sermons to us; he preaches twice every Sabbath.

I have been grieved almost to weeping to-day. I glance through my window, the street is crowded with cars, gigs, men and women, all congregated on occasion of a Presbyterian ordination. And why, you ask, should that annoy me? Because it is to appoint an Arian minister. Mr. Mulligan, who was of this class, is dead; his son is succeeding him, and knowing as I do the hostility of the Remonstrants

to the divinity of our blessed Lord,[1] I sicken to think what preaching has been in that house, and will be.[2]

To Mr. Henry Westcott.

Moira, *November* 24, 1836.

I hope to be able to send you in a short time some of our provincial journals, of a better kind than heretofore have crossed the Channel. We are getting a talented editor to our Belfast papers of Tory tendency. The *Ulster Times* will be superintended by a gentleman of piety and high mental power, the editor of the *Dublin University Magazine*. Perhaps you may occasionally see a trifle from my pen; if so, I shall mark it with a cross at the commencement of the article, and you will keep my secret from all others.

Mr. Emerson Tennant lately sent a series of letters to the *Times* with assumed initials, considered valuable as containing local information respecting the state of Ireland. I had a letter from him a few weeks since, inviting me to spend some days with him and his lady. For the present I have declined, but promised for a future day. He is a man of strong mental capabilities, and very much beloved and esteemed. His private character is truly amiable.

To Miss Westcott.

Moira, *March* 6, 1837.

One of my favourite and frequently verified opinions is, that there is in this world a retributive Providence, rendering back to us according to the measure which we have meted to others. This I have seen in a thousand instances, and I believe we cannot too minutely regulate our conduct

[1] The doctrine of the Godhead of our Lord was very tenaciously held by Miss Lutton in her Bible expositions. She produced proofs of the divinity of Christ so convincing that one waverer, at least, was established in this belief.

"Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God,"

was a favourite couplet with her, and she delighted to emphasize the sacred name, as she gave out the hymn and joined in singing it.

[2] The testimony of the Wesleyan minister of Moira is to the effect that the present Presbyterian minister of the place is orthodox, upright, and faithful.

by the scriptural rule, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." Nay, I have never complied with its requirements, when they exacted some sacrifice of my own feelings, without being ultimately rewarded; nor ever violated the spirit of this Divine injunction, without finding sufficient subsequent pains or privations arising in different circumstances, to induce the belief that they came in the way of punishment.

Much of the unhappiness of our mortal existence might be done away by timely attention to a few plain declarations of the Bible; and the "meek and lowly" temper of mind to which our Saviour invites us is in truth the only effectual preservation from innumerable evils, natural as well as moral.

Oh, will my dear young friend join me in fervent supplication for this most excellent gift of Heaven, and in the diligent cultivation of everything connected with its impartation and continuance?

Youth is the seed-time for both this world and the next. Never forget you shall reap in coming years what you sow in these; and as you act towards your parents, your brother, your intimate friends, and the whole human family, so may you expect to experience at a future season; not perhaps always through the same channels, but assuredly with an accuracy of which you are little aware.

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *March* 22, 1837.

My sister became alarmingly ill in November, and we sent to Lisburn for the best medical advice. From November to last Sabbath she could not go to church. Then we all had the influenza; I had it three times. With the exception of this epidemic, I have been well, my bilious sensations having quite disappeared during the winter. Added to the before-mentioned family and personal illnesses, I have had solicitudes from other quarters, which made large demands and long-continued exactions on my faith, patience, brotherly-kindness, and charity; but I have sweetly been cheered by "help in time of need." The precious promises have been my meditation and support.

As to my spring excursion, I think of commencing it about the middle of April. I have promised my old friend, Mrs. Booth, to spend some time with her in County Westmeath before I leave for England. She and Mr. Booth will meet me in Dublin, and take me to their residence. When I return from thence to Dublin, if I do not hear unpleasant news from Moira, I shall probably proceed to Bristol.

Thus I purpose, should Providence concur; but still I hold myself prepared for changes and disappointments. I trust I have your fervent prayers that my way of duty may be made plain, and I enabled to walk steadily in it.

I had lately a letter from a young friend in England, in whose album James Montgomery had written an impromptu during last summer. I shall transcribe it for you, that you may with me admire the unostentatious simplicity of language and the spirituality which characterize all his writings. The poet spent some time with my kind host and hostess in Bristol, and as he occupied the apartment allotted to me when in Portland Square, who knows whether he may not have left me a little of his inspiration to be enjoyed on my arrival?

To Mrs. Westcott.

Kilbeggan, *April* 29, 1837.

Your constant allusion to the subject of my going to see you demands more particular notice than I have hitherto taken of it in my letters. I am not convinced that it is my providential path at present. It will involve additional expenses, both in travelling and otherwise, which are not desirable, and which will abridge my means of showing my pity for the poor. I have witnessed so much misery in my native country during the last winter, that I could almost have been induced to "labour with my own hands," that I might have had to communicate to those that needed. And can I with a good conscience waste a penny, when so many wretched creatures are starving? Why, I know one pious old person, a member of my class, once in far different circumstances, who has no support but what the bounty of a relative affords her in the grant of

1s. 6d. per week; and this pittance pays her house rent, procures her fire, food, and washing. Oh, my heart has often ached when I have seen such wretchedness as is too frequent in this dear, though distracted island! I think I may now appeal to yourself what is my duty.

I bless the Lord His smile affords me perpetual sunshine! Oh, come let us magnify the Lord, let us exalt His name together! We are fellow-heirs of the same grace, and shall be fellow-heirs of the same glory.

PORTLAND SQUARE, BRISTOL.

CHAPTER VII.

1837–1843.

IT may be interesting to recall Miss Lutton's appearance when, upon the loss of my brother, alluded to p. 218 *supra*, she became a permanent inmate of our home. The portrait prefixed to this volume was taken in her eighty-ninth year, but so gently did the hand of time deal with her lineaments, that an aged lady in Ireland, who had not seen her for fifty years, at once recognised the likeness. In early and middle life, her extreme short-sightedness, and the consequent convexity of the eye, gave her that peculiar, out-gazing look that belongs to the short-sighted; but this gradually diminished as years advanced, and it

passed away entirely in the evening of her days, when the eyes could no longer, as she touchingly said, "discern sun, or moon, or stars."

The outline of the face was good; a broad intellectual forehead, oval contour, firm chin, with a mouth singularly mobile in its variety of expression, but indicating sweetness and tenderness with resolution.

As to dress, she had in her early days conformed to the fashion, and even the gay and ornamental modes of dress of the time, but all these she abandoned rigorously. Her usual afternoon dress was a silk or an Irish poplin, plainly made; a net-collar and a net-cap, with high crown, neither bow nor lace. Out of doors she wore a long silk cloak, and cottage straw bonnet, with ribbon across it, and without bows. In after years she modified this style a little, in many ways; but, as she said to her niece, "she was always the plainest dressed person in the company." She chose for her dresses the material best of its kind, and invariably was scrupulously neat, and to the last she liked to feel that she was nicely, although simply dressed, and in her plain attire she ever looked—what she was by birth, education, and manners—the gentlewoman.

As soon as the first poignancy of our sorrow for my brother's death had subsided, it was thought well that we should have an entire change, and Miss Lutton accompanied my mother and myself into Cornwall and Devonshire. A few extracts are subjoined from a journal written by Miss Lutton of this tour.

"*Friday, July* 14, 1837.—Sailed from Bristol in the "*Herald* steamer. After twenty-eight hours of very rough "sea, reached St. Ives. From St. Ives we went to Penzance. "Saw at a distance a pyramid erected by an eccentric gentle- "man called Knill. He directed in his will that at the end "of every five years, a matron and ten girls, dressed in "white, should walk in procession, with music, from the

" market-house of St. Ives to this pyramid, around which " they should dance, singing the 100th Psalm.

" *Tuesday.*—After breakfast took a carriage to Marazion; " walked over the sand to St. Michael's Mount. In the " evening we went to see the baths at Penzance, which are " little used, 'because,' said the proprietor, 'the people have " not learned the use of water.' He was quite an original " character. His mother was another Mrs. Fletcher, and had " for many years entertained the preachers near Weymouth, " but, owing to the poverty of the people, and some other " discouragements, the preaching was about to be taken from " the neighbourhood. His mother walked all the way to " Salisbury, with her little son by her side, forced herself into " the assembled district meeting, and dropped down on her " knees among them, crying out, 'Do send us preachers a " few times more; try us a little longer, for the sake of per- " ishing souls.' 'I cannot bear that cry,' exclaimed one of " the preachers; 'let us listen to its petition.' They did so; " preaching was continued. The little boy used to go up " the side of a steep mount, and pray in an agony that God " would make him a slave in the West Indies, rather than a " chapel should be wanting. There was a glorious revival, " numbers were converted, a chapel was built, and honest " Jim Burt saw the salvation of God.

" *Thursday, July* 20.—Went in a carriage to Land's End " and Logan Rock. The Logan Stone is in weight ninety " tons, and has, in one direction, a vibratory motion when " pushed by a single person.

" We went on to the Land's End, where there is a bold " group of rocks, which constitute the extremity of England. " I stood on the last rock, and thought of Wesley.[1]

[1] The allusion is to the hymn written on the spot by Charles Wesley:

" Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible."

"*Friday, July* 21.—We took a carriage and went to Mouse-
"hole, a little village of about 400 inhabitants. Mousehole
"has a very capacious and noble-looking Methodist chapel.
"Went into the house of a Methodist woman who knew Mr.
"Carvosso well. She says that there is no religious com-
"munity in Mousehole but Methodists. There are ten
"classes in the town, and a great many classes in the country
"round about. Everywhere in Cornwall I observe that the
"Methodists are the principal people, and their chapels are
"splendid buildings, even in little and almost insignificant
"villages.

"*Saturday, 22d.*—Took a carriage and came to Falmouth,
"through Helston and Penryn.

"*Sunday.*—Went to chapel. Mr. Topham preached, and
"addressed the society after public service, and warned them
"against electioneering evils.

"*July* 25.—Rowed to the opposite side of the bay, passing
"the old castle of St. Mawes; it has a Methodist chapel and
"a resident preacher. In the evening I went to the vestry
"of Falmouth chapel to a class; about sixteen present;
"prayed when called on at the conclusion.

"*July* 26.—Took a phaeton to Pendennis Castle in the
"morning. In the afternoon went in a boat to Flushing;
"saw Methodist and Bryanite chapels. Returned, and
"went to chapel at Falmouth.

"*Sunday, July* 30.—Went to chapel, heard Mr. Taylor,
"the Helston preacher, from Balaam's prediction. At three
"o'clock held a meeting in the vestry, which was filled with
"women. One old woman, who lives in an almshouse, was
"there; she was converted at seventy years of age, and
"immediately felt such a longing to read the Scriptures, that
"she began to learn her alphabet, and has succeeded; she
"is remarkably happy and devoted.

"*Monday, July* 31.—Rose at 3 A.M.; went by coach
"from Falmouth to Exeter, through Truro, twelve miles; St.

" Columb, fourteen additional; Wadebridge, eight; Camel-
" ford, eleven; Okehampton, twenty; and lastly, Exeter,
" twenty-two; in all, 103 miles, from six A.M. to seven P.M.

" *Tuesday.*—Went to cathedral service. Heard Mr.
" Wesley's organ music. He is organist, and grand-nephew
" of John Wesley. Charles Wesley had two sons, Charles
" and Samuel; this organist is a son of Samuel, and a High
" Churchman.

" *Friday, August* 4.—Took coach and came from Exeter
" to Tiverton; beautiful country; then reached Barnstaple.
" Took a carriage to Ilfracombe, which we reached at eight
" o'clock, and took lodgings there."

We remained at Ilfracombe some time to rest and recruit shaken health, and returned home refreshed.

By September Miss Lutton was again in Bristol, and taking up her Christian work. In addition to the class she held before, she accepted a second class at King Street, and soon entered upon a full routine of Christian and philanthropic duty.

Miss Lutton's tenderness for me—as wonderful as it was precious—led her to commemorate my twenty-first birthday by loving greeting and by wise counsel. It will be noted, in reference to the latter of the following papers, that it is one of those plays of ingenuity so often exercised fifty years ago, and not yet extinct, in which the meaning is totally opposite if only alternate lines are read.

'A Birthday Present.

" *March* 22, 1838.

I.

" I cannot wreathe thy neck with gold,
" Nor bid the ruby grace thy finger,
" Nor other costly gifts unfold,
" On which the eye delights to linger;

" For Heaven, in its wisdom, which never can err,
" Those favours of fortune just now has denied me;
" But no sorrow I feel, no complaint I prefer,
" Whilst with one, worth them all, it has largely supplied me.

II.

" The splendid chain, the sparkling gem,
" By nobler friends presented be,
" I envy not, I honour them,
" And love them more for loving thee.
" My offering is simple, yet richer its treasure
" Than earth, air, and ocean conjointly can send;
" 'Tis my all—yet to thee I consign it with pleasure,
" For I know thou wilt prize it,—the heart of a friend."

" Birthday Counsel.

" *March* 22, 1838.

" 1 This day you are twenty-one years of age. Permit me to give you advice
Which may be profitable, if adopted, and to warn you against evils
" 2 Which, if followed, will inevitably plunge you in misery and destruction.
Had I leisure, there are models of excellence, beneficial in example, whom
" 3 I would present as worthy your imitation; the vicious of all ages
Too might be produced, as beacons to deter from even incipient errors,
" 4 Who commenced with indulgence of small sins, and at last delighted in the greater.
But I wish to be methodical, and shall compress my counsel in a few brief rules.
" 5 First, Be careful in all your future conduct towards your parents to prove
How highly you honour them, and, should young companions prompt to disobedience, shun
" 6 That you heartily despise them, and are ashamed to be seen in their society.
Filial love and duty are pleasing to God, and sure to be rewarded.
" 7 Second, Always cherish a supreme reverence and esteem for your
Bible; make its contents your chief study, its principles your guide. Distrust your
" 8 Own understanding, put Reason in its proper place; superior to the Scriptures
There is no illumination; out of the path to which they point, no happiness.
" 9 Third, You ought always to treat with contempt, as beneath your notice,
Those incitements to vanity, trifling, and worldly-mindedness so common in youth.
" 10 Prayer, both public and private, watchfulness, and whatever is like-
ly to conduce to the growth of Christian principle, must be cultivated as
" 11 A preparation for a dying hour and a day of judgment.
I might add much to what I have here inculcated, but I think
" 12 These three points comprehend everything, and cannot fail to bring you
In this life peace, in the next felicity. When those who neglect salvation shall be c
" 13 Into the 'lake of fire,' where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth,
You shall be admitted to the presence of Deity, where there is 'fulness of joy.'"

In May 1838, Miss Lutton went for a short time to Ireland, to visit her sister, Mrs. Murray, who was very ill. The forty hours' voyage, with its attendant sea-sickness, was succeeded by a journey in a coach, in which a thoughtless fellow-passenger was set on fire by the igniting of some lucifer matches which he had in his pocket.

The contrast between the rich and beautiful country she had left in the environs of Bristol, and that from Dublin to Newry, struck her painfully, but still her heart bounded at the thought that "this is dear Ireland."

She found her sister better than she feared, and during the few weeks of her stay she partially renewed her evangelistic labours, and held several meetings.

One of the places visited was Tullamore, in King's County, the residence of her friends Mr. and Mrs. John Burgess. The Rev. William Cather, then stationed in the circuit, minister though he was, considered it his privilege to be her doorkeeper on this, as on a previous occasion in 1828 (see p. 193, *supra*); but as the chapel in Tullamore was so situated that persons outside could not only hear the singing, but much of the sermon, by standing beneath one of the open side windows, he did not prevent several of the male sex from availing themselves of this rare opportunity. He adds that "she preached in the family circle by her conversation, and her life was a sermon." A gracious revival sprung up in Tullamore, to which he considered that her labours had much contributed.

At Moira she was refreshed in spirit by the cordial love of her own people, and especially of her sister's family; but in July she returned to Bristol. The winter passed uneventfully. In the month of May 1839 we visited Tintern, and together admired the lovely banks of the Wye, the scenes in which we first were associated, when we met as strangers in 1832.

We then spent a fortnight at Weston-super-Mare, whence

we made a pilgrimage to the Cheddar Cliffs, which excited her warm admiration; and then, after a week only at home, she and I paid a visit to newly-married friends in Cardiff, where she held two meetings. In the company of our friends, we spent some days at Tresilian, a secluded spot on the Welsh side of the Bristol Channel, near St. Donats Castle, and the old university town of Llantwit.

In returning from an excursion from Tresilian, Miss Lutton slipped in descending a grassy slope, and seriously injured the knee-joint. We took her back to Bristol as speedily as possible, and placed her under the best medical care. The severe pain of the next six weeks brought into exercise her wonderful power of self-control; she was always patient, serene, and even at times joyous, but so fearful of giving trouble, and so considerate both for us and the servants, that it was far less a burden to us to minister to her than it was to her to accept our ministrations.

Her Wesleyan hymn-book was a favourite source of solace during her confinement, and she committed to memory the whole section of the hymn-book entitled, "For Believers Suffering." How many times in after life, when sightlessness was added to suffering, was this little store of hymns a joy and a treasure to her!

Weeks passed away, and still Miss Lutton continued to be in what she called "the Master's good school of suffering." She slept little, owing to the pain of the injured limb, was a cripple in the house, being wheeled about from room to room, and for some time required, for going out or meeting her classes, the use of the carriage, which was a little trial to her independent spirit. At the same time, she was able to mingle freely in the social gatherings of persons of various intellectual attainments, and of various creeds, who frequented our house, and who found in our guest a constant source of attraction.

Her own pleasure in society had its drawback in her

timidity, especially in the company of gentlemen; whilst—all unconsciously to herself, as it seemed—the reputation of her abilities and attainments rendered others, save the simple-minded, shy in approaching her. Yet she never obtruded her learning, or dogmatized as to her opinions; quite the contrary. She would seek out some subject on which her listener was supposed to know more than herself, and draw him out upon it with real, not fictitious interest. This exhausted, she would invite conversation by propounding a curious or difficult question, assuming the attitude of a seeker for knowledge, and was much gratified if the challenge was accepted; but if not, she would herself take up the question, try to solve the query, and at least make the subject luminous with her fulness of knowledge. But this *modus operandi* sometimes led to a dread, on the part of those who did not understand her, that she was quizzing them, and spying out "the barrenness of the land," till the genial kindliness of her manner, and her ready sympathy with her listeners, led them to yield themselves up to a fascination which few, young or old, rich or poor, ever long resisted.

"To get by Miss Lutton," to have "just a little chat with Miss Lutton," to "obtain Miss Lutton's opinion" on this, that, or the other topic, was a constant subject of emulation among the visitors who flocked to our house. She was herself solicitous to please them,—unduly so, she sometimes feared,—and said such kindly, and, as they thought, flattering things, that they would playfully accuse her of having kissed the Blarney stone in her native Ireland. But if she wished to please, it was not merely for her own sake, though it gave her great pleasure to think that she was loved, but it was for the sake of obtaining the influence which might enable her to win souls to Christ.

A Christian friend, who was a frequent visitor at our house, thus writes her own impressions of Miss Lutton in

society:—"She greatly excelled in high-toned Christian conversation. How I used to enjoy the social evening parties at your house! My soul has been lifted up, and my whole spiritual nature braced, by half an hour's conversation with our sainted friend. It was my habit, before going to these parties, where I knew some of God's children would be present, to ask God that I might sit by some one who would talk with me on Divine things, and many a time has the answer to my prayer come through dear Miss Lutton."

Another friend writes:—"I remember her once referring to an evening party when the temptation had come distressingly to her mind, 'What do I here?' and, as if in answer to prayer, a conversation ensued with a gentleman, to whom she was permitted so to open the gospel scheme that he received her advice gladly and thankfully, saying, 'No one ever told me this before.'"

It will be remembered that in the years 1835–36, Miss Lutton had held at Moira a series of Bible readings for women, which had been useful to the residents in her own town and neighbourhood. It was now proposed that similar readings for ladies should be given in the drawing-room, or another large room in our house. My mother much wished it, my father offered to provide seats on purpose, and Miss Lutton, ever ready to embrace any field of usefulness, gave a willing consent. The meetings were held fortnightly, on Wednesday mornings, through four or five of the winter months.[1] They were not limited to Wesleyans, and as members of the Church of England and other denominations, and even strangers who were in Bristol, often desired the privilege of attendance, it was necessary to select for invitation those who were the most likely

[1] They were held, with occasional breaks on account of her health, from 1839 to 1849, when we left Portland Square for Llanberris Villa, and they were finally given up.

enjoy and to be benefited by the readings, the accommodation of our room being limited to fifty or sixty.

The meeting began at 11 A.M. punctually; as the clock of St. Paul's church struck the hour, the door was closed, and late-comers refused admittance. When all were thus assembled, Miss Lutton entered the room, with a small Bible in her hand. "I shall never forget," writes a friend, "the effect produced on my mind by the dignified and grave manner of her entrance into the room, and the perfect silence maintained by all present." As soon as she reached her seat, in an easy-chair, before which a little table, with flowers on it, was placed, she said, in a subdued tone, "Let us pray." All knelt down, whilst, in a short and solemn act of devotion, she sought the presence and blessing of the Holy Spirit. On rising, Bibles were opened, and the exposition commenced.

For these readings the Gospel of St. Matthew was selected, beginning at the first chapter. From the apparently barren record of the genealogy of our Lord, such profitable lessons were deduced as astonished some of her auditors. Miss Lutton went regularly through a large portion of this Gospel.

In another series of readings, the Gospel of St. John was chosen, and also consecutively explained.

Her accurate and critical knowledge of the original languages of the Holy Scriptures enabled her to throw much light on many passages; each verse was expounded and numerous parallel portions of the Old and New Testaments were referred to, the little company carefully following her announcement of the chapter and verse.

After the meaning of the text had been explained, there followed appeals to the conscience, and directions for the inner life.

"I shall never forget," says another dear friend, then in the bloom of youth, "her notes on St. John's Gospel; how

with tears often streaming down her cheeks, she told us of the love of Jesus, of the unbelief of His disciples and near relatives, and then her touching appeals to each one listening to her words, to give their hearts wholly and for ever to Him. Even now, whenever I read those chapters we went through together so many years ago, the words of that dear saint recur to my mind, and I thank God over and over again for the instruction then received from her lips."

The exposition of the fourth Gospel introduced the subject of the divinity of our Lord. One who then attended the meeting writes: "Her beautiful addresses will never be forgotten by me. Her deep sorrow that any should gainsay the divinity of Christ seemed to fill her soul with sadness. I have often seen her brush away a tear when speaking on this subject."

A little before the hour expired, she concluded, closed her Bible, and we all knelt in prayer, "when she would take us all with her to Him of whom she loved to speak; we seemed in an element of adoration, and holy desire to know Him as she knew Him, her Jesus, and Master, and Lord."

On rising, she quietly left the room, without any greetings, and all dispersed. These meetings were indeed as bread cast upon the waters; the fruits of them appeared after many days.

Miss Lutton's health gradually improved in the spring of 1840, and was still further fortified by our summer outings. We went first to Almondsbury, a country village in Gloucestershire, where she and I rusticated in perfect seclusion. "I wish you were here," she writes to her friend Mrs. Booth. "Chepstow may be very lovely, but Almondsbury is "so rural, wild, diversified in its scenery, and has so many "of the walks I delight in, that I am greatly pleased with "it. Almost every day Miss Westcott and I explore new "places for a morning stroll. And oh, how the mind be-

"comes elevated, spiritualized, and dead to a sinful world, "whilst 'looking through nature up to nature's God!' To "me every object shadows forth some attribute of Deity. "I see His love in the rich provision made in the promised "harvest, for everything He has made. 'He openeth His "hand,' saith the Psalmist, 'and supplieth all things living "with plenteousness.' I see His wisdom in the reason of "man, the instinct of animals, the adaptation of means to "their end, throughout the whole visible creation. I see "His benevolence in supplying us with what may be called "superfluities, flowers of loveliest hue and sweetest odour, "landscapes to enchant the eye with ever varying beauties, "the song of birds carolling forth their effusions of happy "consciousness, and all that gratifies the soul of taste with "exquisite, undefinable perceptions of pure enjoyment."

From Almondsbury we went almost immediately to Weston, where she used sea baths, which were very beneficial. Her locomotive powers were now almost restored, and the knee stiffness was gradually passing away. The only drawback to her health was a tendency to erysipelas, sometimes severe, in the face and eyes; but this she almost welcomed, because, she writes, "suffering is sure to be attended or followed by more self-knowledge, more love to God, more glorying in His will."

Renewed vigour generally meant fresh work, in some shape or other, with Miss Lutton, and on our return home in August, she took charge of another class at Baptist Mills.

In November she also resumed her Bible readings. She records in her diary that never were these readings so pleasant to her, because she has learnt to be more simple, and leave the results to the Lord, though she longs inexpressibly to see one soul brought to God through these meetings.

She became increasingly prayerful in spirit; and she alludes in terms of deep interest to a young friend for

whose present salvation she longs intensely, believing firmly that she will ultimately accept Christ. I never could ascertain who this person was for whom she interceded, I believe daily, for sixteen years, till at last she had the joy of knowing that her prayers were answered.[1]

[1] The following form of prayer for this person was found among Miss Lutton's papers, dated a little later, March 2, 1842 :—

"O most merciful Lord God! I cannot believe that the continued "intense anxiety I feel for this poor soul proceeds from anything but "what Thy Holy Spirit has operated in my heart, and therefore, in "persevering in prayer for her, I am only doing what Thou willest I "should do. Thou knowest that never before in any case was I "so powerfully drawn to make supplication with fervour, except in "case of my own soul, as I have been, and am, for her. By this I am "encouraged to ask in faith, and resist reasonings on this subject. "O Lord, who didst hear me for myself, hear me for her! For the "sake of Christ Jesus, my Lord, draw her to Thy Son! She owns "not Thy influence; she will not consider; she despises prayer. But "Thou canst subdue her; here is all my hope. I trust in Thee to "conquer her; she trusts in herself that she will never be convinced.

"Take anything from me I hold dear on earth, only Thy loving "presence. Take health, friends, independence; leave me despised "and forsaken; let my body be pained, and my food the casual, cold "pittance extorted by the sight of my wretchedness; yea, never let "her know how I have longed for her salvation, but let her treat me "cruelly or utterly forget me! All this will be welcome, sweet beyond "expression, if Thou wilt save her soul.

"I here covenant and agree, if Thou wilt answer my humble peti- "tion for her being rescued from everlasting misery, to give up all I "have and am, most unreservedly to Thee; to watch more vigilantly, "and live more spiritually, and abandon myself wholly to Thy guid- "ance and good pleasure.

"Hear me, O Lord, for the sake of Jesus Christ my Saviour! And, "oh, accept my thanks for what Thou hast done for me in matters "Thou only knowest!"

Memorandum in pencil, June 12, 1856:—

"Glory be to God! the one prayed for was led to Jesus, and now "loves and leans on Him! Oh, what mercy!"

The tone of Miss Lutton's letters shows how she identified herself with our family circle, and how highly she prized my dear parents. "The friendship of this family," she writes, "is a faint resemblance, but the nearest one I "shall meet on earth, to the loving-kindness of my God. I "cannot tell you how tender and soothing Mrs. Westcott "is, nor how much I owe to them all."

My father had about this time a throat affection, which prevented his officiating at family worship, and Miss Lutton consented to take his place; but such was her reluctance to engage in prayer before men that, at her request, though to his own regret, he absented himself, and had his own service apart. She was tenderly solicitous for the spiritual good of a young girl of fifteen, who was visiting us in June 1841, and records joyously her hope that prayer had been answered on her behalf. The somewhat sudden death of a faithful family servant, who had helped often in nursing her, was felt by her with poignant regret; and it led her to serious self-questionings whether her morbid dislike to give pain did not preclude Christian faithfulness, in her ministrations among the sick, and especially the dying.

Her diary at this period records a perpetual sunshine of soul, a whole-hearted love to God, and inexpressible happiness. "Alleluia" was the one word she selected to be placed on her tombstone, and surely her life was one long Alleluia

In the autumn we visited Almondsbury and Weston as usual; Miss Lutton did not return refreshed from the change, and speaks of feebleness, lowness of nervous tone, and consequent depression, but the cloud was only temporary.

On December 26, 1841, she completed her fiftieth year. She reviews in her diary, with humility, her own "innumerable defects," and with abounding gratitude, the rich and overflowing benefits of God.

It will be noted that several of her letters revert with

half-sadness to what seemed to her the worldliness of religious society; I have thought it better not to suppress her remarks, though they may bear the construction of censure, because it was the earnest spirituality of her own inner life that originated them.

Her Bible meetings were discontinued early in March 1842, as Miss Lutton was not feeling strong, and this was the portion of her work which was the least difficult to cut off.

Our rustication for this year was at Chepstow and Weston, and Miss Lutton seemed improved by the change; but the very night of our return, a slight accident —the tripping on a box, and falling on her face—brought on an alarming attack of erysipelas; and no sooner was that subdued, than she was seized with iliac passion, which left her as weak as an infant. The following winter did not recruit her. She wrote few letters, and was unable to resume her Bible meetings; therefore the next spring she resolved once more to visit Ireland, and bid her native country an adieu, which she predicted would probably be—and which proved to be—final. She was the more anxious about this visit because, during the spring, her nephew, Rev. Hugh Murray, rector of Athlone, had a severe illness, which caused her much anxiety. The event turned out more happily than her forebodings; for though she went fearing to see her nephew buried, she had the pleasure of seeing him happily married to her young friend, Miss Anne Fleming, the niece of her well-beloved Mrs. Booth.[1]

After spending some weeks in Athlone, she accompanied her nephew to Richmond, County Longford, the residence of the Fleming family, and was present at the wedding; this was by the special and urgent request of both bride

[1] Of the Rev. Hugh Murray, who was curate in Sligo in 1835, and thence went to Athlone, the Rev. G. Vance records that "for deep piety, devotion to his calling, and usefulness, it would be difficult to find his equal in any ministry."

and bridegroom, and also in anticipation of a happy meeting with her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Booth, the uncle and aunt of the bride, who were expected guests. Miss Lutton spent a fortnight in Richmond, and then returned with her friends to Kilbeggan, where she held a meeting for women on June 18, and another on July 2, at Tyrrel's Pass, in the neighbourhood.

She went to Moira towards the end of the month. Her diary records the resumption here of her meetings for women, and her delight in this engagement, but her regret not to be able to trace any fruit of her labours.

She spent five weeks in Moira, and her native air, and still more the rest and quiet, produced marked improvement in her health. Mr. and Mrs. Booth would gladly have persuaded her to remain permanently with them; but the ties that bound her to Bristol were too strong to be severed.[1] In September 1843 she took her leave of "dear old Ireland," and, travelling by Dublin, returned, on September 27, to Bristol and to us.

LETTERS.—1837–1843.

To Miss S. Greer.

Bristol, *February* 23, 1838.

My health is much improved since I came to England, and I have every spiritual advantage that religious ordi-

[1] An entry in her diary, under the date of December 16, 1842, records: "Yesterday I came to a decision respecting remaining in "England. I cannot believe it my duty to take a single step in the "matter, and as my friends here will not give me up freely, I shall "consider this my place till the Providence which has always appointed "my lot makes it evident I am called elsewhere." And again on December 21: "It seems to me as if Providence had destined me to find "my grave in England. I can truly say of those friends whom I have "been privileged to know and love in this country, 'Behold my mother, "and my sister, and my brother.' My heart cleaves to them."

nances can afford me. I regularly attend St. James' on Sabbath mornings, and sometimes in the afternoon. Rev. J. Biddulph is an excellent minister, and keeps two truly evangelical curates. My Methodistic connexions are also very profitable to my soul, so that I enjoy on all sides choicest advantages. If my very dear friend has not quite forgotten me, perhaps she will be pleased in receiving the accompanying memoir (see p. 218, note, *supra*). Young Mr. Westcott was the only son of my dearest English friend. I hastened to Bristol to see him, if possible, ere he expired; but when I arrived he was "three days dead." I do not know when I shall return to Ireland, perhaps never. We think of visiting France this summer; but no matter where the Christian goes, God is there, and where He is is home.

To Miss Westcott.

Moira, *May* 19, 1838.

Nothing can be more dissimilar than Clifton and the road from Dublin to Newry. I had recently visited the former, seen its noble residences, watched the flowing Avon freighted with its numerous steamers, and gazed on the rocks and woods o'ertopping the water. When I entered the coach which was to convey me from Ireland's metropolis to one of its distant towns, I could close my eyes, and think over all the charms of the environs of Bristol; and when I opened them, it was to view a late spring, a poor unproductive soil, miserable cabins, and a lazy, dirty population. But what was the land's sterility, or the people's poverty, when the heart of affection could cry, "This is dear Ireland, and these, like myself, are natives of the soil"? Oh, I remembered Clifton with all the admiration it ever excited; but in the Emerald Isle, I admired not, I intensely loved! One of my first investigations was the green of the grass, and do forgive me if I persist in believing the shade of ours is different from yours. It even operates differently on my feelings. It makes, or would make me an enthusiast, were I not one already; and whilst full of unutterable emotion I gaze on the verdant turf, and press a portion of it to my lips, I indulge in the idea, that, perhaps—who knows?—but Irish

green may greet my eyes in the "new earth wherein shall dwell righteousness"!

To Mrs. Westcott.

Moira, *June* 6, 1838.

Last Sabbath afternoon at four o'clock, I and some friends, according to previous appointment, went to a respectable farmhouse, about four miles from Moira, where we found a large party of women occupying the kitchen and parlour, waiting for me. Our vehicle was followed from Moira by two cars full of ladies from other houses, and two more were on the road before us, so that the cavalcade was quite imposing. Our route lay through a pleasant road, narrow and winding, with luxuriant hedgerows on either side. The day was showery, and we got our portion of the cooling rain; but being well provided with mufflings, we enjoyed everything, and felt that variety was no foe to happiness.

Our meeting was a very delightful one. One circumstance however I must mention. During the first prayer I heard some noise, and I immediately conjectured the true cause. My nephew had come with us, determining, as it was a new place for me, to watch the citadel. Through the window of an adjoining apartment, he had discovered three Methodist villains, young men, in the very act of stealing all they could of the prayer, and from their care to elude detection, he was convinced they intended also to purloin what should follow. John is an honest fellow, and would die in defence of his aunt's property. "Come out," cried he, "rogues, all of you." There was no joking with John; in vain they pleaded and coaxed him to let them in also; John fairly dislodged them, branded them as mean, and led them off captive at his heels. My blessing be with you, John Murray, from peep of day till evening starlight!

To Miss Westcott.

Moira, *June* 16, 1838.

I hope to be with you on Wednesday the 27th inst., the day specified in Mamma's letter. My time has passed

very pleasantly since I left you. Yesterday evening my sister, her son, and two daughters accompanied me about four miles into the country, where we took tea at the house of an old maiden lady. Her mother and she continue to dwell together in the farmhouse. The mamma is ninety years old, and so lively and perfect in the use of all her faculties, that she may live ten more according to human calculation. The place, the people, the circumstances all brought to mind our old shrimp friend of Portishead, and her domestic arrangements. On a little pane of glass, in a little old-fashioned window of the kitchen, was written, "God is love. J. Bredin, February 16, 1776." This J. Bredin was one of Mr. Wesley's favourite Irish preachers, an eccentric but excellent man, who had for two or three years been entertained at this farmhouse, where Methodism had long been cherished. When he was leaving the Lisburn circuit, and bidding farewell to his old friends, he wrote the above words with a diamond, and falling on his knees in the kitchen, he prayed with supernatural faith and fervency that, long as there was a roof on that house, it might be a place where God would signally manifest Himself to the inmates. And so it has been. *There* has been preaching, *there* class meeting, *there* constant family prayer, and *there*, best of all, the devotion of the heart. Sixty-two years have elapsed since Bredin's prayers, and still the little pane of glass is unbroken, though as much exposed to accident as its fellows around it; none of them are now its coevals.

It was not to see this wonder of the neighbourhood, however, that attracted me to Morrush. I had a deeper interest. Miss W—— had been on the verge of despair nineteen years ago, and God, who is rich in mercy, condescended to bless the attentions and prayers of my sister and me to her recovery to soundness of mind and deepest devotedness to the Lord. She is one of the very best women I know. She lives secluded, moves through life quietly, little known, shrinking from observation, but breathing the pure atmosphere of Divine love and peace. Oh, I shall long remember last evening, when she and I stole away from the house, penetrated into the wild recesses of a distant plantation, and sat down on a green bank to talk of

past mercies, and rejoice in anticipation of our heavenly inheritance. I yet see her in her homely garb of plain stuff, with tearful eyes, and clasped hands, giving expression to the genuine feelings of an honest unsophisticated heart. The over-arching trees,—through whose branches only an occasional sunbeam could break, just as the gently stirring breeze moved a broad leaf to admit the bright but transient visitant,—the music of the birds, the distant lowing of cattle, the beauteous greensward beneath our feet, all, all are still present to my recollection, and keep awake sensations of purest pleasure. I have a meeting appointed for to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon, half-past three o'clock, in the little chapel of Soldierstown, a singular spot. Our preachers published it at our quarterly love-feast last Sabbath. After that day I shall have no more meetings, if I can avoid them, as I must prepare myself for that odious sea-sickness which awaits me.

To Miss Westcott.

Portland Square, *August* 29, 1838.

When this morning I raised the window-blind, what a sight presented itself! Never was I so affected on any similar occasion with sentiments of admiration. The opposite side of the Square seemed lighted up with a blaze of indescribable glory; a thousand transparencies of a rich refulgent gold colour gave out their steady light; and so imposing was the spectacle, that it required a moment's interval, between first and second thoughts, before I could determine the true cause of this brilliant display. The sun had just emerged from the opposite line of the horizon, and poured his radiance on the windows placed in the west side of the square. I ran to the little room once occupied by Mr. Waugh, and were I a Persian, the duty of my worship should have had my devoutest homage, for all was a flood of splendour; no pale, sickly gleamings, no insufferable effulgence of glaring and dazzling white, but an atmosphere of gold, on which the eye rested luxuriating, and from which the mind caught a congenial colouring. How I longed to show it to you! There was the glorious orb of day, in all his incipient majesty. There was the

huge mass of dense, dark covering over the heavens, contrasting with the brightness, and reluctantly and slowly yielding to the all-conquering luminary; and here was I, in my individual existence, as a mote in the sunbeam, humbled under my conscious littleness and insignificance, but exulting in my claim, through a Saviour, to call the Maker of all worlds "my Father and my Friend."

To Miss S——.

August 1838.

I had greatly dreaded the time of Conference, and apprehended it would be painful to me from its bustle and company, to which I knew I should be exposed.[1] But it proved quite otherwise, and was very, very profitable. My mind was kept from dissipation, calmly waiting on God; and some sermons I heard, particularly one from Mr. M'Owan on 1 Thess. iv. 3, can never be forgotten by me. Oh, my beloved friend, had you heard that sermon! But perhaps you did, and if so, I do not wonder that you are deeply impressed with the doctrine of holiness. It is, depend upon it, the doctrine of the Scriptures, the privilege of believers, "the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." It is the truth, and shall yet more extensively prevail. It requires to be closely investigated and accurately marked; it assumes no dull, unvarying form of outward manifestation, by which representation, and by which alone it is to be recognised and acknowledged. Its seat of empire is in the heart, from whence it issues its mandates, imposes its obligations, spreads its influence, and exercises its sovereignty. According to the state and circumstances in which the individual is found who has obtained it, and diversified as are the minds, manners, and modes of life of the recipients, are the exhibitions of this Divine principle. It accommodates itself to all constitutions and every variety of mental character, and—like the orb of day pouring his vivifying beams through transparent mediums of different colours—it sometimes sends us to contemplate it under

[1] Our Conference guests were the Rev. Jabez Bunting and the Rev. Thos. Waugh of Ireland, but my father's delicate health prevented our entertaining much company.

one appearance, and again under another totally different; here bright and beautiful, there deeper, richer, more attractive.

I would not have you engage much in argument on the subject of sanctification at present; let it be more matter of pursuit than of discussion. Yet be free, when called on, in avowing your belief, though you simply confess your inadequacy to defend it. Remember, a heart filled with pure, fervent love is the perfection of our nature. Love is of God, for God is love; and in 1 Cor. xiii. we have the spirit and conduct of the adult Christian. Oh, let us study it, seek to enjoy and exhibit it, and be determined to take the kingdom of heaven by all the violence of ceaseless prayer, and self-renouncing faith in Jesus!

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *May* 29, 1839.

Now I must give you an epitome of my adventures since I last wrote to you. Three weeks ago we had our missionary services. James Montgomery, Esq., the poet, presided;[1] and the Rev. John (formerly Captain) Hawtrey of Guernsey was one of the speakers. It was a very interesting week to me, especially as I had the privilege of spending an evening in a party where Montgomery was the centre of attraction, and Mr. Hawtrey and his brother were present. The poet is to spend a day with us during the summer. He is so sweetly spiritual in his converse that I really admire his piety more than his poetry.

On the Saturday succeeding the missionary services being Saturday, May 11, Mrs. Westcott, Miss Westcott, and I went to Tintern, sending a maid-servant by coach with our luggage, and taking with us our own carriage and man-servant, all which and whom we retained till our return last Saturday evening. We had difficulty and some peril crossing the Passage, but reached Chepstow in safety, dined at the Beaufort Arms, and proceeded to Tintern.

[1] The theme of his speech, as chairman of the missionary meeting, was a singular one,—the passing away of an entire generation, founded on the text, "And Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation."

We had lodgings previously taken near the Wesleyan chapel, and were very comfortable.

We remained there a fortnight, during which time we explored a variety of interesting walks, through the woods, up the hills, down the declivities, and amid the wildest scenery I have yet traversed. Every day the carriage was in requisition to take us to some new and distant place; and when we had wearied ourselves with this mode, we sallied forth on some pedestrian undertaking. We drove one day to Trellich, saw the church, the three dials, and miracle-working well; went to Brock weir another day; to Monmouth, and saw the ruins of the old castle, another; and to Chepstow and the double view another. Here I was as softly sentimental as was ever silly woman when recalling days of "auld lang syne." I walked about the wall of Elm Villa, tried to peep through the door, gazed at my old bedroom window, thought of you, Mr. Booth, and myself, till I must have seemed perfectly ridiculous by my abstraction and moody melancholy, had any save Mrs. and Miss Westcott seen me.

At length we formed a plan for visiting Hereford. Mr. Westcott sketched our route, and away we three ladies went. We drove through Monmouth and Whitchurch to Goodrich Castle, a fine and spacious ruin, which we thoroughly investigated, Miss Westcott and I climbing up through a round tower of most dilapidated steps, to the top wall. This was rather dangerous, the wind blowing strongly; but we were amply repaid by the extensive view of the distant Forest of Dean, the adjacent country, the Skerries, and the new edifice of Goodrich Court. We came back to our inn, and resumed our journeying. We reached Hereford about six P.M., having travelled thirty-six miles, and seen much on our way. That evening we went through the cathedral, which is very interesting. The library has all the books fastened to the wooden cases or shelves by iron chains, as was the old custom. Even the word of God is there a prisoner; and many ancient commentaries and devotional works, executed with a pen, before the art of printing, were there. I looked at several, and read some of the cramped, crusty Latin of the monks;

the margins were highly ornamented. Many stone effigies of bishops lie there in state, some dated 1090, some 1100; and one is there of King Ethelbert, the oldest in the kingdom. But I cannot tell you half the curiosities of this edifice. Perhaps you have visited it.

Next morning we examined other public and celebrated parts of the city. One thing only remained for Jane's and my curiosity, and that was to see the house where Nell Gwinne was born, who became chief favourite of Charles II. Just as we were leaving the place, we stopped the carriage, and ran down a poor, dirty, narrow street, called Pipe Lane, at the extremity of which was a miserable-looking old hovel, into which we were ushered by a young woman, who showed us where Nell slept, and where she sat, and where "the old woman kept her pipe," though it is very doubtful if she ever smoked, or had learned to smoke before she left Hereford! Certain it is, Nell was no old woman when she forsook the house of her nativity.

We came home by way of Ross, so famous from Pope's eulogy of the "man of Ross." We read in his Euclid, and sat in his arm-chair, which are carefully preserved in one of the vestries of the church; we sat in his pew, and read his monumental inscription. In this church are two trees, either elm or ash, growing in two pews. They had been planted by "the man of Ross" near the church, but the parent stems having been cut down, these young suckers forced their way under the foundation, found a fissure in the flooring, and made their infant appearance one Sabbath morning peeping up in the pews. The holes were enlarged for their accommodation; and they have long been the wonder of visitors. Every year they have to be cut and trimmed, to allow sufficient light to come through the windows. The views from the hotel are beautiful beyond description. We reached Tintern about eight o'clock at night.

We went to church on Sabbath mornings, as there is no service there in the Wesleyan chapel. There are two churches, one belonging to Tintern, and one to Abbey; for they make a great distinction. We went to both. One of them is in the most romantic spot I ever saw. We had

to climb a high hill, inaccessible by any carriage of common construction, and, perched on a pinnacle, rose Chapel Hill church, the humblest and most rural affair imaginable. Our clergyman was a Mr. Hart from Ireland. He preached well; he favours the Methodists, and is popular.

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *July* 25, 1839.

I am spending a strange summer, literally become a wanderer. Soon after my last letter to you, we set off to Weston-super-Mare in Somersetshire, where we spent a fortnight. We kept the carriage, and drove about every day. We twice visited Cheddar; the cliffs are stupendous; I never saw anything so grand. Cheddar newly-discovered cave is singularly curious; the stalactite productions assume every conceivable variety of form, from an Egyptian mummy to the fat turkey and brown loaf of Old England.

When we had rested a week in Portland Square, Jane and I paid a long-promised visit to a newly-married couple in Cardiff, at whose house we stayed another fortnight, making almost daily excursions to celebrated places in South Wales. We and a large party had a trip to Newbridge, remarkable for its old Druidical rocking-stone, where to the present time the Welsh bard is consecrated to his office. Another day we went to Llandaff, and saw the new and old cathedral. There are many very old monuments and stone effigies in the niches. A most singular one represented full-sized figures of a gentleman, his lady, and twenty children! Jane took the trouble to go round the apartment to count up the children, who were all of one size, but returned to me much mortified, saying, "There were only nineteen and a half!" We went for a few days to Tresilian, St. Donats, Lantwit, and St. Athens, all interesting places, with ancient ruins, and traditions of olden times. In St. Donats church, which is singularly old and curious, were monuments of the Stradling family, and pictures on wood, bearing date 1480. I greatly admired the motto on the armorial bearings. It was in Welsh, but is literally, in English, "Without God, without everything—God and enough."

We are now returned, but it is only to other scenes of busy life in varied circumstances. Is not mine a new existence? I scarcely ever read, except my Bible, and that at brief intervals; I have no time for writing, and yet of my soul it may be said, as of the improvident tenant of the air, "My heavenly Father feedeth" it. Oh yes! I want for nothing. Peace, joy, love, hope, are richly imparted in times of need, and I am kept "looking for the mercy of God unto eternal life." My fortnight at Weston was never to be forgotten for Divine teaching and enjoyment, independent of all outward things. I am often put in the furnace, just such a furnace as my spirit needs, to make it simple, humble, seeking and finding God, my all. Oh, I can never tell half what I experience! But eternity is only a little way before, and in immortal language I shall repeat the wondrous story of manifested mercy to a poor worm. Help me, my dear friend, to praise Him who is the strength of our hearts, and will be our Portion for ever!

When at Cardiff, I had two public meetings in the Wesleyan chapel. The Quakers would have given me their meeting-house, or the Baptists theirs, but the preacher at Cardiff was so kind to me, I would have none but our own. The Baptists published both my meetings, and we had immense numbers, deeply attentive, and well-secured doors. I have since heard of good done, but all must remain till the great day of investigation.

I almost forgot to tell you that last Saturday, when walking on the grass, I slipped and sprained my left knee. The pain was violent at the time, and my knee continues stiff, sore, and weak, but a week or two will restore me the use of it, I hope. At present I am taken about in the carriage wherever I wish to go. This spoils my independence, but it is good to be crushed. Mrs. Westcott requests me to give her love to Mr. and Mrs. Booth, and to say how delighted she would be to get you over in England. Oh, it would be too much earthly happiness for me, I fear.

Did you know Mr. Pearson, an old Methodist preacher, whose first wife was Henry Martyn's sister? He has been superannuated in Cardiff for nine years. He is now visiting us for a week. He is an excellent apostolic man, sweetly

spiritual, and full of zeal. He has all the costume of primitive days, and looks like a specimen of George the Second's time.

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *September* 9, 1839.

Could I have known you were still at Kilbeggan, I should, long ere this, have written another letter to you, to call on you to join me in admiration of the Divine goodness, and praise to His holy Name. In my last, I very briefly alluded to my sprained knee. I then knew not the serious injury I had sustained, but it was one from which I shall probably never fully recover. I have been a prisoner in my room for six weeks, forbidden to walk one step, bled with four dozen leeches, blistered over the knee with four successive blisters, poulticed and fomented times without number. I have had a surgeon in attendance constantly, and am only now permitted to try to stand, and learn to walk. The inflammation of the joint, which was the dreaded evil, is subdued, but as an internal ligament was ruptured when I fell, it will be long indeed before the soreness and pain will be very sensibly abated. At present my limbs are weak as an infant's, and will require months of very gradual and tender exercise to make them tolerably efficient. Nor is the danger past that I should lose the leg, if I did not begin to use it. But my design is not to excite your sympathy, for well do I know you will feel for me quite enough. I have had pain, constant, long-continued pain, wearisome and sleepless nights, and great soreness of all my bones, from inability to vary my position; but what was all this when compared with the rich mercies of my heavenly Father? Oh, nothing, nothing! Tongue cannot tell how I have been supported, taught, cheered, and given to "take pleasure in infirmities," that the power of Christ might rest upon me, "and His strength be made perfect in my weakness."

I have no cause for boasting, no disposition to it; could I lie for ever hid in the dust, and from thence send forth a voice of praise to reach the ends of the earth, and bring glory to God, I should delight to do it. But I must

speak of "His wondrous works"; I must bear my humble testimony to His truth and faithfulness.

I may be judged erroneously by my fellow-creatures. The Searcher of hearts knows me fully, and to Him I can appeal that He has made me to feel, during six weeks of the severest suffering I ever yet had in the body, that it was only a drop of bitter in an overflowing cup of consolation. My personal interest in the Saviour's great atonement, the smile of Paternal Deity, the comforts of the Holy Spirit, have been so sweetly realized, that I can truly say, I would not have been without chastisement, might I have chosen it.

This dear family have been unremitting in tenderest attention. Mrs. Westcott would let no one do the hundred little offices of a nurse but herself.

To Mrs. T. Booth.

Portland Square, *November* 13, 1839.

I feel the less compunction in again troubling you by post, when I consider this letter may be the last till the introduction of the penny postage arrangements, when it is expected that letters between the kingdoms will have only the additional threepence in crossing the Channel. My sprained knee continues weak, stiff, and sore, but is much improved. I sleep little at nights, can only cripple about in the house, and when I go out for air, or to meet my classes, have the carriage; so I am yet in the Master's good school of suffering, and likely either to remain there or frequently to re-enter it. All this is just as it ought to be. I would not part with my afflictions for all the wealth of the Indies. They are sent in wisdom, accompanied by abounding consolation and love, and must work in some way to the production of the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Oh, I cannot tell you how gracious the Lord is to His poor pensioner!

"He passes all my weakness by;
He sees, but He imputes it not."

He gives me all I possess. The kindness of my friends is His kindness, transmitted through an earthly medium. The

cheerful hope which sheds its sunshine o'er my sky, and gilds the disappearing clouds as they successively roll past, is caused by the brightness of His smile, which makes me feel in any circumstances, "Good is the will of the Lord."

It is very probable, my dear friend, that you will outlive me. Oh, if ever converse with some simple Christian lead you to mention me, fail not to tell her mine was a life of mercy, mine a lot of love, and that I richly, fully, continually experienced that the Being we worship "never faileth them that trust in Him"!

I am sorry you meet so many trying matters, but be of good courage, my fellow-pilgrim; the way is rough, but not long; the blasts are keen, but bracing; we draw near home, and our Father's house is worth struggling onward to. Let us rejoice that if we are removed from furnace to furnace, it is only to be made purer; and that our wise Refiner, however He may use human agents to put us in, is always present, over-ruling or directing the process, as well as watching the result. I firmly believe we cannot suffer the smallest grievance without afterwards deriving incalculable advantage from it, if our hearts be right with God. Away then with every care, but how to live in Him and for Him. May we both sink into His will and presence, and find Him our present and eternal portion.

To Miss S. Greer.

Portland Square, *December* 14, 1839.

I suppose I must answer all your queries about poor self. I am greatly changed since I first knew you, in constitution, in feelings, in occupations, in habits, and modes of thinking; for many years gradually so, for the last three more rapidly, and this year most of all. I can no longer brave all weathers, and go whither duty or inclination seem to point the way. Damp affects me, cold paralyzes me, fatigue weakens me, my knees complain when I walk but a short distance, my nights are restless.

I do not read any books "in unknown tongues" except the Scriptures. These must ever be to me precious indeed; but I have no time now for grammars, lexicons, etc. I am content with what I know in this way, and the already

acquired sources from which to draw information quite suffice me. I read more English than formerly, yet not a great deal of that.

I wish from my heart I could find some way to employ my pen to God's glory and my neighbours' good; but the press groans with publications, and readers are more in demand than writers.

I am necessarily very often in company. Last week we were in three or four evening parties, varying in number from ten to twenty-five; all of a certain *grade* in society, called *caste* by Hindoos, but seldom four of them of any one religious denomination. I like this part of it; Church-goers, Baptists, Independents, Wesleyans, seem promiscuously jumbled together. The adherents of each section of our common Christianity withhold all their respective peculiarities of opinion, and talk on topics interesting to those with whom they converse, so that there is no "wall of partition" in civil and social intercourse. By this means I have become acquainted with some of the excellent of "the earth" called by different names, and have had ample and frequent opportunities of proving that God is no respecter of religious communities, any more than persons, when the marked difference is in externals and non-essentials. Yet, though now the lines of Cowper might, with a slight alteration, be applied to me—

> "Seldom at home, and never at his books,
> Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card,"—

still I am guiltless, for it came unsought, and cannot be abjured without my flying, like Jonah, "from the face of the Lord." I am in His will; this comforts me. But am I doing His will faithfully? this humbles me. Lord, make me more useful to those with whom I associate!

My private conviction is, that Kempis was right when he pointed out the surest, safest way to heaven, "in poverty, retirement, and with God." That is if Providence so place our lot. In any other case I lay my hand on my mouth, my soul sinks into the dust, and I only breathe, "Thy will be done."

I am sometimes amused with this ever-varying stream of

human nature, but much oftener do I sigh secretly for the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness, and wherein we may suppose all the people shall talk of "the loving-kindness of the Lord."

I am as much as ever attached to my dear Established Church. I am sweetly privileged in St. Paul's, in this Square, to hear a Mr. Livius, who preaches always in such "power and demonstration of the Spirit" as tends to my consolation and instruction in righteousness. Our Wesleyan ministers here also are men of God, "rightly dividing the word of truth." So that "the lines are fallen to me in pleasant places."

To Mrs. Booth.

Bristol, *March* 21, 1840.

I continue to experience unabated kindness from my English friends, and the circle of my acquaintance gradually enlarges. People this side the water, and especially people of Bristol, are seldom guilty of sudden partialities; but when likings are formed, they are lasting. In many places of my native country, the appearance of a stranger in society, if respectably connected, creates a sensation; all are curious to see and hear for themselves, and invitations pour in at first pretty numerous. By and by this keen interest abates. Not so in Bristol; you are scarce noticed on your first appearance, carefully and closely watched, weighed, and estimated; perhaps treated with reserve and shyness by those who, in the order of Divine Providence, are preparing to be your friends for ever; and when once taken to their confidence, are afterwards cherished with fidelity and tenderness. Such is the opinion I have learned to form.

To Miss S. Greer.

April 2, 1840.

Your conjecture respecting my accommodation to circumstances is quite correct. It would be perfectly ridiculous in me now to maintain any literary prerogatives of seclusion, or abstractedness from the world I live in; and as it is not proper I should be a hermit, or a learned lady, so I drive from my affections, as much as I can, what

would be inimical to my discharge of duty. How good is God in giving grace and fitting me for whatever His providence appoints! My health continues improving, and as we generally spend most of the summer in visiting, and staying a few weeks at various country places in this or neighbouring counties, I anticipate a confirmed state of convalescence from change of air. Last Sunday week I heard an excellent sermon from Rev. C. Bridges. It was to me a word in season.

To Mrs. Booth.

Almondsbury, *June* 25, 1840.

This is a lovely little village on the Gloucester Road, where we are staying a few weeks. From the hill where we lodge, there is such a view as can scarcely be paralleled. Beneath, in a deep vale, surrounded by trees, is the small village; beyond it a wide expanse of pasture and arable land, dotted by trees, in clusters, or apart from each other; and farther still in the distance, the Severn spreads its waters, glowing in the sunshine. Then rise the Welsh mountains, and form the boundary of vision. Walks through corn-fields and meadows, over stiles of all magnitudes, and affording frequent peeps through the hedgerows of picturesque country, abound in all directions. My knees are daily growing stronger, and I hope soon to take the longest walks without weariness. As it is I do wonderfully well, walking an hour before breakfast, again before dinner, and again in the evening, besides driving out two hours.

I cannot express how my heart goes out after full Divine conformity to the will of my heavenly Father. All that "a man hath will he give for his life," but I would gladly give life itself to be momentarily "lost in God."

To Miss A. Murray.

August 3, 1840.

My health is very good, so good that I have accepted the charge of a third class, which meets about half a mile out of the city, at a place often visited by Mr. John Wesley, and mentioned in his journals, called Baptist Mills. This class was formed by a pious young lady, who died after being

married eight months. I hope also to resume in a month or two my Bible readings in our own house.

I had a very sweet letter last week from a lady, all whose connections and family, one only excepted, are Socinians, who has been, through the means of this Bible-investigation meeting, rescued from that fatal doctrinal error, and who now is a confirmed, pious, and exemplary Christian. She joined my class on receiving the truth in "the love thereof."

To Mrs. Booth.

August 6, 1840.

You need not be solicitous to procure my memoir.[1] Mr. Macdonald transcribed and sent it to Mrs. Westcott. It is brief, and very eulogistic; but my biographer had no materials to work out a narrative, so there is nothing to gratify curiosity, except that I first enjoyed religion in 1815; that I am a Wesleyan; preach to my own sex exclusively; have sometimes hundreds to hear me; am not only tolerated by all the Irish preachers, but encouraged; have been useful, am humble, etc., with very little else but commendation. If a reward were offered for my apprehension, this "hue and cry" memoir would never identify me. I am far from being the eminent Christian it represents me.

To Miss S. Greer.

Weston-super-Mare, *August* 13, 1840.

My health has so wonderfully improved during the last two months that I am able to take long walks, rise at five in the morning, and be busy all day with a variety of occupations. I do not think I have had so good health, nor so much strength, for some years previous. Thus the Lord "bringeth down and raiseth up again." I have longed to tell you how bountifully He supplies my wants, heals my diseases, hears my cry, and saves me.

Ever since I came to Bristol, I have had the charge of two classes, which meet on Tuesday and Friday. When my knee was ill, and I could not go out, they were attended by another person; but in the spring I resumed their super-

[1] This is the memoir named on p. 61, *supra*. It did not meet Miss Lutton's eye before this time.

intendence, and have, in addition, consented to be the leader of a third, to which I shall walk half a mile.

Oh, help me to bless the Lord! He has been my place of refuge, my strong habitation.

To Mrs. Booth.

Bristol, *September* 3, 1840.

We have had great excitement in the religious world in Bristol, by the last annual meetings of the London Missionary Society here. They brought with them one of the Madagascar Christians, who has been rescued almost miraculously from death, to which she was twice condemned by the Government, for her religion. Have you read a volume lately published, history of the persecution of the Christians in Madagascar? Rafaravavy can speak very little of our language, but she loves Christ, and all who love Him. I spent an evening with her in a large party, in the house of an Independent who had invited her. I was much delighted with the interview. When we parted I asked her, "Where shall we meet again?" "Meet in heaven," said she. "No Malagashy there, no English there; there all one, Christian;" and she clasped her hands together to show the union between believers. She is a married woman, and her husband is a colonel in the royal army in the island. She sighs after him and her little daughter, but it is death in Madagascar to be a Christian, and they are never likely to meet on earth again.

My new class at Baptist Mills has given me a wider circle of personal influence. God grant it may be blessed to our mutual benefit!

To Miss A. Murray.

September 1840.

My health continues excellent, my spirits moderately and pretty equally good, my situation exactly adapted to my taste and capabilities, and my poor heart supremely aspiring to be and do the whole will of God. If to feel intense and increased desires after holiness and usefulness can afford any proof of being in the very place I ought to be, then have I ample evidence that my coming here was of the

Lord. I have not yet begun my Bible meetings; if I do not get nervous about them, I shall not mind the exertion; but I have committed my way to Him "who will do all things well." Pray for me.

I heard a converted Rabbi preach in St. Michael's Church yesterday.

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *December* 19, 1840.

If I did not believe in Satanic influence, I should be often unable to account for many things in myself and others. Whence come those sudden injections of unbelieving or blasphemous thoughts, of which some truly devoted Christians have complained? whence the vivid presentation of a scene, a circumstance, a fellow being, at seasons most unsuitable for entertaining such objects of contemplation? And is it more repugnant to our ideas of the benevolence of Deity to suppose He permits, for the trial and perfecting of our graces, their opposition by an evil agency, than to believe He allows pain and affliction to exist in the world, as refiners by another process?

That there is a devil is clearly ascertained by Scripture, which cannot fairly be made to say anything else; and that the existence of this evil one is compatible with the attributes of a God of goodness and love is quite capable of demonstration, from reason and analogy. Fear not; greater is He that is for you than all your foes, within and without.

To Miss S. Greer.

Portland Square, *April* 8, 1841.

Thank you a hundred times for your kind letter, and continued interest in my health and happiness. The former is excellent, and has been so all the winter; and as for the latter, it comes from a source which is "without variableness or shadow of turning," and it consequently has fewer fluctuations than perhaps I consider prudent to express. One thing I may affirm unhesitatingly, that never were "Wisdom's ways" more replete with "pleasantness," never did "her paths" bring more "peace" to my soul than of late years; and far from looking back with mournful re-

miniscences of "joys departed," and "former days better than these," I thankfully adore "the wisdom and goodness of God," which, by my early training, and severe, self-imposed discipline, fitted me for duties, privileges, and society calculated to exalt me much higher in usefulness, happiness, and devotedness to the Saviour, than I perhaps could ever have hoped ultimately to reach, independently of their instrumentality.

My time is abundantly occupied, but all my engagements are congenial with the renewed nature, which only asks the will Divine. Indeed few persons have equal advantages with me, even in outward matters. I have the kindest earthly friends surrounding me; I have enough of worldly riches to meet all the exigencies of my situation; I have no solicitude for the future, for I firmly believe "the Lord will provide" for me. Dear to my heart as ever is the simple song,—whose melody broke on my spirit with indefinable sweetness when first I dwelt, with newly-awakened tastes and hallowed sensibilities, on the precious Book of God,—"For He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever."

I think England agrees with my constitution, and I am satisfied it is the place where a wise Providence wills me to be at present. How strange are the changes effected in our lot sometimes! Who could have thought, when we used to meet at Kilmore, twenty years ago, that so many of our friends then living should be taken, and we left—left to experience more fully the Divine faithfulness, and to tell other and later friends that the gracious Being whom we worship "never faileth them that trust in Him." Oh, how I delight in looking at all the way the Lord has led me, and in feeling that my confidence is strong. He will not cast me off in old age, but condescendingly "guide me by His counsel," till He take me to a better and enduring inheritance.

To a Class Member.

June 25, 1841.

You seem quite afraid of a gift, so I shall only lend you my friend Jeremy Taylor, merely stipulating that if you like him, and find him profitable to converse with occasionally,

you return him not till I claim him. Such a book ought to be read leisurely, prayerfully, and in the most secluded times of our retirement for stated devotional purposes. You must not be prejudiced by occasional coarseness of expression, nor discouraged by the inculcation of an elevated piety, which unbelief may represent as impossible for you to attain.

You are, above many, capacitated and circumstanced for loving God with supreme affection, and serving Him with all your powers. Be nobly resolved; be fully, perseveringly unceasingly His. Study your own character; let its defect be motives to self-denial, and means of sending you ofte to Christ. Never forget two things, never separate the one from the other; God hath joined them, put the not asunder. They are unitedly breathed in the spirit o the gospel. They are these:—

You are the Lord's; you are called to be like Him The first gives assurance He will care for you, in grace a well as in providence, adapting His dispensations in bot according to your real need. The second stimulates t diligence, hope, and heavenly-mindedness; prompts th inquiry, "Am I abiding in the light of His countenance? —as it is only by beholding with uncovered face His man fested love to us through a Saviour that we are change into the same image "by the Spirit of the Lord."

To Miss A. Murray.

Portland Square, *July* 28, 1841.

We are planning our seaside trip, but when or where is not fixed. Can you do with five hours' sleep at night? If so, you can find time for a letter. I seldom ever get more now, and am so well trained to it that my health does not in the least suffer from want of rest. I generally make one sleep of it, from twelve to five, and can spring out of bed delightfully fitted for the day's engagements.

To Miss S. Greer.

Portland Square, *November* 16, 1841.

I know not how to give you my movements; they are varied, ever changing according to circumstances. My two

classes in each week contain about forty persons; and I hold a Bible meeting on Wednesday morning every fortnight, in one of our parlours, at which about fifty ladies are present.

Now all my other engagements are as uncertain as anything in this very uncertain world can be. I go twice on the Sabbath to church or chapel, and hear one or two sermons in the week. But there is no order in my reading, nor do I now read in a month what I once would have done in a day; and my writing is only to be thought of when I must pen a note, and then often in company. We have innumerable morning visitors, often evening parties at home or abroad.

We know not, till circumstances exhibit it, into how many forms we may be moulded, and the more frequently I am broken to pieces, and cast into the furnace, and poured into the mould, the more plastic I become, and the more willing to say from the heart, what, where, when Thou pleasest; Thy will be done! Oh, never in former years of leisure, when I could command my time at pleasure, never was I happier, never more contented, never more hopeful. The Lord makes me to rejoice in His love, His grace, His providence. All is well.

You would quite enjoy the spirit of converse of some of my dear English friends; several of them resemble yourself in reservedness, but are most excellent Christians. If you ever come to reside here,—and it is only by residing here you will come to know the people,—I shall be able to recommend to you persons worthy your attention, of all ages, sizes, temperaments, and fortunes, out of any religious denomination you please. It is really amusing to think what a medley acquaintance I have, yet it is delightful to be acquainted with them all.

And now, my dear friend, farewell! If I have not been quite egotistical enough, tell me. My health continues pretty good.

To Mrs. Booth.

Bristol, *December* 7, 1841.

I am sure my dear Mrs. Booth has no idea of how my time

is spent here. Let me just tell her of the last week, and she will have a better knowledge of my diversified and opposite engagements. Religious people of all denominations, in this city, have parties in the winter, to which they invite even their slightest acquaintance, and where everything is as worldly as in the most fashionable circles, with two exceptions,—there are no cards, there is no dancing.

They dress most expensively; they begin to assemble after seven in the evening; tea is at eight; at near twelve o'clock carriages come for the visitors, and all depart. There is music and singing in one end of the room at intervals, but not of a Methodistic sort.

Now only imagine *me* in such companies, and recollect my first appearance in Dublin: what will you think of my exhibition? Can it be either useful or ornamental? And yet, circumstances are such, I must be in those parties if I remain in England; and I am now so accustomed to them that they make little impression on me comparatively; and sometimes I can have such sweet communion with two or three dear Christian friends scattered about, beside whom I sit for a few minutes, that I do not feel the inconvenience. Last week commenced the season in these matters.

On Monday evening I went out to a party. On Tuesday attended my class. Wednesday held my Bible meeting in the forenoon; and went out to dinner and tea. Thursday we had a party at home, consisting of Church-goers, Baptists, Independents, and Wesleyans. The ladies' dresses were exquisite for richness and taste. And, pray, how did Mrs. Booth's friend, Miss Lutton, look? I can tell you how she felt; happy in God. Friday forenoon I went to my class; in the evening went to our Dorcas meeting, and worked for the poor, and talked of good things, and prayed with the dear fellow-labourers before we parted. Saturday was occupied in the hundred little engagements of common matters.

I sometimes wonder at the way in which the Lord has led me all my life; how He has previously trained me for situations to which He destined me; and how willing He makes me to fall in with what Providence prescribes. My

early application to books fits me, in some respects, for present more active engagements. But for nothing am I so thankful as for the advantages of religion. These fill me with gratitude and love. God is with me and for me. "All things work together for my good." I feel almost continually such an intense love to God as cannot be described; it is His gift. Sometimes I fancy I must be near home. Then again I look forward to old age as my allotted period. What a word is this, "Even to hoar hairs will I carry thee"!

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *February* 28, 1842.

I do not recollect if I told you that about two or three months ago, I was called, by a very odd chain of circumstances, to visit a lady here on her deathbed, of whose end I could say it was peace. She never had any religious intercourse save with her pastor, a Church clergyman, orthodox, but not evangelical, and that intercourse may be imagined anything but spiritual. She was in advanced life, but when God was pleased to send her clearer light, she joyfully gave Him up her whole heart, and is now "where there is fulness of joy." Her daughter, in gratitude for my attention, sent me yesterday, to my no small surprise, a superb edition, in two octavo volumes, of Cowper's poems, with seventy-two illustrations by Tint. It must have been very expensive. It was accompanied by a very kind letter from the eldest daughter, begging my acceptance of it in memory of her mother, and expressing her own most grateful feelings. I find the English very strong in their attachments, and of late the people are kind beyond their former kindness, yet I often hope I shall "finish my course" in dear Ireland.

To a Young Friend.

Chepstow, *May* 15, 1842.

Often examine closely lest you for a moment be looking to yourself as aught but a poor, unworthy creature, hanging by simple faith on the crucified Redeemer as "your all."

Be "poor in spirit." Renounce all idea of salvation but, as a beggar obtains an alms, for the sake of Christ alone. Thus daily denying self, clinging to the cross, believe, hope, love, and be eternally happy. To-day has been one of inexpressible happiness to me; more so than any since I left Bristol. Every object brings before me some attribute of Deity; all nature has a joyous, a heavenly aspect. I have been thinking of dear absent friends, of past Providences, of future immortality; all is invested with brightness, it is little short of heaven.

Sabbath of eternity, how I hail thy dawning in my heart! Society of the redeemed, how I long to join thy purified assembly!

To the Same.

July 1842 (?).

You are perfectly in your duty in learning French, but do not pursue it to weariness, lest the re-action hurt your health; and if you had your drawing materials at hand, I should say do a small sketch, or group of flowers, or anything you may fancy in that line too. What! allow ourselves to be put in such a strait waistcoat by our religion, that we can neither be linguists, nor painters, nor musicians, nor cultivate the arts and sciences! Then indeed it might with justice be said, it had "made us mad." No, it makes us servants of God, friends to the whole human family. It takes away no pleasure which is not a guilty one, and it bids us each and all enjoy life and adorn it.

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *September* 20, 1842.

If time be measured by events, not moments, the interval since letters passed between us has been pretty extended; for I have gone through much, in a small way, since I last heard from you. I think I wrote to you from Weston; we were there a month. I was better for the change, and returned to Bristol full of gratitude to God, and anticipating being once again quietly occupied with my classes;

but the "ways of God are unsearchable." The very night I came home, as I was getting into bed, I tripped on a box, fell with violence on my side and face, and was sadly bruised. Alarming erysipelas ensued. This confined me to bed for three or four days; and as soon as I was able to sit up a day or two in my room, I took cholera, and was left as weak as an infant.

Well, the Lord raised me up again, with a mind more than ever assured. He was with me, and for me. The rod had a voice; I understood it, and rejoiced. Oh, I would not be without chastisement for a thousand worlds. All is right; all is by Divine appointment or permission; all tends to my profit; all will be matter of praise throughout eternity. After this I convalesced rapidly, and in a short time felt better than I had all the preceding summer. How thankful ought I to be for the mercy and goodness which have ever followed me! Oh may my life be devoted to the Giver!

There is a very prevalent evil in the Wesleyan societies both in Ireland and England; perhaps it equally infects other denominations. I have long seen and deplored it, and marked it as the cause of most of the divisions and dissensions so common, and so injurious to the spread and establishment of vital godliness. Often had I wished to oppose it, and by my private remonstrances had attempted it, but almost, I fear, in vain; for not to do as every one else does is severe discipline, and it might truly be said of this evil as in Isa. lix. 15, "He that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey." Occasionally I thought I would summon a special meeting of my classes, and pray and beseech them to set their face against it, that they might by example leaven others. But I shrank from the publicity of such a proceeding; I dreaded being too prominent. But at length grace prevailed over nature; and one day, after much prayer and humiliation before God, I wrote three resolutions, and proposed them for adoption to one of my classes in the evening. Such a blessed visitation of the Lord's presence as we had that night! And again in my other class, all, with only one exception, heartily concurred in the agreement. I had then to write out forty copies,

which I have been giving them as remembrances of duty, and of me. I have had blessed evidence that it has been beneficial.[1]

Then came our new preachers, not one of whom I knew. One of their wives has joined my class; and Mrs. Tucker, wife of Mr. Tucker, missionary to the Friendly Isles, has asked leave to meet in the same class, so that I have great helps in the way to heaven; and our preachers have such diversified gifts that we are verily guilty before God if we do not honour eminently devoted Christians. I know little of them yet; but they are all useful, especially Rev. Peter M'Owan, who seems to live in a pure atmosphere, and preaches so sweetly of the perfection of our dispensation. Indeed I like every one of them.

[1] The following extract from Miss Lutton's diary of Sunday, 4th September, explains this letter :—"I have been for a long time desirous of prevailing on my classes to join me in being more self-denying and circumspect respecting our spirit and conduct, and particularly that we should pray for our Ministers, maintain their influence amongst others, and hold up their hands in their labour, by a steady and reverent attendance on their ministry; but I always shrank back from giving myself that publicity which proposing it to them constituted. At length I felt I must do it, or feel condemned for the neglect of duty. On Tuesday morning I drew up three resolutions, with the design of reading them after meeting in the evening; but never was I as continuously tried and thwarted in different ways as I was that day. It seemed to me I should have nothing but a crushed and pained spirit, and should be totally unfit for recommending anything with courage or comfort. To complete all, when I went to the class-room, feeling my great weakness of both body and mind, I asked a dear experienced friend, who had often met classes with profit and pleasure, to assist me; and she, being unwilling and refusing, became so agitated that I dreaded the consequence to herself, and desisted pressing it on her.

"In desperation (may I not use the expression?) I cast myself on Christ, and commenced. But how shall I ever praise Him for His signal 'help in time of need'? It was a time of unspeakable love and power. God was with us. I saw the work of the enemy, saw it overcome, felt that we were conquering 'through the blood of the Lamb;' and when, in conclusion, I proposed the resolutions, I could not doubt but God would give His blessing on our keeping them. Glory be to Him for ever!"

The resolutions alluded to are as follows :—

"As what I now propose doing will be pleasing to God, profitable to myself, and exemplary to my neighbour, I most humbly cast myself

To Miss Murray.

Portland Square, *February* 20, 1843.

The lady I visit at Clifton has lately lost her sight, and though surrounded by all the luxuries of life, and very wealthy, existence is sometimes a heavy load. I was sorry to hear that M——'s eyes were so weak; she must be careful. Nothing can compensate for loss of sight.

To Miss S. Greer.

Portland Square, *March* 7, 1843.

The winter has been mild and damp, which does not well agree with my constitution, and my chest has considerably suffered from general exhaustion. But Providence has allotted me the needful strength for the day's duties; so that, though kept with a large ballast on board, there was still enough sail spread to keep moving, and the breath of Heaven sweetly filled it. Since we have had a week or two of really cold weather, I am more braced and vigorous, and

and every care connected with this duty on Him who hath promised to 'care for me,' beseeching Him that I may have grace to keep these resolutions faithfully, and to bear the many trials and temptations which may await me in so doing, with the meekness and gentleness of Christ.

"I resolve—

"I. That I will once every day pray for the Preachers of this circuit, that they may enjoy much personal religion, that their ministry may be made useful to me and to all that hear them, and that their spiritual influence may increase, and be made increasingly a blessing.

"II. That I will attend their ministry, as being appointed of God, with reverence, steadiness, and as early appearance at the chapel as I can; not often or unnecessarily going from place to place after those who please me best, and leaving those whom I less esteem to feel grieved and discouraged by my desertion.

"III. That I will honour them as the representatives of Him whose ambassadors they are, by carefully abstaining from saying anything of their persons, preaching, or practice, which could express dislike, or convey censure, or cause others to think less highly of them; and I will try to promote the same spirit and conduct towards our Preachers among my friends and acquaintances.

"*August* 30, 1842."

better fitted for the engagements of life. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

My nephew, H. Murray, the clergyman of St. Peter's, has been very ill from bursting a blood-vessel, and subsequent inflammation of his chest. His life was despaired of, being given over by all his medical attendants, and I was preparing to go to my sister to attempt to console her, but was delayed by the perilous winds, so awfully destructive of life in January last. When they subsided, my nephew's case had passed the crisis, and he is now likely to recover. He was most graciously upheld in his illness by power Divine, and longed to be "with Christ," but was enabled to say, "Thy will be done." My friends in Bristol were willing to part with me "for a season" when the dark cloud impended, but soon as it receded, they began to demur at my departure, and now are decidedly opposed to my leaving them.

My life is a busy one now-a-days; it is not less a happy one than ever it was. Oh no! Religion brings grace for all times of need, and makes duty delightful. I am not the recluse, but I am the contented. I cannot withdraw from the world of human beings, but I can find God "in the city full," and find His presence makes my heaven. Ask Him to make me most devotedly His, to use me for His glory, to keep me in the dust; but on that lowly spot abides the sunshine of His smile.

To a Friend.

Portland Square, *March* 19, 1843.

It is now the afternoon of the sweet and holy Sabbath of the Lord, a day of rest, a day of delight to the Christian, a day which stands a perpetual remembrance of the approaching eternity of the righteous. May it be truly delightful to my dear friend; and may its gracious communications of strength and consolation fit her mind for bearing, with perfect acquiescence in the Divine will, what is about to take place!

We are not to meet again for many months. If Providence permits, I leave the dear, dear shore of England on Friday morning, 31st of March, at seven o'clock. My health imperatively demands a change and perfect quiet.

I go to try my native air, and see old friends, and visit my parents' grave, and then return to live and die among my English friends, if Heaven approve it. Before I take my last look at a place bound to my heart by a six years' residence in it, I shall try to write you at least the word farewell. Fear not; be of good courage. Confide in the power of omnipotence, and the sure love of your God; and

"You and I shall surely stand
With Him on Zion's hill."

To Miss Westcott.

St. Peter's Glebe, Athlone, *April* 4, 1843.

Your kind note has much cheered me. I fancy I needed it, after all my peregrinations, and when entering on a new era in my history, that of becoming a south-wester in Ireland. Why neither the "ways and means," nor roads and houses, nor earth and sky, nor weather and people are like my native north, and how far then are they from my adopted country?

Why the very first time I went out-of-doors after my arrival, my nephew and I sallied forth to perambulate the parish of St. Peter's; without any premonition of its advent, quite downright and unavoidable, came a deluge of rain, as from a shower-bath. In a moment my feet became unable to laugh at my head and shoulders, for the mud tugged hard to tear my shoes from my feet, and the flood of Deucalion evidently intended to wash them off to the Shannon and send them to a distant county. His reverence stood still and bewailed my sad plight; for himself, though dripping from every angle of his clothes, he shook it off like a water-dog, and cared nothing about it, it was "so usual."

Saturday, yesterday, and to-day are days of election in Athlone. My nephew went to give his vote yesterday, when every one, even of the highest rank, who went to aid the Tories, was subjected to the humiliation of taking the oath against bribery; but when he advanced to do the same, the cry was unanimous that he should be exempted, so he simply gave his vote and retired. Last Sunday the priest preached to his Roman Catholic flock against the evils common at elections, and most touchingly adverted to my

nephew's conduct at the last election, telling them he was only "treading in the steps of his excellent friend the Rev. Mr. Murray."

This was the priest who, during the celebration of mass, when my nephew's life was despaired of, said to the congregation, "Now let us fall on our knees, and spend five minutes in silent intercession for the recovery of Mr. Murray; every one of you pray and be motionless." All simultaneously sunk to the earth, and every heart was uplifted, and not a sound uttered, and the solemn silence of the grave was in the mass-house of St. Peter's parish, till the deep voice of the priest resumed the ordinary service.

I like the pure air here, and am content that the will Divine be done on me, in me, by me. Where the Lord pleases, let my lot be cast. I long after you all at home, because I love you all.

Price of provisions here:—Best beef and mutton, 5d. and 4d. per pound. Milk,—no composition, but like cream,—2d. per quart. Eggs, 26 for 6d.; and so for everything in proportion.

Athlone is well stocked with rival butchers, on account of the demand for meat by the garrison. The officers' families are living here.

We breakfast at seven, dine at twelve, tea at five, sup at nine. Our dinner hour is to leave "clear decks" for the aristocratic calls; from noon till evening we are never safe from these privileged inquisitors, *alias* visitors.

To Miss Westcott.

St. Peter's Glebe, Athlone, *April* 20, 1843.

A very singular case of impression occurred to my nephew when he was in Sligo. One morning he arose with the idea that there was something peculiarly requiring his presence at the house of two very old women, spinsters, sisters, who did not attend on his ministry, but were pious Wesleyans. He had previously called on them occasionally, and talked and prayed with them and two orphan children they were rearing, but, except that he believed they were in straitened circumstances and religiously disposed, he knew no more. The morning I alluded to passed on, he

had his breakfast, and resisted the feeling. Still it pressed on him, "Go, go," till at last he seized his hat, and bent his course to the cottage. As he drew near he heard the voice of prayer, and paused, unwilling to disturb the family devotion, which, he rightly conjectured, was now the engagement. But the language of the supplicant caught his attention, and held him fast. The poor old woman was entreating the Lord to put it in some person's heart to give them as much as would keep them that day from dying of hunger. When prayer was ended, my nephew opened the door and walked in. They were surprised at his early visit, but glad to see him. On inquiry he found theirs to be such a case of concealed destitution as filled him with deep interest. It was Saturday; he gave them relief for that and the following day; and on the Sabbath morning he took for his text, "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer believing ye shall receive." He introduced the preceding fact as an illustration, and took occasion to appeal to the congregation for relief. When he retired to the vestry, the place was crowded. Lady Parker gave money on the spot, others followed her example, and my nephew was enabled to raise a fund for the two poor Wesleyan women, which kept them from want till God took them to heaven. Oh, does He not hear the cry of the destitute? and will He not remember His covenant of mercy?

To Mrs. Westcott.

St. Peter's Glebe, Athlone, *April* 28, 1843.

Must not we all feel, my dear friend, that the Guiding Hand, which certainly brought me to you at first, and has re-conducted me to my kindred again, must be apparent in leading me forth to "the land of the stranger again"? Oh yes, our confidence is in the Lord. We commit our ways to Him, He directs our paths. He forms friendships, cements them, seals them for eternity; but often bids the united part in body, but in love continue one. And lest even where His providence has placed us we say, "It is good to be here, let us build a home," He scatters families abroad, and shows us He must be our all.

A few nights since I dreamed, "whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell," but all was new and delightful. Rapid as thought, and light as air, I rose from earth, and moved whither I would, by the mere volition of my mind. A few friends sought to stay my upward soaring as I ascended; I recollect my softened sympathies and loving pity, as they vainly tried to grasp my feet, enveloped in flowing drapery, and far above their heads. I had no bodily consciousness, but all within was a most exquisite pervading perception of love and peace.

To Miss Westcott.

Richmond, *May* 12, 1843.

On Wednesday last my nephew was married. I never saw a wedding more to my mind than it was. There was such a sweet, calm expression of deep, quiet happiness in every one's countenance. Four chaises and two cars conveyed the party to the church, three miles off; and it was really gratifying to see the poor country people lining the road, and bowing, and curtseying, and holding up their hats, and kissing their hands in the utmost silence as my nephew and his bride wheeled by; no cheering, but every one that could claim a tatter resembling a handkerchief held it aloft, and waved it in triumph. Mr. and Mrs. Murray return to St. Peter's, Athlone, in the latter end of autumn. They left this after the breakfast, and went to Roscommon.

Yesterday we all went to the park of Castle Forbes, to ramble about and have dinner on the grass. Two cars took some of our party, the others went by water up the Shannon into Lake Forbes, terminating at the demense. I was one of the latter persons, and greatly enjoyed the day. We went to look at the outside of the castle, and just as we reached the lawn, my attention was caught by the figure on a pedestal opposite the hall door. It was that of a blackamoor kneeling on one knee, and with raised arms supporting on his head a sun-dial. I ran to it, and, oh, what I felt when I recognised the black as the playfellow of my childhood, which stood in the lawn of the old castle at Moira! A thousand recollections pressed on my heart, and had not

the iron railing prevented me, I should at once have kissed, if not hugged him. Just then I remembered that my poor black had been sent, when the estate was sold, as a present to the Countess of Granard, daughter of the Earl of Moira, and her youngest son was Viscount Forbes, and the Castle before which I stood was the joint property of the family. It is more than thirty-six years since I last saw my sweet "snowball," and I could have wept with delight at our unexpected meeting. At that moment Mr. Vaughan, who is married to Lady Forbes, came, and most politely requested us to go anywhere through the grounds and gardens, and sent the gardener to show us everything; and Lady Forbes sent a servant after us, when we left, galloping on a pony, with the key of a nice pleasure-house far in the wood, for our accommodation, and others with turf to make a rousing fire in it, so it was very pleasant. To-day we drove into Longford, about four miles off, to see the town. On Monday, Anne Murray and I leave this and go to "Thomas Booth, Esq., Kilbeggan, Co. Westmeath," which will be my address in future. Mr. and Mrs. Booth left us to-day.

To Miss Westcott.

Kilbeggan, *June* 3, 1843.

Kilbeggan has many attractions, both old and new, and it is anything but lonely. Just now it is full of politicians; every man is a legislator, and Repealers and Anti-repealers divide the community. This, "through the loopholes of retreat," presents an odd exhibition of mingled wit, acuteness, and good sense, each at times alternating with the others, and again blending with the bad passions and selfish purposes of the man depraved.

I have been introduced to a clever, shrewd, sensible Scotch lady since I came here. Her uncle was resident near Glasgow, Sir Hugh Crawford, and her brother inherits the little estate. She lived in a remote part of our own most northern counties a few years ago, and though moving amongst the gay and dissipated, gave her best parlour to a Wesleyan missionary to preach in, and entertained him once a month, when no one else would take him in. She is a valuable specimen of the North Briton, and her

eldest girl (about fifteen) seems more disposed to give her heart to God than the world.

My health is becoming so much improved that I do not suffer from headache at all, and every day takes off the lassitude and weariness which formerly I felt in Bristol. Indeed the sense of exhaustion is quite gone, and I shall soon be able to attend to any engagements lying in my way. Everybody here says it is the air of Bristol which has not suited me; but of this I am no judge, time will tell.

To Miss S. Greer.

Kilbeggan, *June* 9, 1843.

Anne Murray tells me your sisters are in Lurgan, and oh, how I wish I were now in Moira, for I should certainly go to see them and your aunt Miss Greer! But they will have left, I suppose, before I go to the north, and I shall lose my only probable opportunity of getting even a glance at them. Well, it cannot be helped. We must only look forward to our "Father's house," and anticipate our meeting there. I do not regard my present visit to my own dear country as anything but the one in which I bid it a last farewell. Every place I leave, I do it with the thought that I am to see it no more. This is not from presentiment, for the stern stuff of which I have been formed has never been characterized by impressions, or very, very rarely, in the sense that some truly excellent persons take the term. But I have been absent five years since last I touched the Irish shore, and had much difficulty in getting leave to spend this summer amongst my old friends; so I conclude most reasonably that five years hence, such changes will have passed on me or those I love that a return to my country may be impracticable, or undesirable. How well to have the "treasure and the heart in heaven"! All here is fleeting, fluctuating, failing. All there is immutable.

My health is much improved since I came back, and if it be best, it will continue so when I again depart. The Christian's duty is not to speculate, but act; not to contemplate the morrow, but use to-day. When I go into the busy

scenes I so lately left, either my "day" and my "strength" will be proportioned to each other, or I shall be more speedily removed to "the better land;" and if I may but "finish my course with joy," no matter when, nor where, nor how.

To Mrs. D——.

Moira, *August* 29, 1843.

I think I need not say that your kind note gave me much pleasure. I am induced to think that we do not cultivate as we might true Christian hopefulness for ourselves and for others; nor are its advantages sufficiently often and clearly placed before the mind's eye; nor are our conceptions of it well defined, accurately marked, and carefully guarded. Yet is it placed in a prominent point of view in Holy Writ, and exhibited as one of the abiding and indispensable three, a central grace, produced by "faith" and nurtured by "charity."

Many a sincere soul, cast in a peculiar mould, has had this hope bright and beauteous for her fellow-pilgrims, but, dreading presumption, failed to appropriate to herself its rich returns of grace here and glory hereafter. Such should be encouraged to form a just estimate of the Spirit's work, and, rightly understood, the design and suitability of the promises. For we may grieve that Spirit by calling in question the reality of His operations, or by esteeming as little worth what He has graciously imparted of religious experience. Herein, my dear friend, you long and sadly erred; your great evil was a total neglect of the proper cultivation of your hope as a believer in Jesus. You had fits of "high resolve," but were every moment liable to be depressed and discouraged by the least relaxation of mental energy, and even variations in your feelings, arising from physical causes, were not unfrequently termed by you backslidings and departure from God. The spirit of your last note breathes so differently, that I feel assured you are more simply yielding to the right influence, and obtaining correct conceptions of duty, privilege, and the high calling of our dispensation.

It is very difficult to be much in company and find it

profitable, unless we be active; activity increases our firmness, whereas to be simply passive is to become impressible. She who is obliged to mix in society must not—to speak in a figure—be water. Purity alone of intention or conduct is not enough; rather seek to resemble that busy element of fire. Burn with holy zeal for your Master's honour, for your fellows' good, for your own advance. I bid you not be rash, or unreasonable, or offending. When zeal becomes an exhibition, it loses most of its best properties; but there is no fear of your going up to the surface and evaporating. Far more danger of your concealment of genuine love to souls being an extinguisher, and your light being dimmed, and your warmth cooled down to a tepid temperature.

I have abundance of good counsel to give you, my heart is full of it; but I have several letters to answer, and must defer my sage communications to a future day. Meanwhile let us bear in mind one needful inculcation; it will be sweet, profitable, good for the "life that now is" and that which "is to come." "Continuing instant in prayer." Let us become habitual petitioners till the voice of prayer ascends "without ceasing" from the heart. It is possible to be thus leaning on our heavenly Father for support; thus clinging to Him for succour; thus avowing our own helplessness and destitution; thus claiming His strength and all-sufficiency in all places and circumstances. May you prove the "heights and depths" of a solid, scriptural Christianity, and be preserved from what would dim the brightness of that crown which it shall be the joy of heaven to cast before the throne, ascribing to Him that sitteth thereon all the glory of your salvation!

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *September* 2, 1843.

With you, I regret that we are not likely to meet this summer; but all is well that comes by Divine appointment, and neither of us has the planning of our movements, nor the disposing of our lot. Since I came to the north, I have not taken a single excursion from Moira to see any of my friends; some have called on me, but I have confined myself to my sister almost exclusively.

My friends of Portland Square are at present at the lakes of Cumberland, and will next week go by North Wales home. The week after I shall probably be recalled, as I have consented to rejoin them in Bristol on their return. I had some thoughts respecting the propriety of remaining in Ireland till spring, but found it would be impossible. My English friends will come for me if I desire, and are most wishful to promote my health and comfort in any way there, and I must be purely selfish if I could stay away from them, after their declaration of my importance to their happiness.

I have made arrangements however not to do so much as formerly. Two of my classes I have consigned to an excellent lady, and the third one and my Bible meeting I purpose to resume. This will be quite as much as at present I could attend.

I am very idle just now, and trying to become fitted for more active life by rest, quiet, good air, and a tepid shower-bath daily. What awaits me I know not; not a day passes without my feeling the need of attending to the admonition, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh." Oh, this is all I ask: let me "be ready," and I care for nought beside! Indeed I often suppose my departure from life will be similar to my dear mother's, who had not quite an hour from the advent of the messenger till she was gone. I resemble her in both bodily and mental temperament, and thus am reminded to "keep watching." It delights me to be with my own relations and among old friends, yet I shall be pleased to be once more in the field. The soul is in danger of being "at ease" in a self-indulgent body, and we are never safer than when carrying the cross, fighting the Lord's battles, helping our fellow-pilgrims, and from the scene of action anticipating the "crown of glory."

To Miss S. Greer.

Moira, *September* 15, 1843.

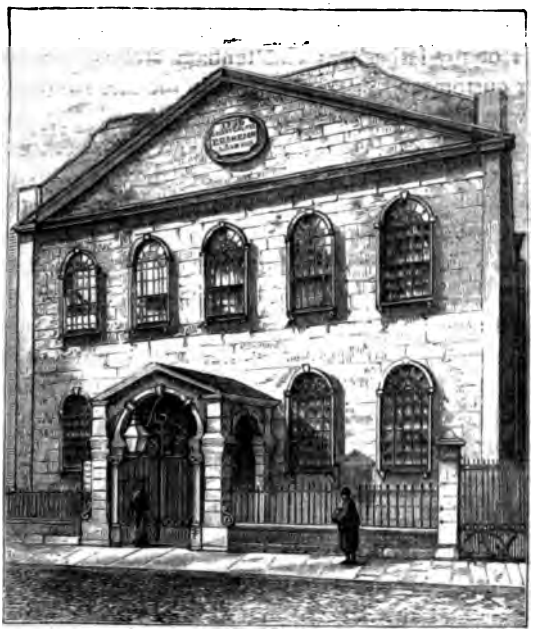
I gratefully acknowledge the receipt of your kind note, and am obliged by your and your sisters' wish to see me at Warren-point. The sentiment has its fully corresponding

feeling in my own bosom. It would gratify, nay, I believe do me spiritual good once more to "see your face in the flesh." But all this I must forego; I cannot accomplish it. The packet from Dublin to Bristol sails only once a week, and on next Tuesday week, at 8½ A.M., I must leave the shore of dear Ireland (if the Lord will), perhaps, and most probably, never to visit it again.

Oh, how delightful is the thought that it is not a departure from Christ, not moving out of the Divine will, not an eternal separation from loved friends, not exile among hostile strangers!

I once asked a pious clergyman how we might be sure our path was a providential one. "You will see it," said he, "if you prayerfully watch for it. You will know it by this mark: it has openness before you, and a hedging up behind you. You can walk in it without stumbling; you cannot retrograde nor diverge without being wounded." This is useful. This tells me I am "led by a right way," and need fear no evil.

My dear Christian friends, we are not allowed to hold sweet converse on earth, our pilgrimage path must be distinct and distant, but the end is the same, the support the same. We have one Master, ever with us and for us, and He has promised that where He is, "there we shall be also." It is enough. He shall be our all for ever!



EBENEZER CHAPEL, KING STREET, BRISTOL.

CHAPTER VIII.

1843–1849.

WHEN Miss Lutton returned from her visit to Ireland in 1843, my mother, whom she always consulted as to her movements, and without whose counsel she rarely acted, strongly urged her not at once to take up all her former work, believing that it was not Bristol air but overwork that had produced the lassitude and exhaustion from which she had suffered. Two of her classes had been confided, during her absence, to an excellent lady, who was willing to retain them; the third she resumed, and also her winter Bible meeting. The improvement in health was well maintained, and was consolidated by visits, in May 1844, to

friends of my father's at Cheltenham and Gloucester, and by our customary resort to Weston in the late summer.

It was cheering to see how she enjoyed the renewed sense of physical strength, and the power for work which it gave her.

On one point she and my mother differed strongly in opinion. Miss Lutton pleaded earnestly, pleaded even with tears, that my mother would consent to her renewing, now that her health was better, the fastings which had affected her injuriously in former years, but which in her earlier life had been made a blessing to her soul. But my mother tenderly but firmly refused to consent. (Diary, September 20, 1844.)

The one class which Miss Lutton had retained becoming too large, she divided it, taking charge, by my mother's consent, of both portions herself; and a further division had to take place a little later.

She was able to walk long and without fatigue, in her visitations among rich and poor, all of which had one object, the good of others, in some form; and she even took charge for three months of three other classes during the illness of their leaders.

In the winter of 1844 she suffered a good deal at times from lumbago, and early in 1845 she was prostrated by a severe attack of influenza, and was obliged reluctantly to discontinue her Bible readings. This attack was followed by several severe chest colds in succession. We therefore thought it well to take her away in June to bracing air, but not to the sea-side; and we selected Malvern as our summer retreat.

This class of scenery, bold hill and moor, was new to her, and how she enjoyed it! On foot, or still oftener on a donkey, she would mount the Worcestershire Beacon, or one or other of the many neighbouring hills, and revel in the widespread panorama before her, bounded by the faint blue line of the Welsh mountains in the horizon. She also

took great delight in our excursions to places of interest in the neighbourhood, till, as she said, she was "almost worn out with pleasure and health-hunting." But Christian work was not neglected, and by tract distribution, assisting in prayer-meetings, and cottage services, she endeavoured to "redeem the time," even of her holiday-taking.

Immediately on our return, an unfortunate sprain in her foot interfered with the air and exercise so needful to her. This impaired her general health, and early in September a violent fit of cholera brought her to the very verge of the grave. For several hours it seemed doubtful whether the vital powers could struggle successfully against the virulence of the disease; yet her pallid, almost livid face shone with a joy that was only tranquillized by excessive prostration, as she believed herself to be passing away to her heavenly home. But God was very good; He heard and answered our prayers, and gave her back to us.

Ill and feeble as she remained after such an attack, and looking as white as a ghost, she persisted in meeting her classes, declaring that she never felt better than when meeting two classes a day and afterwards. She also continued to visit the poor, was accessible to her friends, and rarely absent from public worship.

It was about this period, when her classes were so numerous, that she gave up regular attendance at Church, and worshipped twice a day at the Wesleyan chapel; thus sacrificing her own preference, and the habit of her former life, for the sake of showing respect to her ministers, and strengthening her influence with her members; but never losing that love for the Established Church which had been an enthusiasm in her early days.

She reviews in her diary, at the close of 1845, the last thirty years of her life, forming her distinctive Christian career. Her own judgment is, that the first ten years of this period—years occupied almost entirely in evangelistic

work—had been better than the next ten, which were the period of her more domestic and of her student life; but she gratefully records that the last ten years have been better than the first ten, and the last two best of all. The term best must, of course, be accepted in her own sense of its meaning,—that during these two years God had been nearest to her.

A tendency to neuralgia in the head and face troubling her a good deal, Miss Lutton for a month or two tried the experiment of spending a few days weekly with her friends at Clifton.

During the winter of 1845–46 her chest was very delicate, and in the colder weather she could not go out without a respirator; but her Bible readings were held until the end of February.

In March the rapid increase in her members obliged her to begin a fourth class; and she now held two on Mondays and two on Tuesdays. The summer was one of intense heat, and during our yearly sojourn at Weston, she felt it very enfeebling, and was less refreshed than usual.

After our return, one night about midnight we were greatly alarmed by a seizure of spasms, attended with fearful and prostrated suffering, which refused to yield to the customary remedies. So critical was her condition that for a night and a day her doctor, Mr. Greenly, never left the house, and was at last obliged to have recourse to a "kill or cure" remedy, which happily succeeded.

She had scarcely recovered her strength when she had an attack of influenza, which confined her to the house for four weeks, a most unusual circumstance, as she was always extremely reluctant to omit her customary duties; and for some while afterwards, her chest was so tender that the effort of stooping to write was painful to her. Under the stress of these circumstances, the Bible readings were not held at all this winter.

It may be subject of surprise to the many members still living, who were accustomed to see Miss Lutton so regularly and punctually at her post in the class-room week after week, to read of such repeated and serious illnesses. I can only say that it was impossible to keep her from her class-room if she were able to walk or drive there; and moreover, that it happened so often as to be the subject of playful remark in the family, that her attacks would come on after the last class in the week, and subside in time for her to attend to her Monday morning class. Was it the nervous energy which sustained her, or did a higher power give her special health for special service?

The winter of 1846–47 brought Miss Lutton abundance of work, and that of the description which she had hitherto shrunk from taking up. The terrible famine in her dearly beloved Ireland called forth all her patriotic sympathies, and her friends, the Miss Greers, wrote imploring her help, especially for the children of their Sunday and infant schools. She gave liberally, almost beyond her means, certainly to an extent that involved much self-denial, and she made the still harder sacrifice of turning beggar to others, in behalf of her starving countrymen.

She further served them by writing tracts and poems on their behalf, which were printed and widely circulated, and her efforts brought considerable sums, upwards of £112, into her exchequer for the starving. Her letters of the period abound in details of her earnest and persevering energy.

During our summer sojourn in Chepstow in 1847, Miss Lutton once again consented to hold public meetings for women, one in the Independent, and one in the Wesleyan chapel, of which she writes in her diary: "I "never felt more of the Divine presence and blessing, and "the dear people seemed all under deep feeling. Oh, if "one soul should be brought to God!"

That "one soul" was granted her. She most unex-

pectedly heard, with devout thankfulness, whilst we were at Chepstow, of one person who had been brought to God through her ministrations there in 1832, fifteen years before.

We were much out of town this summer, because though the heat was excessive in Bristol, Miss Lutton was frequently taking cold, and we thought the air of Weston better for her. We were surrounded there by quite a circle of friends, who afforded scope for her social energies.

On our return to Bristol, she resumed at the close of October her winter Bible meetings; but in January 1848 was obliged to discontinue them, because a protracted cold deprived her of voice. This winter she undertook a fifth society class.

Miss Lutton was much cheered by a circumstance which transpired this spring, and showed her that the Bible meetings, which she had been tempted to discontinue as useless, were bringing forth fruit of which she knew not. She was sent for to visit a dying young lady, who, being unable from ill-health to attend Divine service, had begged admission to the meetings. There the truth was brought home to her heart, and several months after, when unable to go out, she sent for her gentle instructress, told her all her heart, and gradually was led, by the Divine blessing, into the way of peace before she passed from life. Miss Lutton alludes to this in her diary of March 20, 1848, and again in a letter of April 17, printed on p. 383.

It was sometimes no easy task to lure our dear friend away to the sea-side or from home with us, because of the difficulty about leaving her beloved members. But my mother persisted in exacting this, not merely nor chiefly for our own sakes, but for hers, because the strain upon her at Bristol was too strong to be continuous. When we found it hard to persuade her to come away on her own

account, we could entice her by telling her how much we wanted her with us.

My dear father's health, which had been failing of late, declined sensibly this autumn, and as she felt that my mother needed more than usual support, she went with us in repeated visits to Chepstow, Weston, and places near Bristol, which we selected because, from their proximity, my father was able to go backwards and forwards when needful.

Miss Lutton passed the winter of 1848 better than usual, and was not laid aside one day. She began a class in our own house, for the sake of my mother, who was rarely able to go out, and on December 13 she resumed her customary Bible readings. She greatly rejoiced in our removal, in May 1849, to the outskirts of Bristol, Llanberris Villa, Cotham, thinking that a more bracing air would be beneficial not only to her own health but to that of my dear parents, especially of my father, and she speaks with pleasure of being "snugly ensconced in my own sweet chamber."

But a shadow was soon to fall on the new house where we had settled down so cheerily. My father was taken seriously ill when absent from us in Hereford. Long posting journeys brought us to him in time to receive his last farewell, but his return to Llanberris Villa was in his coffin.

Miss Lutton had been left at home in a fever of anxiety, as will appear from her letter of September 4, 1849, and her sorrow for him was indeed true. She had a very high opinion of the upright integrity of his character, of the solidity of his judgment, and of his strength of Christian principle, and she called him the "kindest and best of husbands." She was a true and tender sharer in our sorrows, and the breach in our small family circle served to knit still more closely together the three who were left,—Miss Lutton, my mother, and myself.

LETTERS.—1843–1849.

To Miss S. Greer.

Portland Square, *October* 17, 1843.

My long delay in letting you know of my safe arrival at the house of my friend is principally attributable to the great engrossment of my time in receiving and returning visits, and other such conventional usages, consequent on my return to a people who, if not as prone to form intimacies as those of our own country, are at least equally firm in maintaining them. I can give you no correct idea of the unchanging kindness of these English. Instead of familiar intercourse and long acquaintance taking off the minuteness and delicacy of their attentions, time only seems to mature attachment, and secure good offices.

Some years ago, I came, oddly enough, to make the acquaintance of a lady at Clifton, whose endeavours to draw me into frequent and free intercommunication of society and sentiment have been fruitless till lately. But affliction has smitten her low. I go to her as frequently as I can, and am as free and friendly as if I had been her sister. Oh, I do love her dearly! for it has been under the "rod" she felt the "staff," and when "chastened," learned she was loved.[1] If the air of Bristol should prove unfavourable to my fixed residence in it, I have promised to spend a good proportion of my time with her; and she engages to facilitate my regular attendance to my present duties, as often as the days arrive on which they call for my personal exertions. This will be a great advantage to me in many respects.

I feel very thankful to the Giver of all good for His thus caring for me. Oh, what a debtor I am to Providence and grace! How has my path been made plain before me! The blessing, rich and unmerited, of Heaven's bounty descended on a poor, helpless, unworthy creature! I long to devote

[1] It was to this lady and her sister that allusion has already been made (p. 219) as having endeavoured to secure Miss Lutton as a inmate of their home, and as offering to leave her all their property if she would abide with them.

myself more fully than ever to Him "whose I am." May I be taught, strengthened, led by the Spirit into deeper knowledge of His will, and fuller conformity to it!

My voyage was favourable, my health is much improved, and every care is taken of me. My daily tepid shower-bath does me much good, and altogether I have the prospect of a pleasant winter. But I try to sit free, and leave all to His sole disposal who "cannot err."

To Mrs. Booth.

November 1843.

The state of my own health is wonderfully improved. I suffer not now from exhaustion, as I did last year, and feel, after meeting my class, that, had I another to enter on, I could do it with much ease and comfort. I have not yet taken charge of a second, for the following reasons:—

1st. None has been offered to me, and till it is, I dare not move.

2d. Mrs. Westcott is very unwilling I should have more than one, as the care of the members would, she fears, be too engrossing of my time and attention, and till she is made fully willing, I cannot undertake more. Whenever these two evidences of my call concur, I shall delightedly extend my poor exertions; and they will concur whenever my heavenly Father sees good.

To Mrs. Booth.

December 26, 1843.

Thank you for your kind, welcome letter. Much am I obliged by your deep interest in me; but you may dismiss all fear about my ever forsaking the Methodists. My attachment to them is like "the law of the Medes and the Persians, which altereth not." Indeed, my new Clifton friends like the Wesleyans, though they associate not with them, and they are complete Arminians in opinion, so that we cordially agree.

Last Wednesday I had my second Bible meeting at Mrs. Westcott's, and I do trust it was a morning not soon to be forgotten. God was among us of a truth. After it was over, Miss F—— came from church to take me home with

her. I returned to Portland Square on Saturday. Both going and coming I had the carriage to convey me and my boxes, and every kindness showed me whilst with them.

Mrs. Schimmelpenninck wrote to Miss F—— to say she hoped I would call to see her. I did so on Saturday, and found her most agreeable. She has made me a singular offer—a bedroom and a parlour, exclusively for my own use, in her house; servants to attend me; and all she will ask is the privilege of my society at meals, and an hour or two in the evening! I may do as I please, only make her house my home! Did you ever know any one circumstanced so oddly as I am? I assume nothing; I appear what I feel, simple and ignorant; but I must be covered with bird-lime, for these queer high people stick to me. Oh, I love heaven above every other thought—increasingly, intensely I love it! May I be found meet, when called to take possession of it!

Yesterday was a singularly happy Christmas to my soul all day; Christ was unspeakably precious. I went to church as usual alone, and at the sacrament all was the sweetest peace. We had a large dinner-party of the various branches of the family, who were invited, and could I enumerate the luxuries, you would be surprised; but I had meat to eat which was superior to all. Oh, I cannot tell you how I felt the Lord's presence—how I still feel it!

To Miss S. Greer.

Portland Square, *January* 16, 1844.

I continue to improve in health, and can comfortably get through all my little duties. I am greatly in company, which cuts up time wonderfully; but it cannot be helped, and I try to make it as profitable as possible. I have a messenger, letter, or visit every week from the Clifton ladies to get me there; but as all my settled engagements lie in Bristol, I do not like unnecessarily to take on others at an inconvenient distance.

Miss Shadwell, the Vice-Chancellor's sister, came to me on Friday, to prevail on me to spend this week with Miss F——; but I had so many things to do here, I could not.

Nothing but a compelling Providence shall separate me from this family, who have showed me so much and such steady kindness, except during brief periods, when I may —for my health's sake, and some better and nobler motive connected with the soul—go away to Clifton or elsewhere during the summer.

I trust that your bodily health improves, and that you daily experience the sweetness of growing love to the Saviour. How I should like you in my class to-night, and my Bible meeting to-morrow! But this cannot be, so I shall only indulge the thought how I shall enjoy witnessing your felicity in heaven. Yes,

> "There we shall meet, nor thence depart,
> For ever joined in home and heart."

For some time past I have been much quickened to "work while it is called to-day." Alas! mine are but the feeble efforts of an infant, but God accepts them, and sometimes owns them. Bless His holy name for ever!

The last "token for good" He gave me was in the case of a young gentleman, a married man, beside whom I sat one evening in a large party. I took up my cross, and quietly drew him into serious conversation, then made an appeal to his own case. The result has been cheering. He is a Churchman; no one had spoken to him as I had before, and I believe the work of grace is now really commenced and going on. I like to tell you where I can be sure the Lord smiles on my poor endeavours. Oh, how I long to be used more for His glory! and to this end, how I long to be holy! It is certain if I lived nearer Christ I should be more useful.

To Miss S. Greer.

20 Portland Square, *February* 3, 1844.

You asked the names of my Clifton friends; they are the Misses F—— and Mrs. Schimmelpenninck. The latter is the well-known authoress of many works: *Biblical Fragments*, *History of Port-Royal*, *Treatise on Beauty*, etc. Each of these ladies is extremely pressing on me to go live with them at Clifton. I have gone for a change, for a few days

at a time, but I cannot find it in my heart to leave dear Bristol.

Mrs. Schimmelpenninck proposes a whole suite of rooms to be appropriated to me in her house; the other ladies are not less kind; but till Providence makes it a more imperative duty, I cannot consent to go. I am happy where I am, and want no good thing.

We have in one of our churches here a Mr. Marshall, son-in-law of Rev. Legh Richmond. He is a very good man, and a popular preacher. He was formerly of the Scottish Church, and wrote the memoir of Miss Isabella Graham. And very lately our parish church of St. Paul's has got a very nice curate (Rev. R. Simpson), a clergyman whose living in a distant county was in an unhealthy situation. I heard a good sermon from him last Sunday. He is the most cheerful Christian you ever saw. He spends every Thursday evening at my friends' at Clifton. As soon as eight o'clock arrives, he calls for the Bible, summons the whole household together, and lectures and prays with the most beautiful simplicity. He says his rule is never or rarely to accept an invitation to dinner, but never or rarely to refuse one to tea, as dinners are too much of a worldly character, and he can always take his Bible to tea.

How I wish you were near enough to this to be visited! Well, we shall soon be so situated that there will be no impediment to free intercourse. Contiguity is one of the delightful recommendations of the "many mansions" in our Father's house. Oh, my dear friend, how brief, yet eventful is human life! How solemn the approach to the grave through the dull avenue of declining years, yet how cheered by the presence of our God! "For Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." May the Lord bless thee and keep thee!

To Miss S. Greer.

Portland Square, *May* 6, 1844.

I have been spending some time in Cheltenham, and only returned last week. It is a very beautiful town, and I was introduced to a nice circle of acquaintances, some of whom truly loved and feared God. I attended the ministry

of Rev. Francis Close, whose church is always crowded. Some ladies of title stand in the aisle during the whole service, being utterly unable to obtain a seat.

My health is greatly improved; I have on every side abounding cause for praise. Oh that I could glorify my heavenly Benefactor more, with my body and my spirit, which are His! I cannot tell a thousandth part of the tender mercy I daily experience. Every promise given me whereon to trust in early years has had ample fulfilment.

I spent an interesting day lately in Gloucester, attended the cathedral service,[1] then visited the venerated spot where Hooper was burned, and where a monument to his memory is erected on the very spot where he suffered martyrdom. The stake to which he was chained was dug up a few years ago, and is now in the Bishop's palace, a precious relic of bygone days. One of the archways of the cathedral is blackened by the smoke which proceeded from the flames, as he was consumed.

To Mrs. Dowling.

Portland Square, *May* 24, 1844.

Had I not heard on Monday from Miss P—— of your elopement, I should certainly have watched each opening of the vestry door on Tuesday evening with some anxiety, as you have taught me to rely on your punctuality with such implicit confidence, that I could assure all my friends you never absent yourself when you can come.

Now, why do I thus think?

1st. Because of your affirmation to this effect.

2d. Because you have so invariably proved it by your conduct.

Oh, how does this lead us to the contemplation of Him on whose promises we trust our eternal salvation, and who has never yet failed us in time of need! I like to trace

[1] This visit to Gloucester Cathedral was the occasion of bringing out the rare conscientiousness of Miss Lutton's mind. We had wandered at will through the chief portions of the edifice, but a fee was demanded for entering the cloisters; unthinkingly, our young party had entered this part without paying the gratuity to the verger. When Miss Lutton became aware of this, she could not rest until she had remitted from Cheltenham, where we were visiting, the proper sum of money.

resemblances in this way between earthly and heavenly things; between my fellow-Christians and their Lord and Master. It increases my love to them, it re-impresses me with adoring gratitude to Him. It reminds me of my supreme and subordinate obligations to the "God of all grace," and to those who are "partakers of like precious faith."

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *July* 6, 1844.

We think of going to the sea-side in a week or two. Change of air may be of some use to our bodies, but Christ is "all in all" to our souls. I was much affected on hearing of poor Mrs. Dack's death, but she has only preceded us a very short time. In a brief space Margaret Booth and Anne Lutton will have crossed the Jordan too.

At times I am most graciously given to prove that God is working in me "the good pleasure of His goodness" in a way not felt generally. The week before last, such was my deep overflowing enjoyment of His love, that it seemed to me I must be near death or suffering. This week has been one of inward training, calm, solemn chastening, yet confiding. Glory in the highest, I shall soon join the heavenly host, and praise the Saviour for ever!

I shall bless God in heaven for bringing me to England, and for fixing my destined abode where to "finish my course" in Bristol. Oh, it has been a special Providence, and it has been so peculiar, so evidently of the Lord, that I am almost crushed beneath my load of benefits!

To Miss S. Greer.

Weston-super-Mare, *July* 31, 1844.

I have often thought I should write to some of my friends with a great deal more freedom and frequency, were I sure my letters were burned immediately after being read, but I shrink from having what I send to those I love read by those who love me not. The medium is so different through which the same sentiments are contemplated, that the judgment formed of them must be equally opposed. However I should not have troubled you with these

observations had I not many, many times regretted that I did not exact a promise from your dear aunt Oldfield to destroy my letters soon after she received them. Where are those letters now? Can you tell me? A dear Christian young person in Dublin, with whom I corresponded for ten or twelve years, died four years ago. She left, according to agreement, all my letters to be delivered into my own hand by her husband. He told me I should have them as I passed through the city on my return to England last autumn; but my time did not admit of it, and a few weeks ago, I heard he too was in the cold grave.

What a nice, pleasant, and truly pious clergyman we have in our parish church of St. Paul's, Rev. R. Simpson. He and his good lady spent a day with us since we came here to the sea-side. In family worship he gave us a lovely exposition of one of the Psalms.

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *September* 18, 1844.

I am very happy and comfortable here, and have plenty to do and enjoy, so that to restrain wishing for other and not necessary things is the part of true wisdom. I have begun my Monday's class, and have eight members as a commencement. It is truly a Bethel to our souls. My Tuesday's class is also doing well; about twenty or twenty-one members. In both the prospect of more, and better still, the earnest in our hearts of an outpouring of the Spirit. Oh, I cannot tell you how delightful to my soul it is, to be employed for and by God. Could I form an idea of what would be the heaven of eternity, I would say it must be the constant presence of Jesus, and employment for all the mental energies in bringing others to love and serve Him. Since my health became confirmedly good, "labour is rest," and in a spiritual sense I can say, "It is my meat and drink to do the will of my heavenly Father." Oh, may my life be praise!

To Miss S. Greer.

Portland Square, *October* 24, 1844.

My bodily health continues good. I never walked as

much as I now do; never was more actively and constantly busy; yet feel no fatigue nor exhaustion, and am happy in the work and will of my heavenly Father. My old dread of going into company is gone. I try to be in a right spirit, and to promote it in others, and so it is quite going home wherever I go, for there is my Saviour's presence. Oh, help me to magnify the name of the Lord, "for He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever"! I have joined the Ladies' Misericordia Society, and have an extensive district to visit. It is a blessed employment, and I feel it so.

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *November* 2, 1844.

I got Mr. Caughey's letters last night from London. I am exceedingly obliged to you for recommending them, and I do hope they will be a blessing to my soul.

My Bible meetings commence on next Wednesday. Our parlour will accommodate about fifty persons, who have already obtained permission to have a sitting. Had we you in the neighbourhood, we should find abundance of room for you also.

We hear many a Wesleyan anecdote, which I have no time to write; not of triumphant death-beds, nor the conversion of sinners only, but of tea-meetings on such a grand scale that one last week, at Kingswood, had 1400 or 1500 people at it. Eighty gallons of tea, with sugar and cream added, were upset in carrying in to the company, but in fifteen minutes the loss was repaired by the reinforcement of eighty gallons more. Then seventeen gallons were upset, and seventeen more succeeded them. Things are done here in princely profusion. The gentleman at Kingswood who gave the tea also sent cars, omnibuses, and chaises to Bristol for the company, the hire of which cost £40. He offered to send four coaches to take me and my Tuesday class there, but I would not go.

My health is excellent, and my work is no trouble to me.

To a Friend.

November 3, 1844.

I rejoice that we are so united by the power of grace

that no temporary separation of body can or does loosen our hold on each other's spirit. No, we were first drawn by Christ to "love one another," and still we are one in interest, sympathy, and hope. Blessed be the Lord! we shall yet be in circumstances to have more frequent intercourse, if not on earth, yet in heaven.

Thank you for your allusion to my Bible meetings. I sometimes need encouragement respecting them. If they were made instruments to your good, I shall praise God through eternity for honouring me with them. But why, oh, why are they not more owned from above? Why are they not a means of grace to all? I must leave it with Him who is infinite in wisdom; He doeth all things well.

Pray for me this winter. I want to bring souls to the Saviour, I want to be a vessel "fitted for the Master's use." He has given me a healthier body than I have had for years. I want "to spend and be spent for Him."

"Lay hold on eternal life," and keep on the armour. Let us redeem the time.

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *December* 5, 1844.

I have less leisure than ever, but all is well. Only think, Monday I had a class in the morning, and was out at a large party in the evening. Tuesday I met my second class (twenty present), and had company here in the evening. Wednesday I held my Bible meeting, and went to a dinner and evening party. Thursday (this day) I have been out "from house to house," and go out to a similar set this evening. Friday (to-morrow) we are engaged to another party from home; and Saturday a visitor comes to us for a week.

Sometimes I wonder at my present lot, but the Lord has appointed it.

I was in company with Mrs. Rowley, for the first time, last Monday evening. She asked me to allow her to come to my "theological lectures."

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *January* 18, 1845.

My good old Wesleyan friend, whose classes I have been

meeting in addition to my own, will resume them next week, so I shall have more leisure, though I feel as if I should like to expend my all of bodily and mental strength in talking to my fellows of the things of God. It is so condescending, so good in Him to use me at all in this way, that my heart glows with gratitude and love.

My health is improving again, and both my cold and lumbago are gone; my back is weak and susceptible, but not in actual pain. Meeting so many classes lately has thrown me among a larger number of the "excellent of the earth." I delight to think my lot in time and in eternity is among the Wesleyans; no people are so good when they are devoted Christians.

Did I tell you Mr. G. Marsden paid me a visit? He is the same sweet, holy man he was twenty years ago. He invited me to call on him and Mrs. M. at the Hot Wells, but I delayed for a week, and when I went they were gone. Well, we shall all meet in heaven after a very little.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Portland Square, *January* 29, 1845.

Your last letter should have had a more prompt reply from me, had the leisure of former years been my providential allotment; but all is changed, almost reversed. I am no longer the secluded and diligent reader and regular and diffuse correspondent. Comparatively speaking, I read little, and write still less, yet trust I am learning lessons books could not teach me, and—what is incalculably better than seeking my own gratification—aiming simply to please God, by conformity to His revealed will and providential dispensations.

After my return from Ireland in the late autumn of 1843, I gave up two of my classes, and only retained one, as most of my friends apprehended three were too fatiguing. A few months ago, that one had become too large for our place, and I formed a second out of it; again it is in the same state, and I am planning a third class from it. I have also been meeting two others for an invalid leader, —all which, with a long-established meeting of another

description, gave me an abundance of employment, just about the time I heard from you.

I am thrown into the living, moving stream of human beings; I am not able to keep detached; my sole struggle is to be what God would have me, in all situations. "Hitherto He hath helped me." Goodness and mercy have followed me; grace abounds, spiritual-mindedness, I humbly trust, advances; and when a brief period yet to come has deposited its last sand of my mortal existence, I shall "enter into peace," pure, perfect, and perpetual peace, "through Him that hath loved me, and given Himself for me." Oh, "come let us magnify the Lord, let us exalt His name together." Are we not fellow-pilgrims drawing near to the journey's end? fellow-heirs approaching our Father's house? the ransomed of the Lord returning to Zion, crowned with joy and gladness? Never did my spirit lie lower, nor my ambition soar higher, nor my heart glow with warmer love, gratitude, and adoration, than since I came to live in England,—of late increasingly. Oh no! it is not so that the preciousness of the Saviour and the enjoyment of religion wear out or wear off in advancing life. Our privilege is to prove more and more what is the length and breadth and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.

A lady informed me that there were three and not four related families of the name of Lutton found in three different counties. Give my very dear love to my beloved aunt, your mother,—oh, how often she comes into my thoughts!—also to your wife.

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *February* 20, 1845.

I suppose you will be kindly interested to know how my health is, so I write a few lines this morning. I never recollect having so severe and protracted affection of my chest and head before. The cold still hangs about my head and lungs, but is gradually departing. "No affliction is for the present joyous, but grievous." This I feel, but the Lord makes all my way easy. I am chastened, but oh how mercifully am I supported! On every side I have abound-

ing comforts, and kinder friends than this family I never found among my own relations. They never tire, and go on quietly ministering to my necessities as if I were "born in their house." May the Most High reward them! I have had much kindness shown me by my classes since I grew ill, and have continued, except for a fortnight, to meet them. My Bible meeting is discontinued till the return of autumn. I have been much reduced in size, but shall soon regain all I have lost.

To Miss S. Greer.

Portland Square, *March* 26, 1845.

My time is, or seems to be, fully occupied by attending to the meeting, and visiting, and caring for my three classes, and the poor of St. Paul's parish, as one of the visitors of the Misericordia Society. This last office requires and increases the knowledge of human nature, and gives fine opportunities for speaking "a word in season."

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *April* 4, 1845.

I have wished to write to you for some time in reply to your last kind note, but had many occupations and little physical energy. My third bad cold was well-nigh subsided, when last Thursday week I renewed it, how cannot be accounted for, but my bones were full of pain; I shivered from head to foot most part of the night.

With the exception of damp days, I always go out, muffled extremely, of course. I meet my classes also, and find no injury from doing so. At this I am astonished, but my attacks on my chest are different now from what they were, and are little affected by my ordinary course of proceeding. Often am I so blest in my times of meeting them, that I feel a sort of shrinking from death, solely because I must leave them behind. This is a mere temporary sensation. "The glory to be revealed" soon absorbs, even in anticipation, all other good, and makes me

—"Languish and pine to be there,
Where Jesus has fixed His abode."

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *April* 21, 1845.

I am gratified and obliged by your kind note. My health is fast improving, and my cold seems gone.

Last week Mrs. Wood died, aged seventy-five years, and is interred this morning, and so many are dying this spring, that one is continually reminded of another world. Thursday I went to the Hot Wells to see a sweet Christian lady, a genuine Methodist, dying in consumption. But oh, what a victory is hers! Often did she open her heart to me when in health, and tell me her fears and doubts; now "all is calm and joy and peace." Her last trial was to take leave of her husband and little children, but she has no tie since then, and the kingdom of heaven, the reign of Christ, is fixed within her. For two or three days after I saw her, every recollection of that interview seemed hallowing in its tendency. No doubt, no shrinking, no anxiety. Christ fills and rules her heart. Her natural reservedness and timidity is swallowed up in the fulness of love Divine.

"Oh, may I triumph so
When all my warfare's past!"

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *June* 4, 1845.

I have had a very nice note from Mr. Farmer lately, with some tracts. He is a very excellent man, nor does his wealth (about half a million) at all diminish his piety, gentleness, or good-nature.

As a contrast to him, there died in Bristol, a fortnight since, a Mr. W——, who lived an old bachelor, and kept a very insignificant shop. His furniture was sold by auction, and so meanly did he live, that his best bed only brought 5s., and the bed on which he lay 1s., yet his money in the funds was £80,000. The wealth of the English is immense, but very, very few are "rich towards God."

My three classes, and my duties as a visitor for the Misericordia Society, give me much to do, besides what time I feel is due to the kind family in which I live; so that really my life is more filled up in association with my fellow-creatures than ever I once thought it could be.

I was struck yesterday by hearing that the carpenter, who had sent for me on a sick-bed when the clergyman would not go to him, died two days after I had talked and prayed with him; but I had not courage to repeat my visit, which I now regret, and have resolved in future to pray with every sick person, man, woman, or child, and continue to visit them without respect of sexes.

To Miss S. Greer.

Portland Square, *June* 6, 1845.

One of the delightful anticipations of a better world is that we shall have no anxious longings after absent and congenial spirits. Distance will there be done away with, and in the one home, myriads of holy, happy beings shall expatiate, unite, reciprocate thoughts and feelings, and by the mysterious and glorious government of God, promote the felicity of heaven. Oh how sweet to meditate on! Powers now pent up shall there be liberated; energies hitherto unappropriated shall there fulfil their high destiny; and media of blissful perception shall open to the light of eternity, and pour their riches into the soul. Dear, dear friend, with such views before us, so soon to be realized, can we be aught but happy? Nor is it only a future good we joy in, for

> "Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
> Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries."

May all that is within us praise His holy name!

To a Friend.

Malvern, *July* 17, 1845.

I am thankful to hear of your welfare, and am much pleased with your faithful adherence to the Wesleyans whilst at S——. I bear no feeling of hostility to any people of any religious community, but I do prefer the doctrines and discipline of the Wesleyan Methodists to any other; and believing, as I do, that Trinitarianism is the only true scriptural theory respecting Deity, I feel bound, in duty to my God, to throw all the weight of my example and influence on that view of the subject, not from party spirit, but from

love and reverence to the Lord Jesus Christ, and an anxious desire that all the world "through Him might be saved."

Oh, dearest C——, cling to the cross of the Saviour. Let your hopes of eternal salvation all spring from a deep conviction of the need and value of His great atonement. Cultivate the lowliest thoughts of your own doings; see your holiest duties and happiest moments as they really are, impure till sprinkled by the blood of the Great Sacrifice. Have recourse by faith to that blood daily, hourly, momentarily. Live in constant reference to it, and you shall be saved for ever. I often think of you when climbing up these magnificent hills. We have been twice up on donkeys, and twice on foot, and often at other places.

To Mrs. Booth.

Malvern, *July* 21, 1845.

We took donkeys last week, Mrs. and Miss Westcott and I, and went on Tuesday evening to Barnard's Green to the Wesleyan prayer-meeting, but we found no one to hold it; so, as there was only one old man there, and he unconverted, I gave out a hymn, and called on a good primitive-looking woman of fifty or sixty years old to pray. She did so, most sweetly and edifyingly. Then I read part of a chapter, and sang, and called on another poor woman, who amazed me by her fervour, fluency, and feeling; then I prayed, and so we parted. Yesterday morning Mrs. and Miss Westcott and I walked over to Barnard's Green, though it is four miles going and returning. A good, plain, local preacher gave us a discourse on keeping the Sabbath day holy, and we all returned tired, but happy. We all went to Worcester on Friday to see the china manufactory and the cathedral.

To Miss S. Greer.

Malvern, *July* 22, 1845.

We have been staying some weeks in this charming locality for change of air. You may have often heard of the Malvern Hills and their surrounding country. It is most beautiful; and we have so enjoyed our sojourn as to feel natural regret when called to depart. But it is not our rest, nor is Bristol, nor any other endeared spot on earth;

the pilgrim's only home is heaven. To hold ourselves as good soldiers, equally ready to halt, to march, to fight, to put on the armour, or lay it down for ever, is the design of all our discipline. When we shall have been truly trained and exercised; when grace shall have its triumphant reign in our bosoms; when the Lord's mercy shall have been magnified in converting, renewing, upholding, delivering, and saving us; when His wise purposes shall have been all answered in us, and by us,—then, oh, then we shall be taken to our Father's house, and peace, peace be our everlasting possession. Oh, how unspeakably good is our Divine Benefactor! how He smiles away our fears, and fills us with adoring love and gratitude!

We return to Bristol on Saturday the 26th inst. My health seems more confirmed. I am not afraid of my Great Physician making any mistakes. He knows me, and His mercy compasseth me round about. Shall we not have some more direct and satisfactory mode of conveying our thoughts and feelings than we have now, when we shall reach heaven?

I began this with my heart full of praise; it remains still full. I give little expression to what overwhelms me with admiration, because I cannot. But in eternity new powers will aid new perceptions, and the mercy I now feel shall be my song for ever.

To Miss S. Greer.

Malvern, *July* 1845.

England has presented me with great privileges; many of the excellent of the earth are here, and many of them I know. One esteemed Christian, a surgeon, has been at Malvern a few days, and had brought handbills and tracts to give away. He procured more, and for two or three evenings, he resolutely took his stand among a crowd of country people who were assembled to witness some strolling mummery of mountebanks, and gave away numbers of those papers, accompanying them with warnings to "flee from the wrath to come." Some took the paper, read it, and went home. A young man, with two young women, was advancing to the scene of folly. Mr.

Greenly silently reached one to the man, he read it to his companions, and they immediately withdrew from the place. One man was so struck by conscience that he followed Mr. Greenly, confessed his sinfulness, and, I hope, sought a place for repentance not in vain.

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *August* 29, 1845.

We have at present on a visit to us an old superannuated preacher, the Rev. William Pearson, who was married to the sister of Henry Martyn. He is one of the most devoted Christians I ever knew. He is always "in the spirit" of praise and prayer, abounds in interesting anecdotes of early Wesleyan labours, and has for about fifty-two years preached the gospel with much success. He told me yesterday that one year of his travelling in Wales, he had to preach in a poor neighbourhood once a month, where the society was unable to keep him at night after the service of the day was ended; but there was the curate of the parish, who attended his ministry, and would pray after the sermon, and often took Mr. Pearson home to supper, and sent him off warmed and fed to ride nine or ten miles to his bed. This curate had £20 to £30 a year, to maintain himself, his wife, and four or five children on, and the proceeds of a miserable little school, making about £20 or £30 more. His house was not as good as a collier's hut, but his heart was full of love to God and to his people, and he saved from his own dinner what he monthly gave the Methodist preacher for supper. Sometimes Mr. Pearson, knowing the poor curate's poverty, would not go home with him, but took horse and rode past the door. At those times the curate's wife took her post before her own door, with a little cup of beer in her hands, and as soon as Mr. Pearson came forward, she reached him the cup, and made him drink it. When he was leaving the circuit, the poor curate sent him a token of his love, wrapped carefully up in paper. It was all was in his power: it was a shilling!

Twenty years afterwards, Mr. Pearson was in the same country, and found that the poor curate had gone triumphantly to heaven, and that three of the children now

grown up were Methodists, and—preserved by their late father, and treasured up by them—he also found Fletcher's *Appeal*, which he had given when taking leave of them. It would delight you to be with this holy servant of his Lord. He is now seventy-six years old, and may yet live a few more. He can still preach occasionally in Cardiff, where his home is.

My sprained foot is very troublesome; it cannot bear much fatigue, which is trying to me, as my general health needs a good deal of air and exercise; but all is right, all as it ought to be, all works for good. I can give you no idea of the Lord's goodness to me. Outwardly and inwardly, all is mercy and love. My heart is oppressed at times with my "load of benefits." Oh to feel my mercies is such an additional mercy that I cannot utter half His praise!

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *September* 9, 1845.

Help me to magnify the name of the Lord. "I was brought low and He helped me." Since I last wrote to you, I have been confined to my bed, and brought down to the entrance of the "dark valley;" but "God, who is rich in mercy," has raised me up again.

On Wednesday I felt very ill, but hoped it would pass off. I took something medicinal, and went to bed. In the night my illness increased, with violent vomitings, till about ten A.M. on Thursday, it became decided cholera, with paroxysms of agonizing pains. Dose after dose was given me, but all in vain till twelve o'clock, when sick faintings came on, and I felt almost unable to contend or rally. The darkness of receding life sat on my eyes, but the Lord was with me, and filled my lips with praise. I believe my death was then deferred by means of desperate remedies; but they were blessed to the desired end. I am now able to go out a little again, but my stomach is still weak, and needs watching and care.

Do not be anxious about me. I have every care and attention, and expect soon to be quite well.

I am meeting my classes. I hope when my time of

dying does arrive, to die in the work. But I may have many years to come. I feel all is well, all is welcome. Glory be to God, He has taught me a valuable lesson in the furnace! Oh how I praise and adore Him!

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *September* 18, 1845.

My health continues better, though my strength does not progress much. I feel fully convinced I am in my place and at my post. I cannot die one hour sooner than God wills, and could I prolong life by withdrawing from where He has appointed me, I would not do it. Blessed he His holy name! my soul is kept unspeakably happy in His love. I adore His wisdom, I exult in His manifested mercy. Through all eternity my song shall be, "Of His mercy, He saved me." Never were there kinder friends than I have; all my wants cared for, all my weakness borne with, all my apprehensions for the future met and overcome. Oh, what manner of person ought I to be! "All praise, all meekness, and all love!"

Our new preachers seem full of life and love. I hear sweetly instructive sermons, and we have heavenly class-meetings.

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *September* 29, 1845.

My health continues better. I am kept continually engaged, not exhaustingly, for I am never better than when meeting two classes a day, and afterwards. My three classes are getting large, and I sometimes think I must form a fourth, but I shall not be in a hurry. One thing I do know, we are all, or nearly all, of one heart and mind, striving together for the hope of the gospel.

Oh how I delight in the means of grace! The word preached is sweeter than the tongue can express, the word read is "marrow and fatness," and the fellowship in the Spirit with the Lord's dear children is like the beginning of heaven. I am visiting a young gentleman, of whom I cherish much hope, who was preparing to enter Cambridge University when laid on a bed of sickness. He will

recover, I believe, and will, I trust, be "a new creature." Oh how I love to see souls coming to Christ!

To Miss S. Greer.

Portland Square, *November* 6, 1845.

I have long desired to write to you, but still something was wanting to make it practicable. We spent a considerable time this summer at Great Malvern, among the hills so celebrated for air and scenery, etc. I returned much benefited. Then came a sprained foot. Then an alarming attack of English cholera, which again prostrated my strength. Then I went for some time, a few days in each week, to Clifton; became stronger; and lastly, have been, and now am suffering by night and day from bad toothache, and inflammation of my whole mouth and throat. Does not this look very dismal? and are you not ready to say it has been a trying year to me? But you are mistaken. The web of my life has a few coarse threads in it, and these, picked out and put together, may make the whole appear a tissue of sackcloth in the estimation of friends at a distance; yet such is not the case. Fine and golden is the general texture, or if not so in the material, the light that falls on it from above renders it so to my apprehension. Oh, could I detail the goodness and mercy of my providential lot, could I express the loving-kindness of a condescending God, and the thousand channels of spiritual enjoyment ever pouring "in due season" the needful supplies, you would join me in humble and fervent adoration, and the ascription of the heart's warmest praise.

Through all my little chastisements, I have been enabled to meet my classes, and visit my poor, and pay and receive the visits of my friends; and only a very few times have I been kept from my customary attendance on the public ordinances.

To Mrs. Booth.

November 1845.

I heard some pleasant anecdotes at Clifton. One I shall tell you.

After the battle of Waterloo, an English officer who had been in the engagement galloped to and fro over the field,

to see any of the British soldiery wounded, yet living. At a little distance he perceived an open book clasped in the hand of a soldier; as he drew nearer, he observed that the forefinger of the other hand rested on one verse. He dismounted; the book was lying in blood, and the cold finger of death seemed glued to the passage. He caught up the book from the clutch of the corpse, and read the marked verse, "In my Father's house are many mansions." "Ah," thought the officer, "had I been struck, was I prepared, like this honest Bible-reading fellow, to extract comfort in death's agonies from such a verse?" The Spirit of God made this circumstance the means of his conversion. He gave his whole heart to his Maker, and lived and died a true Christian.

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *January* 8, 1846.

My classes are large, and have many sick in them, and my Misericordia visiting is imperative. I am now a member of the Wesleyan Dorcas Society; and every other Wednesday morning (once a fortnight) I hold my Bible meeting in our largest parlour, which will accommodate between fifty and sixty persons. All these things take time; and I cannot absent myself altogether from the kind family with whom God has so identified me that I have every comfort and attention needful.

Oh, never was there more special and undeserved love from my fellows than is graciously given me! The Lord has fulfilled to me every promise on which He long ago caused me to trust.

My cold nearly reached inflammation of the chest. It was very bad, and is only just gone; but I never would omit meeting my classes or holding my Bible meeting all the time it lasted. I have constant fire in my bed-room this winter; but I go out as usual, only not in rain. I use great precaution, and have to wear a respirator every time I go out.

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *March* 11, 1846.

I was very thankful to hear of Mr. Booth's convalescence. May the Lord long spare his life to those who love and

esteem him! My sister too is getting better, which is cause of rejoicing to her children.

I began my fourth class yesterday morning, which gives me two to meet on Tuesday and two on Monday. I like to have them all early in the week. There is a freshness and sweetness in Monday and Tuesday feelings after the Sabbath; and classes on those days seem to confirm the impressions of the word previously preached in the sanctuary. Am I right? I am a little exhausted those two nights going to bed; but then I have all the remaining days to visit sick and absent members, and walk into the country, etc. etc.

Thursday, 12th.

Yesterday I walked with Miss Westcott to Leigh woods, and had a deal of trudging about after poor people and sick members besides, both before and after; and all this day I have been travelling in town and country, till I am very, very weary. But it is my path of duty, and proves very healthful to me, so that I rejoice in constant engagements of the Lord's own planning. I get almost no leisure for writing, and extremely little for reading, but I am quite as happy as when retired and studious.

My health improves greatly; I hope to be able to work till the last day of my life. Ah, this has been long my ardent desire, to die just as I had done meeting my last class, that I might be no burden to my friends in illness, and have no dying conflicts with Satan. When gradually worn down to the "gates of death," there is usually much mental prostration, and I do trust in God to be spared it; but I do say from my heart, "Thy will be done."

To Miss S. Greer.

Portland Square, *March* 13, 1846.

Yesterday I was incessantly trudging through the hot streets of our city, with wearied feet, paying visits to the poor and to the wealthy; and as I squeezed through the crowd, or pushed my way through the long narrow lanes, I asked myself why I stayed not in my sweet, quiet home in Portland Square, and for a moment I did feel that my

body asked for rest; but conscience whispered, "The present work is your work; your happiness is in it. The Lord has appointed it, and blessed it. There will be rest at eve for a time, and in heaven for ever." So I presently forgot I was tired, and went on my way rejoicing. Blessed Lord Jesus! Thine was the life of unparalleled labour, Thine the cup of unmingled sorrows. Precious to the believer is everything which leads to Thee, or savours of Thee, or comes from Thee!

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *March* 21, 1846.

I have bought to-day's newspaper for you and Mr. Booth, that you might have the public opinion of our lamented and esteemed friend, Mr. Wood.[1] He died on Thursday last, and has left the city, and the Wesleyan church, without his equal here. We are all full of sorrow; for his usefulness was greater than that of any other he has left behind. He abolished the annual fair, which was such a scene of wickedness as could not be particularized or described; and he lately collected some hundreds of pounds to free the Wesleyan chapel Ebenezer from a heavy debt.

My health continues good; and I am kept very busy. I have had five classes to meet this week, and a vast amount of visiting the sick. I begin to feel that the rest of heaven will be sweet to the body as well as to the soul. But I am never happier than when most busy, without a moment's leisure, in the will of God. Whatever comes by Providential planning is all right.

To a Friend.

Weston-super-Mare, *June* 6.

I have been wishful to hear from you since I came here. May I beg you to write as soon as you can, and give me any information you can about the meeting for tickets of my class on Monday.

[1] Mr. James Wood, of King Square, a class-leader and magistrate. It was to his father, the Rev. James Wood, that we were indebted for our first introduction to Miss Lutton.

It is so intensely hot here that I have less strength than I had before I came, but am very well in all other respects. Only I could wish to be in the routine of my wonted engagements in dear Bristol, as I hate an idle, lie-about life. Oh, I am so glad I was not born to be a fine lady!

How do you get on heavenward? Are you simple? Are you spiritual? Is your sweetest enjoyment converse with God? Oh, pant after deeper knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus! He is your life. From Him, in Him, through Him, comes all good.

Keep up increasing tenderness of conscience about little things. Nothing is really little which can affect eternal interests. Thoughts, tempers, words, conduct, all bear on futurity; and it is better to be laughed at by our fellows than frowned on by our Maker. Never allow yourself to imagine you are of no use to any one in a spiritual sense. This is Satan's suggestion. If we were always intent upon being personally united to Christ, we could not fail to be of the use God wills us; and there is more true religion in seeking a close walk with God for our own selves than in half the apparent zeal for proselyting others.

To Miss S. Greer.

Weston-super-Mare, *June* 15, 1846.

Did I ever mention a family near Bristol with whom I have been for some years intimately acquainted? The name is Dando. One of the young ladies is truly pious, and highly intellectual; she writes beautifully, and has published a small essay entitled, 'The Genius of the Sabbath.' I like her much for her Christian experience, her affectionate disposition, and her superior mind. If I can, I shall procure and send you her little work. About five weeks since, we spent an evening at the house of her father, when I was for the first time introduced to Dr. Porter and his sister, the once celebrated novel writer, Miss Jane Porter. She has lately come to live in our beautiful square, and is busy compiling memoirs of her later distinguished brother, Sir Robert Ker Porter, who had resided for some years at the court in Russia. Miss Porter is very fascinating in her

manners, and excites a good deal of interest, though now, I should think, upwards of sixty. She is full of anecdote and sentiment. She was remarkably civil to me, and when I since called on her, told me that her grandmother was Irish, and that she inherited the whole entail of Milesian blood. I wish she had true religion, but in the scepticism of my heart I am ready to ask, "Can a man be born again when he is old?" In our first interview she told me I so much resembled her deceased dearest friend, Miss Benger, that she could not divest her mind of the likeness; but I fancy our second *tête-à-tête* destroyed the connecting imagination, as I candidly declared my hostility to novels. Oh what a pity she does not even now dedicate her all to God!

We have had a pleasant visitor lately, Rev. James Holme, Vicar of Kirkleatham, and author of *Mount Grace Abbey*, and other poetical works. He is a good man, and a most entertaining companion.

Have you ever met with a new book called *Memoirs of Margaret Catchpole?* It is not fictitious in any part of its extraordinary narrative, and was written by a clergyman, a Mr. Cobbold, with whose mother this Margaret lived as servant. A lady whom I know assured me her sister lived near Mr. Cobbold, and the names are real ones, the persons bearing them having left many of their family in Suffolk. If it comes in your way, glance a little over it. It shows how great evils one small error may lead to, and is valuable as a faithful record and proof of that hackneyed saying, "Truth is stranger than fiction."

June 22d.—I began this a week ago, but I begin now to think my uninterrupted rest and quiet will be the grave. I cannot do half what good folk wish, in talking or writing or walking, though I talk, write, walk more than most ladies I know. Yet when, at the close of a day or week, I can call back in remembrance the whole past, how humbling to feel I can only use the prayer of the publican, with the deep consciousness of being an unprofitable servant!

We hope to return to Bristol during this week. Have you read Keble's *Christian Year?* I like it much, particularly St. John's day and the second Sunday after Trinity.

To Mrs. Booth.

June 16, 1846.

Neither my Methodism nor my years have made me unpopular yet; but oh what good does it do to any one? Can I lead poor Miss Porter out of the dreams of fiction into the realization of a world of eternal importance?[1] I fear not, and I therefore decline her offers of personal intimacy, though she is come to live in our square, and is fast tending to the house appointed for all living. She is about sixty or sixty-five years of age, of a tall, noble, and imposing figure, a countenance full of benevolent expression, and made a very ingenious apology to me for her novel writing, as if she anticipated censure. She is far from Mrs. R——'s style, though not less aristocratic; has lived among coroneted brows, if not crowned heads, all her days.

In visiting the sick poor for the Misericordia Society, I meet the strangest people. One of my patients is far gone in a consumption. "Do you pray?" said I. "I cannot," she replied; "I do not know how to pray. Before I was married I went regularly to church, but not much since, and I must be content without it." "But," said I, "as you can read your Bible, have you not found there the publican's prayer, and been encouraged, however ignorant you are, 'to look unto Jesus?'" "See, here He is, ma'am; my eyes are little away from Him and the blessed Virgin." So saying, she took a wretched daub of an old drawing on paper from the wall, and presented it to me. It had a little painted black wooden frame, which she kept dusting most reverently. To teach her anything of mentally looking to the Saviour seemed impossible, but God can open the eyes of her understanding. There is nothing darker or more deplorable in Popish Ireland than this brutish ignorance in Bristol. To look at a picture is her faith in Christ, and to dust its frame is her doing all she can to serve Him.

To-day I visited a very different person, who has kept her bed thirty-seven years, in excruciating pain most of the time, poor as Job, but able to say with him, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." She was a Methodist forty years ago, but has

[1] It is pleasing to be able to add that this amiable and talented lady was brought to the knowledge of the truth before her death.

outlived her leader and her class-mates, and all that generation, and now lives on parish pay of three shillings a week, and a shilling from some one procured by the Strangers' Friend Society. She is beautifully clean and nice-looking, and happy in God.

To Mrs. Booth.

Weston-super-Mare, *June* 25, 1846.

I cannot express the happiness that was poured into my heart this morning by a seemingly simple circumstance. We could not get any butter last night in the town for our breakfast. This morning after seven o'clock, Mrs. Westcott and I went to the Esplanade, to watch the tide coming in. A woman crossed our path with some nice butter in a basket; we stopped to look at it, and I felt strangely drawn to its owner. "From whence come you this morning?" asked I. "From Brent, seven miles off," said she. "What a dreary long way so early! and you walk it all?" "Oh yes," she replied; "but I was very happy in my travelling. I felt so thankful to God." I could conceal what were my thoughts no longer, and another question from me filled her eyes with tears, which again and again she wiped away. She then, in a few unaffected words, gave me her spiritual history. She had been convinced of sin under a pious curate's ministry, but she relapsed into the sleep of worldly-mindedness for some time, till fully brought to God through Christ by the preaching of one Betsy Curtis (a Ranter, I suppose), who went through the country "doing good." She is now and has long been "an heir of the promises," and to all appearance a genuine Christian.

Oh what I felt of encouragement to my own poor soul, in feeling this mark that I love the brethren! ay, the poorest in any place or circumstance. And how I anticipated the full tide of reciprocated enjoyment—

> "When all the ship's company meet
> Who sailed with the Saviour beneath!"

This humble butter-woman was the messenger of my Lord, to glad my heart with "joy unspeakable and full of glory." All that is within me bless His holy name!

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *September* 1846.

Our invalids are recovering, and we see a little blue sky in outward providences. You will be surprised when I tell you that last week, being one of special services at Baptist Mills, about half a mile off in the country, I attended the noon prayer-meeting four days, and prayed simply when called on, though with "fear and trembling;" and yesterday, for the first time since I came to Bristol, I spoke in a love-feast in Ebenezer Chapel. So you see the Lord is mercifully keeping me willing to be anything or nothing He shall choose. It is truly wonderful how He opens my way. Miss W. and her mamma are constant propellers to all these things. Miss W. loves the means of grace, and delights in seeing me willing to take up all such crosses as they sometimes are. Now have I not cause for thankfulness? My classes are increasing in numbers and piety. We have very sweet meetings always. Did I tell you that three daughters of Rev. Jonathan Edmondson are come to live in this city and meet in my classes? They are very excellent ladies. I have so many privileges and mercies, that I cannot tell the sum of them.

To Miss S. Greer.

Portland Square, *December* 18, 1846.

When I read your letter I felt I must do one of two things, either sit down and tell England's good qualities to one who seemed perfectly a stranger to them, or set out on what to me is crucifixion of taste, feelings, and enjoyment, namely, to beg for Ireland. There must be some safety-valve for emotions such as your representation excited, so the most natural happened to be the most easy, and I wrote No. 1 of the present series. However, though a little relieved, I was not quite comfortable. Starving children were worse to my thoughts than any other subjects of starvation. I went in search of my young friend, and read your letter to her, not to obtain her money, but her sympathy, hoping that when we had both dropt a tear, I might dismiss the matter. I knew her exchequer must be empty, for she had been giving, giving, giving, to Jews and Christians,

till I wondered how she did all. Well, my young friend did not weep, for the English have more self-control than we have, and are as much ashamed of being thought feeling as we are of being known to be poor. She did not weep, but she spoke, and her voice had a little tremor in it. "Here," said she, drawing from her pocket a purse, and giving me one half-crown,—"Here is all I can give to poor Ireland; keep the purse for contributions, ask your friends everywhere for more, let my mite be accepted, and I am sure you will succeed."

I dedicated myself from that moment, by prayer for God's blessing, to the work of asking aid for your schools. It was humiliating to my mind at first, but became sweet. I have been very, very busy writing in all directions, and then calling on the persons written to. Indeed before I attempted this, my hands and time were quite full, as I thought too full. But it is wonderful what we can do by rising early before day, and sitting up late, and taking less rest all day. The Lord has given me unhoped for success. I refer you to No. 3 of this packet.

And now, one word more: I have pledged myself to my kind contributors that you and your sisters will judiciously, economically, and in person appropriate from time to time, during the ensuing weeks of famine, to the exclusive benefit of the neighbourhood around you, the money now sent, not for clothes nor fuel, but food only. And they wish that your Sunday-school children should be first secured a breakfast every Sabbath at the school; next your day scholars one or two breakfasts in the week, if the money will afford it. Let the children of your schools have food prepared and given them every morning if you can afford it. The money is for them and them only. I shall expect you to write to me some particulars of the results, and also a letter of thanks, which I can read to my generous friends. You must be prudent in the outlay, as you need not expect any more. I have added my poor mite to make up what was wanting.

To Mrs. Dowling.

December 18, 1846.

I am a bad beggar, though I am an Irishwoman, but on

the present occasion I must try to solicit help. You have heard of my poor country being dreadfully scourged by famine, but you can scarcely conceive the reality.

Last Friday I had a letter from Miss Greer of Moy, near Charlemont. She and her sisters have founded an infant day-school and a Sunday school for the poor children of the neighbourhood. They are most indefatigable in every labour of love for the Lord's sake. Miss Greer writes to me in the most affecting manner: her poor Sunday scholars are starving! Some of them never taste food till evening. On yesterday fortnight she saw a little girl, five years old, in a corner of the room crying bitterly. Two older sisters sat silent and sorrowful beside her, intent on their books. On being asked the cause of her weeping, she said she was cold, but at last acknowledged it was because she was very, very hungry, and had had nothing to eat all that day, neither had her sisters. Famine was stamped on their pale countenances. Miss Greer begs for means to give these famishing school-girls a breakfast every Sunday of meal-porridge, to keep them alive. Will you ask Mr. D. to give me something towards this object? It is in the north, in Protestant Ulster, where pride and poverty meet, and where even infants are taught to conceal their misery till the body is wasted by hunger. Had I the means of supplying the money, no other should be asked.

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *December* 19, 1846.

I was very glad to hear from you, though I have been so busy this last week or fortnight that I could scarcely take sufficient sleep or rest of any kind. In addition to my usual fully-occupying engagements, I have been collecting money for the children of a Sunday school in the north of Ireland, who are almost fainting with hunger over their books. They go to school without tasting food, and, having all the pride of the northern Protestants, conceal the cause, whilst starvation stares in every feature. I sent off £15 yesterday, and hope it may save life, and promote instruction.

My own health is improved, though I have taken a fresh

cold and again wear my respirator, but it will soon leave me. I look at my present lot in life with wonder. It is one of complete and constant bustle, compared with my former habits, and I can seldom sit quietly for an hour with a book but on Sundays. Often do I anticipate the rest of heaven, yet without a sigh, for in my very humble measure I can say—

"Whilst I do His blessed will
I bear my heaven about me still."

Oh, it matters not where I am, nor what I do, if God send me! Never could I endure begging till now, but it has strangely become a duty to my country, and the Lord has given me success. Bless Him all that is within me! Praise His holy name for ever!

I wish you the happiest Christmas you ever enjoyed on earth. May you and your good husband sink into depths of enjoyment! May you be "filled with the Spirit"!

To Miss S. Greer.

December 26, 1846.

Your kind letter arrived this afternoon. I cannot understand why my packet did not reach you sooner, nor your letter come here yesterday. However, as all is now right, I am satisfied, and truly thankful that the bounty of my Bristol friends is so very acceptable. Be sure you do not let the children starve, and when the money I sent you is legitimately expended, write to me, and I promise you the dear Bristolians will not let "the little ones" perish in your neighbourhood.

To Miss S. Greer.

Portland Square, *January* 14, 1847.

Do you know any family in your neighbourhood who would give you a Belfast paper weekly, at a penny a week, several days after that family had read it? I want to have some of the "daily news" of the north of Ireland for several purposes, and I never by any chance see one since Sir James Emerson Tennant left for Ceylon. For some years he had a Belfast newspaper sent me weekly, as a token of

his kind remembrance, but during the last three years I know nothing of a province (Ulster) which must ever be dear to me.

My family connections cannot write frequently, and only family news reaches me. For the ensuing six months, at least, I would gladly give a penny a week to know how my poor country fares in the famine. If you can procure it, I will feel obliged. Let me know how many children are in each of your schools, how many of these very poor, and how much one breakfast or meal for all the poor ones would cost in any single day. Also how your school expenses are defrayed, and what you and sisters do systematically for the poor of all ages. All this is to furnish my own mind with correct ideas of the real state of your schools, and what you are doing for the poor. Write soon, and oh, give "the little ones" as much as they can eat when you do feed them! The Lord never faileth them that trust in Him.

There is a frightful drainage on every pocket now in England, for the sister country and for the Highlands of Scotland. Little children at Christmas getting their choice, —toys, or money for the starving Irish,—cry out, "No toys, but bread for the hungry!" Several give up sugar and butter, and puddings and pies, and calculate the cost, and give the money to the collectors, who send it to the clergyman of some parish in Ireland. Is your clergyman truly pious and active? and does he receive much assistance and do good?

When collecting for you, I printed at my own expense a few verses on half a sheet of letter paper, and sent one inside each letter of begging.[1] They were very useful, and

[1] The following are the verses alluded to :—

PITY THE LITTLE ONES.

"On last Sunday week I saw a fine little girl, five years old, weeping bitterly, in the school; I asked the cause, and she said she was cold. At length she confessed she was very hungry, and had eaten nothing all day. Two sisters, a little older, sat beside her; they said nothing, but starvation was impressed on every feature of their faces. Oh that I could give the children of our schools a breakfast!"—*From a private letter received from a lady in the north of Ireland, in Protestant Ulster.*

Oh, be not angry, lady dear!
It was a lie I told;

I find there is an excellent dissenting lady, who nobly sent me five of the pounds remitted to you, who sold several copies of my meagre verses for a shilling a copy, to make a second little sum. Indeed the people's hearts are full of love to the distressed, whenever they hear of them.

To Miss S. Greer.

Portland Square, *January 22*, 1847.

I never worked as hard in my life. I can beg and not be ashamed, and I can print and sell for sixpence each my

I feared my sisters, sitting near,
And answered I was cold.

For Ann and Mary feel the same,
As I know very well;
But both agreed, before they came,
They'd sooner die than tell.

It is not that my feet are bare,
My frock is old and thin;
To cry for warmer things to wear
Would surely be a sin!

I am not weary of my book,
I do not long to roam;
And when upon the clock I look,
I dread the going home.

This morning when we came away,
My mother said, "Be good,
You cannot break your fast to-day,
To-morrow brings you food."

And thus, on every Sunday morn,
We starve, as we do now;
I wish I never had been born,
Or that I were a cow.

For on the way some cows we saw
Were feeding in a yard;
I tried to eat a little straw,
But could not, 'twas so hard!

'This day our daily bread be given;"
Lady, what means the prayer?
It must be, "Take us all to heaven!
There is no hunger there."

own productions, and weep gratefully when I realise a few shillings.

I send you a copy of verses which have been received cordially by my personal friends, who have exerted themselves amazingly, giving and begging and selling! I am now printing a hymn for "the little ones,"[1] and shall send you some copies to have sung; the greater number we shall sell, and keep the "poor Irish robins," as a lady in London calls them, alive with crumbs. I pay all printing, post office orders, stamps, and every incidental expense myself. I trust in the Lord to be enabled for a few months to obtain pickings for your poor children.

To Miss S. Greer.

Portland Square, *January* 29, 1847.

I have sent Mr. Leech's letter to be read by persons able to assist his poor parishioners, if they are not prevented by the yet more destitute applicants of the southern districts. However, when I receive the smallest assistance, I shall remit it to him. Will you say so, and thank him for his prompt letter? I do not wish to dictate, nor alter your plans, which are, no doubt, the result of sound judgment; but might it not have been better to confine your bounty to the infant school to the three days a week, and give Mr. Leech a few shillings weekly for his boys' schools? This I thought of when I said twenty shillings; but again I repeat, I leave all to yourself and sisters.

I should have long ago alluded to your kind counsel to take care of my health, etc., in this struggle to aid my country, had I not foreseen what is now actually the case, that after a desperate and continuous effort to do Ireland good, there would be great difficulty in keeping up the same interest, even though the need increases. About £150,000 from Government and other sources goes weekly to relieve Ireland, and I begin to find private means exhausted with the perpetual drainage. People ask me when there is to be an end, or what do the poor of Ireland

[1] This "Hymn for Ireland's Little Ones" is in six stanzas, set to the air of "God save the Queen."

look forward to. I cannot tell them, and for some considerable time I have been keeping my own courage up with, not donations, but the sale of my papers for sixpence each, and even that grows flat; so that, my dear friend, you will perceive I shall be compelled to retire from the field long before your foes—famine and fever—are conquered. I thank the Lord for what He has privileged me to do. It has not been much, but it has been done "as unto the Lord," and I trust it will be blessed in some of its results.

Please let me know if the money in your hands will last till the beginning of May, at twenty shillings per week. As I advanced some of that money, it had to be refunded, and so I must calculate how long I can hope to keep going. Will you also write on a slip of paper a receipt for the £15 for the use of schools at Moy, signing your name, and dating it at the time of its advent to you? It needs no stamp for this purpose, but as my account is kept very accurate, I wish to have proper documents showing how the money has been sent by me.

Your letter was very interesting, and the same post brought me three others, so full of harrowing tidings as to make me ask, "When shall the rod of His chastening depart?" In one part of Ireland the clergyman has sunk under the pressure of his parish, and is in a lunatic asylum! In others the half of the population are famishing. I hope you will write again soon.

I have been more than usually indisposed for the last few days, but hope it will pass off soon. I send you a specimen of my "last publication," on the sale of which I now depend for any further supply of cash. My heart glows with gratitude to the Lord, that I am permitted to "hew wood or draw water" in behalf of suffering humanity.

Please write me again how you make the "little ones'" pudding very minutely, as a young friend of mine wishes to try it for the English poor, and I have lost the recipe.

A young friend sends sixpence and fourpence in penny stamps to buy meal for little Anne's mother.

To Thomas Booth, Esq.

Portland Square, *February* 3, 1847.

Will you accept and appropriate to the use of your very hungry poor the enclosed £5? It is a small part of the profits arising from the sale and circulation of some poetic trifles I wrote, and had printed for the benefit of Irish schools, and children generally, in my famine-stricken country.

As your attention is greatly drawn to the "little ones" in and about Kilbeggan, my poor offering may perhaps be accepted, as I cannot yet send a richer one; but please do with it whatever you like, for man, woman, or child, and may the Lord bless your endeavours!

To Miss S. Greer.

Portland Square, *February* 8, 1847.

I am much pleased and obliged by your circumstantial letter, and as a proof that I feel with and for both you and your dear sisters, will you accept from my "gleaning basket" five shillings a week, to be expended in any way you please, for the poor of your schools or neighbourhood, whether children or adults? Use it as you please for the multifarious purposes which may commend themselves to your consideration. I ask no account of its outlay. You will make it useful in soup tickets, or flannel, or meal, or pinafores, any or all of them, for those your heart pities. Oh that I could spare you more! But I must look a little to the future, and watch lest, having yielded to my commiseration, I fail in my purpose of aiding you through the hard approaching summer. But do not fear, I shall give you (the Lord prospering me) twenty-five shillings a week from this day (Monday) as long after July as I can. So a week previous to the outlay of your last twenty-five shillings, let me hear from you that you will need a supply.

And now, do be entreated by me, pity thyself; work not too anxiously; take time to read, to pray, to make "melody in your heart unto the Lord." Forget not your mercies in the people's miseries. "According to thy power" mitigate their distress, but live in the spirit of praise. He who can

cause good to spring out of evil will relieve the necessities of the afflicted, when His wise designs are accomplished.

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *February* 26, 1847.

My paper will tell you I am likely to be in black all the year. My dear sister Tucker, whom Mrs. Mayne well knew in Belfast, is dead, and last week was a busy one getting the outward part of my mourning. What a comfort that her "warfare is accomplished," and she entered into the joy of her Lord! She enjoyed religion before I was born, and exemplified it through life, and her dying smile was elicited by reference to the near approaching glories of heaven.

As there were only about four years' difference between the age of her eldest child (long since dead) and my age, I have no recollection of her when unmarried; but my heart, nevertheless, felt a good deal, as she was always very affectionate, and greatly beloved by those who knew her.

It has been a time of seasonable access to my heavenly Father. "Friend after friend departs," but one Friend never leaves, never forsakes. Am I to survive almost all my near kindred? Well, be it so, if the Lord appoint it.

"On this my stedfast soul relies,
Father, Thy mercy never dies!"

To Miss S. Greer.

February 1847.

Do just as you please with the schools. I have no objection to your five mornings per week for the infant school. Give me now and again some observations on the state of your neighbouring poor, and a fact or two, if possible. Besides selling my papers, I am latterly receiving aid for the poor generally from several kind friends and their circle of acquaintances. A dear lady here, a true follower of the Saviour (an Independent), is a great help to me. She here, and her sister in Southampton, get many a "Little One" and "Hymns" sold; and to transmit to adult sufferers, Mr. Wills, her husband, gave me two five-pound notes. These are all gone, and many other pounds also,

to Killashee, Kilbeggan, Bally-gawley, Donegal, and one five pounds to your good clergyman, Rev. J. Leech. I wish it were £50 to Moy; but I cannot coin, even were it lawful to do so.

I am told that the Quakers' Fund—raised in England, and having its own agents in Ireland—would give to deserving localities on application to Mr. Richardson of Lisburn, without "respect of persons."

Need I remind you that if you see Wesleyan children in want, as well as Church of England children, you will not "give them a stone"? Oh, let us know no party, no sect, no difference; we are fellow-creatures of the same flesh and country, and partakers of the common sorrow! Most of my scraping and gathering has been from or through Wesleyan influence. Church persons—though I told every one it was for Church children—gave almost nothing.

Dearly do I love every remembrance of you all, and as I draw nearer the period of meeting the spirits of the happy dead, the more delighted I am to think we shall soon be with them.

> "Far from a world of grief and sin,
> With God eternally shut in."

Do not sell the "Hymns" in Ireland; give them.

I am printing a second edition of "Pity," etc., and as I pay all expenses of every kind out of my own purse, the people buy and give very freely. Never shall a penny I receive go to any purpose but into safe Irish hands, and thence into the mouths of the hungry.

To T. Booth, Esq.

Portland Square, *March* 10, 1847.

I shall enclose in this packet a post office order for £5 from me to you. Please let it go in food only, and with as much economy and wisdom as the last I sent. I hope to be able to send you a little more in a month or two; but as I maintain the children of some schools in another locality, to which I allow £1, 5s. per week, and an occasional £5 to a hard-working curate, and the same to our Donegal

missionary, I cannot be more liberal to poor Kilbeggan than I am, and hope to be.

You will wonder where I get the money; but with more truth than Jacob, when he used the words, I can say, "The Lord thy God brought it to me." About December last I began to print "Pity the Little Ones" and "Hymns." I wrote letters and sent them far and wide to all I knew in England. It has cost me great mental and bodily exertion, for the letters I receive and answer are very numerous. Every shilling of expenditure for stamps, post office orders, and printing I pay out of my own pocket. To do this, which will be my contribution to poor Ireland, I must deny myself many things; but a sixpence obtained for the Irish sufferers shall never go for any purpose save food for the wretched.

To Miss S. Greer.

Portland Square, *March* 16, 1847.

I enclose an order for £5, being part of the proceeds of my "honest endeavours" in a small way for my poor stricken country. It is made payable, as formerly, from me to you, and is to be handed over to Mr. Leech, for any purpose or purposes he pleases, in relieving the most destitute of his parish.

I was much pleased with your specimens, but you made a sad mistake in not saying what I was to do with them, whether they were to be returned, or sold, or kept as deposits in the British Museum, or given away. Now I revolved all these things in my mind, and being left on the high seas of conjecture, without chart or compass, I resolved to steer according to my own wishes, and so I presented them to my young friend, Miss Westcott, as Irish productions. She is delighted with them, and as she is busy working for a bazaar to be opened at Clifton for the Irish, she will try to copy them. She never saw a trash bag before, and is quite in love with the idea. Please tell me how much those several articles sell for in Lurgan.

When all our anxieties about the poor are abated, and the earth again yields an abundant increase, I shall give you an order for one of each for myself, made by the three

working sisters, and sent with the kind remembrance of the fourth. Not however till next winter, for no love of friends must interfere with duty to the poor.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Portland Square, *March* 30, 1847.

I received your two letters in due time; both were very interesting to me, the second for its faithfulness. Oh, how it has brought before me spots hallowed in memory by their associations with my dear mother and her relations! Grandfather I cannot distinctly recollect, but uncles, aunts, cousins, all seem to my mind's eye as they were in years long past, and how few remain! If there is one earthly wish of my heart ungratified, it is this, to see once more before I die, Donaghclony and Breagh.

You ask respecting my books; I have not made many purchases. I bought Calmet's *Commentary and Dictionary*, in thirteen folio volumes, having Latin and French for the Bible, and the notes in French. It is a valuable copy, and expensive, but once in a lifetime to be extravagant in this way may be pardoned. I also bought Benson's *Commentary*, five vols. boards, 4to, which, with Montanus' Hebrew Bible, in five 12mo volumes, nearly comprehends my additions.

I get very little reading now compared with former years. By early rising I contrive to read a chapter in my Hebrew Bible, and one in my Greek Testament every morning. Afterwards I am the creature of circumstances, and must watch for leisure moments. I have been procuring and sending over money to the Irish all the winter, which has given me much letter-writing, and engrossed all my spare time. I had a dangerous illness also, which left me for a long season weak and languid. I am now better. But where shall I begin to tell of the goodness of the Lord to me? O William, I shall have much to say when we meet in heaven, of the love, and pity, and guardian care of my God! Religion grows not insipid as years advance. The Saviour is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," and love to Him is as sweet, fresh, and powerful as in its early impartation.

Of late years increasingly, my soul presses hard after

Him. To see Him, hear Him, feel Him near is all I covet. In my classes I am inexpressibly happy; in other means much profited; in the vicissitudes of outward matters taught lessons of great value. At all times, in all places, able to say and feel—

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find."

We are on a rapid march in a pilgrim path, and approaching home. Let us hold on our way by the simplicity of faith, and energetic actings of pure love.

To Miss S. Greer.

Portland Square, *April* 21, 1847.

Your accounts are very satisfactory and interesting. Your feast day at the school had its beneficial influence on the Ding's children. Such a scene as it was when your descriptive note was read to them! And every one that had given a half-penny to procure that feast held up the right hand, and every one who had been too poor or too indifferent to give was ready to run away with sorrow! My excellent friend, Mrs. Wills, is delighted and obliged for the graphic detail.

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *April* 28, 1847.

I felt most acutely this morning in reading the truth of your serious indisposition. Oh, if we were not parted by the water, how soon I should know for myself all the detail of your sufferings! How inexpressibly valuable and dear to our hearts our friends become, just when we begin to entertain the idea that we may outlive them! I dare not realize it for many moments about you; I never did seriously, though we used to talk playfully about my legacy of your little book-case and the old footstool. Still my fond expectation has been that to you might be consigned some of my last tokens of loving, grateful remembrance. We know not yet which shall precede the other, and wait to hail the last escaped to shore. We are in the Lord's hands. We are His, and have a glorious hope; we shall be with Him for ever.

To Miss S. Greer.

Portland Square, *May* 11, 1847.

I enclose you £5 for the schools, as you must soon need a supply. Enormous sums have been realized and sent over. From the Wesleyans about £18,000 or £19,000 in the public collections alone in the last announcement, and accounts are not yet forwarded from some of the places. When I am no longer able to send you money, I shall tell you so. But I have latterly treasured up for you all I could, and shall give you notice, when I make my last remittance, that the end is come. So do not be anxious, and I may perhaps get a little more when the reaction of public feeling has subsided.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Weston-super-Mare, *May* 27, 1847.

I wish much to know how my dear aunt is, and if your own health improves. We are poor "dying worms," and shall soon cease to be known or even remembered on earth. Oh, are we daily increasingly characterized by the spirit, converse, and conduct which plainly indicate we "seek a city which hath foundations," we desire a better country, that is a heavenly? Advancing years, or bodily affliction, or trying circumstances, greatly tend to mature the judgment, and help us to draw just conclusions about the world we live in; but only as far as we are under the blessed influence of the Holy Spirit.

How true we find it, "Without Him we can do nothing!" Age and sickness render us only cold and querulous, or trifling and imbecile, if not imbued by grace. But the power of the Holy One abiding on us—

> "Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
> And opens in the breast a little heaven."

Thank the Lord, my dear William, that you and I love the Saviour, and have a hope that maketh not ashamed; that we shall see Him as He is, and be growingly "like Him" through all eternity!

My own health is better than formerly. I have now six

classes; four of them meet on two days—Monday and Tuesday morning and evening; one on Sunday morning, and one Wednesday evening; and I am as well and as strong after them as before they commence. During four or five of the winter months, I have a regular fortnightly lecture for my own sex—very select—in one of our parlours, to which about sixty can be admitted. The Lord graciously owns it. Last winter an invalid young lady belonging to the Established Church was allowed to attend. The power of God visited her in the second meeting of the series. I knew nothing of her, but when increasing debility confined her to her room, she sent for me, and told me her distress. She "would see Jesus," and could not be comforted till He was manifested. She obtained peace, was filled with love, died in the faith, and is now casting her crown before the throne, filled with the felicity of heaven.

Often do I long to see my old friends in Ireland once more before I die, once more traverse the old roads and sit in the old houses; but it is very doubtful if I ever shall. My classes can have no supply in my absence, and I cannot bear to leave them uncared for. They are a precious portion of the Lord's people, and in England, members become so attached to their leader that they take more the place of children than any other, and are naturally cared for. Our meetings are full of love; "we dwell together in unity." We leave this watering-place (D.V.) on Saturday.

To Mrs. Booth.

June(?) 1847.

I do not think my meetings were ever gone through with such "looking unto Jesus," or ever so attended with His presence.

I think I told you of my having in one of my classes a lady lately come to live in Bristol, who is the great-granddaughter of the Vicar of Shoreham, the Rev. Vincent Perronet. She is a great comfort to me, often writes to me, and gives me delightful anecdotes of her ancestors. She is an excellent Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, and Italian scholar; she is retiring, and a few years at most will

probably remove her to heaven, as she seems to be nearly sixty years old.

Miss E. F—— has returned from the Continent, and called on me, and I went to see her afterwards, but I have declined going there much, as it disturbs me to keep up a constant war with her on the point of my not liking to go and live with her. God has placed me here, and never will I move, unless His providence take me up and set me down elsewhere. This morning a lady waited on me with a request and a message from Miss Jane Porter, who is the far-famed novel writer of the last forty years. The request was that I would permit her to come to my Bible meeting, as she is too weak to go to church, and the message was that she is coming (if admitted) to sit at the feet of Jesus! The lady who brought the request is one of high literary taste, who attends my meetings, and of whom I used to say she must not come. The Lord has been teaching me by many a process that my business is to do what He appoints, and leave results to Him. I bless Him He is my all! His smile makes heaven, His presence strengthens and cheers me.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Portland Square, *July* 2, 1847.

I wish you could find a little leisure to tell me how your health is. Thank the Lord, my bodily health is pretty good at present, though I always suffer languor and exhaustion from the city's heated atmosphere in the summer. We go out of town twice during these burning months each year, to recruit our strength; three or four weeks each time is all we usually spend. Last week, we returned from a short sojourn in the neighbourhood of Chepstow in Monmouthshire. There the scenery is very beautiful, there the nightingale pours his plaintive and enchanting lay, and every gale breathes fragrance, and all nature points the pious soul to God. I enjoyed it more than ever, I "mused on all His hands had wrought," and my heart glowed with gratitude and love.

I had two delightful meetings whilst there, during the last week of my stay, which gave me much comfort and good

hope through grace. Oh, what will heaven be, when fellowship on earth is so replete with sweetness! Shall we not soon see all our loved ones in our Father's house above? Oh yes! Praise the Lord! we are near the end.

Give my dear love to your mother, and bid her pray on for me a very little longer, and I shall thank God for her prayers in eternity.

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *July* 4, 1847.

I read with deep sympathy your affectionate note received yesterday. Oh, how does my heart increasingly cleave to you in seasons of suffering! It is now I know how deeply I am interested in all that concerns you; now I feel a purity, a strength, a tenderness, an unselfishness in loving you, which no former state of your mortal existence called forth. Dear, dear friend, "be of good comfort." If a poor fellow-pilgrim, "compassed about with infirmities," can feel as I do respecting you, be assured your Lord and Saviour will keep you as the apple of His eye, for His love is infinitely greater than any I can feel. He will never be a moment absent from you. He will whisper words of peace, and hopefulness, and encouragement. He will speak to your heart in the common everyday occurrences. He will meet you on the mount, and agonize with you in the valley, and make the garden of your present sorrows "the gate of heaven," and its night of tears the blessed precursor of a morning of joy. Hail, glorious morn!

> "Where pure, essential joy is found;
> The Lord's redeemed their heads shall raise,
> With everlasting gladness crowned,
> And filled with love, and lost in praise."

Oh, fear nothing! The way is plain before you; you are called to suffer, but "to patient faith the prize is sure," and every pain you feel is from a Hand which, through the body, is training the soul. Your education is now receiving its finish. It draws to a completion; your strict schooling is salutary and safe, and you draw near not a

acceptance, and were instrumental and highly conducive to my being "kept by the mighty power of God, through faith unto salvation"! "Let us not sleep as do others," is an exhortation which Christians ought often to use in the present day, to keep themselves and friends awake to righteousness.

My soul is privileged to taste unutterable bliss and everlasting rest. The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places, yea, I have a goodly heritage. And what is it? "The Lord is my portion," saith my soul. Oh, this have I chosen rather than gold or silver, and I humbly and increasingly feel the desire of my heart is and will be given me! Are there not seasons in which we are peculiarly absorbed in a grateful recollection of Divine favours? Just now, and for some time past, this is my state, "filled with wonder, love, and praise."

There is a blessed work in my classes. One of my dear people was brought to an agonizing spirit in private, persevered, and was made a prevailing Israel last week. She had met with me for years, was most exemplary in all her walk, but she was of a fearful and timid cast, never held the beginning of her confidence long at a time, lost it, regained it, reasoned, doubted, and "went mournfully." Now such a transformation I have not often seen. Her once pensive face beams with heavenly peace and joy, her tongue talks of grace and glory. She has now the abiding witness of the Spirit, walks in the light, and proves that the "blood of Christ cleanses from all sin." Bless His holy name for ever!

Last night, in another of my classes, a lady was cut to the heart, and cried out for mercy; her sobs, her tears, her voluntary confessions of a twenty years' backsliding from God, her total destitution of saving faith, her agonizing appeals for deliverance, were astounding. I had been, as usual, speaking to each member, when the fire fell, and truly it was all of God; no human power, no animal excitement. All the people wept aloud, and magnified God.

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *November* 22, 1847.

I hope you have received my note, which must have

crossed the path of your last. It will tell you of the special meetings appointed for our Ebenezer Chapel, but you must have been "on the spot" to know how much the Lord has crowned them. There has been, during the last fortnight, a gracious revival and outpouring of the Spirit on us. Many have been converted, several fully sanctified, and the chapel crowded almost past endurance, night after night. I never saw more order, nor heard less noise; and such a new power to preach and pray was vouchsafed to the ministers as greatly astonished every one.

On my own soul there has been a deep, gradual, solid, and sweet work; no excitement, but much simplicity; no fitful enthusiasm, but light and love, and a capability of giving myself more fully than ever to God. What will you think when I tell you that, for the first time in a mixed company in Bristol, I lifted up my voice in prayer last Friday at noon, in our large vestry, at the united call of our preachers? and on the evening preceding, went up the chapel aisle, conducted by one of the preachers, to talk to the female penitents kneeling around the communion rail; and last night I was an hour and a quarter similarly occupied. Oh, do not say I forgot the proprieties of my sex, or stepped out of my province! Several of our female leaders were doing the same. None of us object now. We will "hew wood or draw water," or anything the Lord pleases, only let His grace be magnified.

I find my time quite engrossed; sometimes I gain a little leisure by early rising, but I am generally so late up at nights, that sooner than from five to six I cannot well rise, and from early breakfast to bed-time I am busy.

To Miss S. Greer.

Portland Square, *January* 14, 1848.

I am truly sorry you have been so long without hearing from me, but I really cannot get time for letter-writing to half my friends as I should wish. Last winter I devoted to the Irish poor, and did not recommence, as usual, my Wednesday morning's lecture to my own sex. This winter I have it to attend to, and a fifth class, so that with other continual engagements with my fellows, I have no leisure for

either books or pen, save as I curtail hours of sleep, or take an odd quarter-hour now and again.

I have had repeated slight attacks of influenza, and a lingering common cold, but "as my day, so my strength" has been. I could not have procured a substitute for my duties, and the Lord gave me resolution and perseverance, so I did not keep my bed a day, nor omit one of my duties. I think my habits are favourable to health. Two or three hours a day running about in the open air, always busy at something, never lying in bed in the morning, and scarcely ever sitting near the fire. I muffle moderately but sufficiently, and wear warm boots, and thus, "with the good hand of my God upon me," I have been hitherto preserved. Oh, help me to praise Him who never faileth them that trust in Him! "For He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever."

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Portland Square, *January* 25, 1848.

Three weeks before our New Year came in, there was a penitent meeting held in one of our chapels here, and at the communion rail kneeled a respectable man in middle life. That day he was convinced of sin, and freely pardoned through faith in Christ Jesus. From the hour of his change he was a "new creature." Rising up and lying down, in the world's business and at his own fireside, he lived in God and for Him. He was at our Sabbath sermons the last day of the old year. He was at our watch-night, and on New Year's morning, on his way to his engagement as lawyer's clerk, he came into the vestry to our prayer-meeting. Next day he dropped in the street and expired!

We have had glorious evidences of the power of grace in many sweet prayer-meetings of late. In one of our chapels, after sermon, a man cried out, "I deserve nothing but hell;" no other word could be got from him, and this he often repeated. He ran home, but there he was miserable beyond endurance; back he came, and kneeled at the penitent rail. Long and terrible was the struggle, but God savingly converted him, and the people are astonished.

He was one of a gang of housebreakers, he had been guilty of murder, no crime was too bad for him to commit, yet he is freely forgiven. In the quiet unobtrusive walks of our classes, good is doing, young persons are coming to the Saviour, and the work is deepening in many hearts. Praise the name of the Lord for ever!

My own health of body never was better, and I never was more constantly busy. The active portion of my life seems to be my latter years. All is well; all is welcome. Best of all is God is with us.

To Miss S. Greer.

Portland Square, *April* 17, 1848.

I have been lately much engrossed, when other engagements permitted, with a young lady in one of our squares, now dying of consumption. Last winter, being invalided, she was not able to sit as usual during service in church with her family, and a lady who knew her told her of my Bible meetings in our parlour, where about sixty females are admitted, to whom I give a simple exposition of the Scriptures, and conclude with prayer. She sent to request admission, and was permitted; but as this is a common case with strangers, I thought no more about it, and knew nothing more of her. In February I had so severe a cold as to oblige me to discontinue these meetings sooner than I intended, but to resume them in the month of October, if Providence permit. A fortnight afterwards, I was sent for to visit this young lady, who was most anxious to see me. I went, and found her sinking in bodily strength, but deeply convinced of her need of a Saviour, and seeking Him with all her heart. She gave me a sweet account of her commencing conviction, which took place in the second meeting she attended. Often do I go to her to whisper some cheering truth from the word of God. She is now living by faith, and rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God, exhorting her family to renounce worldly vanities, and become disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I see a great deal of busy and social life, and am continually meeting new acquaintances, some of them deeply devoted to God, others as deeply imbued with all the

frivolity of fashionable and frothy pleasures. Oh, what advantage have the "children of light" over others in their present state and future prospects, and how apparent is this superiority in the commonest circumstances!

I am much gratified with your little pen-wiper; I think your contrivance ingenious; many thanks. I have been reading Mrs. Fry's life, in two vols. What an excellent and useful person she was! I have also been much pleased with a little work, very suitable for afflicted persons, called *Night of Weeping*.

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *June* 7, 1848.

I wish I could be near you for even a brief season, but never was I so bound as at present. My six classes are very ill off when I leave town; no supply can be had. We went to the seaside for a fortnight, which has done Mr. Westcott much good. We are again each at our post of duty in town. Whilst I was away, I met a young stranger very oddly, who was at Weston for her health. She had been at Margate and Brighton, but the disease was the same. It was a lowness of spirits and debility. I know not her name nor family, but I talked to her of the love of Jesus, and she told me her whole history. It was deeply interesting; she was pining for God. Her family were High Church, she had never been in a Dissenting chapel in her life, never talked to any one about her feelings before. No one ever talked to her about religion, yet from her infancy, the Holy Spirit had been striving with her, and now she inquired, "What must I do to be saved?" We had only one interview whilst out walking, but she will, I trust, give her heart unreservedly to God.

I wrote to her a solemn letter of the best counsel I could give, the day before we left, and took it to her lodgings, as I knew her not. The servant delivered it. I shall never again meet her till at the judgment seat of Christ. Oh, join me in prayer that she may find rest to her soul!

I have blessedly favourable opportunities for "speaking a word in season" in England. I often am thrown among

new society, and I humbly try to be "in season." I fear I am deficient in the other part of the duty, "out of season." Many a time, had I the courage of "Sister Houghton," I might arrest a sinner or stir up a saint, but I frequently feel my great deficiency, and am truly humbled. We have a prayer-meeting in Ebenezer Chapel every morning at six o'clock. Many attend, but I have not yet been quite able to go; besides I am sure to be called on to pray, and I have all my old shrinking when the company is a mixed one. I tell you my faults freely. You will say my conscience is a strange one, for I do not feel condemnation for not attending, yet would not dare refuse if I were there. You must tell me what you think about it.

The truth is, I seem to have as much employment for my voice as common strength can bear. Besides meeting my classes, I have family prayer twice every day, and many times besides praying when I visit, so that on the ground of voice I keep aloof. Tell me, I beseech you, all your mind herein.

To a Friend.

Portland Square, *July* 3, 1848.

We went to Weston-super-Mare for only one fortnight, and I had my usual difficulty in providing for the classes. I hope we shall find our re-union in social worship sweetly conducive to our advancement in "pure and undefiled religion." Oh, what cause of thankfulness that we are permitted to enjoy "grace to help in time of need," and anticipate an "eternal weight of glory"!

Is my dear C—— living for the one purpose? Is she keeping persistently in view her "high calling"? "As He which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation." If we more steadily pressed after increasing conformity to Christ, we should more constantly realize His approving presence, and get more decided and abiding victories. The chief cause why we are so easily disturbed in our confidence, and so ready to run into hurtful reasonings, is that we do not use spiritual industry, and give full employment to all our powers and faculties on Divine subjects.

Take care of being too conciliatory to those with whom you intermix, too yielding to their views, and converse, and desires, for the time you are with them. We are too ready to think my opposition, or standing aloof, or expressing dissent, could not alter their modes of thought and action, and my complying may win them. All this is fallacious. It never succeeds well. It may spare us the cross, but it wounds or sears our conscience. It leads, if indulged in, to a meagre exhibition of religious principle, and a terrible diminution of religious enjoyment.

How much of late I have thought of some of the Quakers' phrases, and thought the thing they signified was greatly needed, "placed to bear a testimony"! And is it not true of us all? Are we not in all situations so "placed"? Thank the Lord, my dear friend, you have borne, you still bear a testimony for the truth. Oh, hold fast for a little longer; you draw near to the pearly gates and the glorious city, and the vision of the Deity! You shall soon have left behind you "fightings," and "fears," and "tribulations," and "temptations," and "the world," and "the flesh," and "your adversary the devil." Soon shall you say of life's changing scenes, They are gone; and of heaven's felicity, It is mine for ever. Fear not, you dwell in the King's presence, you eat at His table, you are trained for closer communion, and ere long it shall be vouchsafed to you. Be not discouraged.

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *July* 8, 1848.

How often I say in my heart, Oh that I could see my dear Mr. and Mrs. Booth, as often as I can run off to a sick member of my classes at Clifton or the Hot Wells! This would be a real delight to me, for after all, old friendships are strongly rooted in my heart:

> "And mountains rise, and oceans roll,
> To sever us in vain."

I live in a world of bustle and variey and change here. All is shifting around me. A gentleman and lady called to see us this week, whom we have known for many years.

Two years ago he was worth about £80,000, and his six children were in the course of the highest education. By the failure of some commercial enterprises, all is swept away; £100 a year is allowed him from some relations, and his children scattered away. But he and his wife love God, and they look sweetly submissive; without a murmur, they bless Him. The carriage is gone, they cannot ride; but they are not too old for walking, and they enjoy it. Their servants are dismissed, but it is wonderful how comfortable a maid-of-all-work can make them. They have no dainties on the table, no finery in the wardrobe; but they have "food and raiment," Christ in the soul, and a glorious immortality in the prospect, daily brightening as it approaches.

To Mrs. Booth.

Portland Square, *September* 27, 1848.

We have been from home lately, with Mr. Westcott an invalid. He is again gaining a little convalescence. I have often longed to write to you, but total destitution of leisurable opportunity, and the sensation of exhaustion at night, prevented me. My classes are very large, and were met for tickets by the preachers when I was away, and I have been fully employed collecting in arrears, and keeping up needful visiting. When we were from home, I had a public meeting in Uphill Wesleyan Chapel, and a very sweet time it was. Oh how I can say from a grateful happy heart—

"Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art there!"

Many a time I recall the providential chain by which I was brought here, and believe its first link was Mrs. Mayne in Belfast mentioning me to you. Never do I think of my being here without feeling assured it was divinely ordered, for my present and everlasting good.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Portland Square, *October* 25, 1848.

I feel for you, I pray for you. May He avert the

threatening stroke! O William, our God delighteth in mercy, He gives and takes away, lends and calls in, brings down and builds up, according to infinite wisdom. He prepares our work, heats the furnace, calls for the tempest, fits us for doing, bearing, and becoming what He wills; and having trained and disciplined our spirits till Christ has no rival, He calls the poor, dependent, self-abhorrent, Christ-loving soul to enter into His joy, and sit down on His throne. Praise Him, all that is within us! I could fill pages with the loving-kindness of the Lord. Daily am I giving utterance to my old, my ever-sweet song of simple adoration, "For He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever." I cannot tell you on earth "all the way He hath led" me, nor utter a thousandth part of what He condescendingly confers on me of unutterable peace. But what is our life? The vapour shall soon be exhaled.

"And then, in nobler, sweeter strains,
We'll sing His power to save,"

and tell the wondering angels how every hair was numbered, every sorrow soothed, and strength given according to each moment's exigency.

There is much of the power of God among us in this city. Wesleyans are living members, and sinners are being brought in. Our preachers are untiring and spiritually minded, and often are the evening services closed with penitent meetings, wherein many are "snatched from the burning."

To Miss S. Holland.

Portland Square, *November* 9, 1848.

May I be permitted to offer a few words of counsel to you out of the class meeting? and may I also believe they will be regarded as what they really are, the expression of a sincere and deep interest in your happiness? We yet know each other very imperfectly, but that is not of much importance in connection with what I am about to say. We are both formed by the same Hand—watched over by the same Providence—redeemed by the same precious blood—destined to the same heaven—and strangely thrown together as fellow-travellers on the same path to our Father's house

above. Oh with what solicitude I look at you, think of you, pray for you! How I recall my deciding period, my reasonings, prejudices, partialities, tastes! How I vainly wish I could have formed the same estimates I now do of some things, and uniformly pursued the course I now follow in others! Perhaps even my slow progress in arriving at available knowledge has its use. Every step of the hill of Difficulty is familiar to me, and I can feel all the pain, and all the peculiarities of youthful struggles, in the midst of conflicting mental representations.

There is a low measure of religious experience, and there is a state much more elevated. The former has often as much to attract notice as the latter, sometimes more. It is the general standard; but it ought not to be so. We are called to be "holy in all manner of conversation," and if we are resolved to obtain the grace, we must step out of the common rank, and "count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ." Considering you as having fixed your choice, and counted the cost, and surrendered yourself as willing and obedient to Him who has the first claim to your heart, let me briefly recommend:—

1st. Be a decided and consistent Wesleyan. Does this savour of bigotry or seem to put you in trammels? I hope not. Its meaning is, go to chapel uniformly, to church as seldom as may comport with your duty to others. But why? Simply for this reason; your attention will not be merely divided, but your opinions and feelings will undergo such alternations as will greatly retard your spiritual advancement.

The Church of England has something imposing and solemn in its services. Its edifices talk to us of the olden times, and there is a quiet charm to the sensitive and enthusiastic in its exact ceremonial. You perceive that all this is outward. Its doctrines rightly understood are the pure water of life drawn from the Bible. Thank God for the Established Church! Long may it be the faithful reservoir from whence shall issue the thousand rills, each in a different direction, to irrigate the desert world, which convey fertility and awaken life and loveliness! Dear to my heart is England's honoured Church. May it stand as long as the sun and moon endure! But whilst I thus

regard it, I am a Wesleyan Methodist, and as such must cling to the system I have adopted, and avail myself of the vastly superior advantages it offers. It does not clothe religion in courtly costume, but in comely attire; not in the holiday robe, but the every-day garment. It bids the whole human family "taste and see that the Lord is gracious;" bids them not from one sacred spot alone, but—deeming all ground consecrated for the purpose of saving souls—from the lowly cottage, from the wayside, from the mart, the manufactory, the highways and hedges. Methodism is more social in its character than any other system. It presses into the great, the all-important work of man's salvation, all the energy of the character, all the sensibility of the nature, all the natural and acquired capabilities. No talent is necessarily folded up in a napkin, no zeal pent up, no mental excellence undeveloped.

When I was a child, the wife of our clergyman met in the same class with my mother. We all were taken to church in the morning of the Sabbath, and to the Methodist meeting in the evening, and for many years of my life this was my invariable mode. But when I came to England, and found Church-goers and Wesleyans so apart in their associations and pursuits,—when I saw the exclusiveness of the former, and weighed the privileges of the latter,—I yielded to circumstances and convictions, and in giving myself wholly to the people from whose ministry I have derived the most minute and beneficial teaching, I experience less distraction, and enjoy more simple rest.

I have been perhaps tedious, but you will forgive me. I am perfectly ingenuous, and have no motive but a pure one, in advising you to be a person of one business and of one denomination. Mine is not a narrow, contracted view of things. I want your education for eternity to be on the most liberal scale; but every school has its own modes of training, and few vacillate between two without spoiling themselves for doing credit to either. One of my nieces wrote beautifully, but not fashionably. She must needs try the angular style. She did so, and never could attain excellence. She finished with an odd distortion of hand-writing, which had no character and no beauty.

2d. Let no measure of Divine influence satisfy you that you are "in Christ" till you obtain the Spirit witnessing with your spirit. Oh, be in earnest, be diligent, be fervent, restless, importunate! Press after the knowledge of salvation, and let nothing discourage you. God is for you. What are all that are against you?

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Portland Square, *November* 24, 1848.

I am rejoiced that J—— is restored to you.

Last week was one never to be forgotten by me; such sweet, close, deep experience of the love of Christ as cannot be described. Often did I think of former years and early aspirations, but it seemed to me as though the half had not been told me. I longed for the voice of praise to become universal, that one consentaneous burst of it should fill the world with "glory to God in the highest."

To Miss S. Greer.

Portland Square, *December* 30, 1848.

About six weeks ago, I lost my dear old friend and strong tie to revisit my native shore, Mrs. Thomas Booth of County Westmeath. She lived the Christian life, and died the death of the righteous. Unobtrusive, yet abounding in good works; quiet and reserved, yet full of "fervent charity," she urged on her pilgrim path, and was "found watching." It was to visit her, in her three years' sojourn in a beautiful villa on the banks of the Wye near Chepstow, that I first visited England in 1832. She returned to Ireland in 1834, and she "finished her course" in a moment, no one expecting it. The Sabbath before her death was full of thrilling interest, as detailed to me soon after by her sorrowing husband. She was on that last Lord's day so filled with sacred joy, so sweetly dwelling on the "glory to be revealed," that she astonished her excellent partner, who repeatedly had to restrain the bursting gratitude of her renewed heart, lest her body, which had been weakened by repeated late attacks of neuralgia, should be further weakened.

I have felt more loneliness since she died. I have several

very dear friends in England, but an old, well-known, much-loved friend of former days is not to be supplied.

Well, we must be also ready. Time flies rapidly, eternity draws very near. May the Lord keep us on the battle-field, sword in hand, and shield on arm, till we fall, to rise and stand for ever, "through Him that hath loved us"!

To Miss S. Holland.

Portland Square, *January* 11, 1849.

You say "circumstances, not principle, have made me a Wesleyan Methodist." By this expression I understand you to mean that you have become one from a certain combination of apparently small matters, inducing you to take the deciding step, rather than from much previous consideration, and coming to a deliberate conclusion. Am I not right? Oh how I rejoice that a wise Providence has thus manifested to you the path of duty and of privilege, not leaving you to choose for yourself, with all the ingenious sophisms of a heart naturally deceitful! I greatly prefer your being thus led by Providence, almost blindfold, to your union with Methodism, than making it the so-called result of principle, with adverse intimations of Heaven's will in outward matters. Principle is greatly misunderstood by many well-meaning, good sort of people. They form an idea that they must mark out their own line of outward proceeding in religion, and so they begin to think, and weigh, and calculate, and form plans, and sketch estimates, and plunge into reasonings, and hearken to various suggestions, till they find themselves floundering about, with little mental capability to aid themselves, and usually dragged out on the wrong side of the difficulty. They will afterwards tell you what it cost them to come to their present decision, what mental martyrdom, but how they are wedded to their choice, and esteem it in proportion to their sufferings to make it. Now before I allow myself to say one word on the subject, I like to obtain a correct idea of their previous position, and learn what principle, true, heaven-implanted principle, demanded of them. It certainly did not demand of you to be a Church-woman.

I do truly and heartily bless God you were almost irresistibly carried into the course you now pursue. You will never have cause to regret it. As you "grow in grace" you will feel increasingly that what Providence made you, principle keeps you. A Wesleyan Methodist in name, a lowly, loving, simple, steady Christian in heart! May it be so! There are peculiarities in families which seem to me to justify one of the family in deviating from the ordinary rule of going to the same denomination as the parents. But in your family those peculiarities do not exist, and your path is a plain one. My acquaintance with very excellent persons in the Established Church has been, and yet is, pretty extensive. Some of my warm friendships were with such, and the attachments formed twenty-five years ago exist until now. I know the disadvantages of their religious lot, and they have acknowledged the superiority of mine; and as they were hedged about, and could only worship with me occasionally, our reciprocation of love and sentiment often proved a means of good to both parties. Had they been led to facilities for Wesleyanism, they would have embraced them.

To Miss S. Holland.

Portland Square, *February* 22, 1849.

Now for yourself, my very dear young friend. "Keep thy heart with all diligence." Wandering thoughts at devotional seasons would not be half so frequent were they less indulged in at other times. There is a difference between toleration and indulgence. We must often think of several things not of a spiritual character or tendency. The common duties of life demand this in order to their due discharge. But men do not treat business people in a counting-house as they would entertain friends in a drawing-room. Let us then learn to have a *sanctum* in our breast, into which the Gentile cogitations of the "outer court" shall not be permitted to enter. To be more distinct, let us watch over the sympathies and sensibilities of our hearts, that we do not take such an interest in the petty, every-day matters as shall follow us into the place of prayer. After all, fervent prayer for the aid of the Holy Spirit is our best

exercise. In proportion as the love of God fills the soul, there will be less room for earthly intruders. Be not discouraged, "greater is He that is for you than all that are against you."

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Llanberris Villa, Cotham, *August* 1, 1849.

It does my heart good to hear of your being as a household "spiritually minded," all alive to God, all feeling the freshness and happiness of progressive piety. I cannot tell you half my deep overflowing joy when I think of being admitted to that holy region where Jesus dwells, and seeing so many of my friends there. Never, no, never was religion more productive to my soul of "life and peace" than it is and has been for many successive years.

"Jesus, all the day long,
Is my joy and my song."

Self sinks into the dust, and God is all in all.

I have seven classes to meet, but that is no toil; it is a privilege, a blessing unspeakable to my soul. They are some of the "green pastures" into which the Good Shepherd leads me; and they abound with the "still waters" of seasonable consolation and refreshment. Often am I so penetrated with a sense of my mercies, and the free, unmerited grace of God through a Saviour, that I want all creation to join in shouting the high praises of the universal Lord.

If it were the Divine will, I should much like to see my remaining old friends in your neighbourhood once more, before they or I take leave of earth. Perhaps, if spared, I may go a sweet little pilgrimage next spring to dear Ireland. I cannot be long away from my classes, but to see and be with you all seems my last clinging tendency to earth. Your dear mother and I should have such a delightful band-meeting. Please give my dearest love to her.

You will be pleased to know that I never had better health than I enjoy this year; indeed I can walk with less exhaustion than I could when much younger. Our new dwelling is perched on a high hill; but though I have to

climb this formidable elevation, and descend it many times, to meet my classes every week, it is no inconvenience to me. Glory be to the God of providence, "as thy day so is thy strength"!

Are the good people of Bluestone and Portadown doing well? There has been a blessed work among the boys at Kingswood school. Out of 104, there are 102 who profess to have found "peace and joy in believing;" and though some of these may not be truly converted, yet many are, and the future influence of these lads on the world may be mighty in its operations.

The cholera is destroying in our city its appointed victims. Some few of the Wesleyans have fallen by it, but "these all died in faith," not conquered, but "more than conquerors." One of our preachers, the superintendent, Rev. Joseph Wood, an eminently holy and active man, has been preaching out of doors in all the diseased localities every evening, and then singing through the streets to the chapel, with multitudes following him, of the lowest and most wicked of the population. Hundreds have to go away, unable to find entrance into the spacious edifice. Of those who gain admission, the larger proportion are hatless and shoeless, or capless and bonnetless, but many a one has been the trophy of the cross. One young girl, who never was known to go to a chapel before, joined the crowd as they passed her mother's door. "Sing all of you," cried Mr. Wood; "if you are not in tune, no matter." The hymn was solemn and appropriate, the poor girl was drawn on, she entered the chapel, was smitten by the "sword of the Spirit," cried aloud for mercy, and after many prayers on her behalf, her soul was set at liberty. Next morning Asiatic cholera seized her, and a few hours of the "full assurance of faith" finished her Christian course. "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?" I must stop; my class is to be met, and I have many to visit.

To Miss Westcott.

Llanberris Villa, *September* 4, 1849, 1 *o'clock*.

I am quite a new woman since post time; good news for

every one.[1] Mrs. Dowling watched for the postman, seized my letter, flew to our house, and exclaimed, "A red seal!" Ever since I rose yesterday, calls and visits of inquiry have only had a few hours' interval. I did not go to bed till near twelve. I could only eat my dinner and drink my tea by instalments, and pray, standing, sitting, or running to my classes. And now to hear that papa is likely to be restored to us makes me so glad!

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Llanberris Villa, *October* 26, 1849.

The death of my kind friend, the gentleman at the head of this family, has been a painful dispensation; but oh how sweet to know that he is with the Lord! The loss of his society is more than compensated by the delightful assurance of his felicity, and the hope of soon being admitted to participate it. On the 17th of this month, one of my good members died very unexpectedly, whilst on a visit at Taunton, after enjoying the light of God's countenance for fifty-two years; her end was indeed peace.

Tell me about your rheumatism; in that particular I have occasional intimations of the family tendency, but nothing yet to render any exertion continuously painful. Indeed I derive great benefit at all times from walking, talking, denying myself, and taking up the cross daily. My health never was better, and my soul never happier. Scarcely a week ever elapses without something to cheer me in duty, or stimulate me to it. All is well. Glory be to God for ever! When I awake He is with me; when I retire to sleep He is my defence. In all my little griefs He makes me feel His sympathy and support; surely, oh, surely He will never leave nor forsake me!

Oh for hearts filled with love, lips pouring forth praise, lives uniformly glorifying our Father which is in heaven!

To Miss S. Greer.

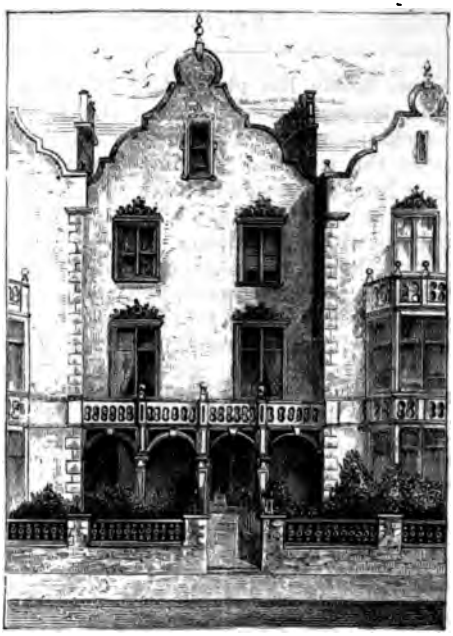
Llanberris Villa, *November* 8, 1849.

The death of the amiable and excellent gentleman, the

[1] The "good news" was a gleam of hope in my father's dangerous illness, but he was taken from us a few hours after this sympathetic note was written. See p. 331, *supra*.

master of this family, has plunged us into a new train of thought and feeling. When such a one is taken away, it leaves a chasm, makes a breach, imposes a loneliness, which causes the survivors to cling closer together, and dread even a brief separation for an hour. So has it been here. We are only three, besides servants, and no two of us like to be a day without the third.

Death from cholera has been desolating many a family here, but I have been preserved, and am in good health, and delightfully kept trusting in Him who never fails His people. During the visitation of this scourge of the nations, we kept up constant prayer in my six classes that none of us might be carried off by it; and though we were about one hundred and twenty persons, not one of us ever took the disease, not one of our families died. Surely we may without presumption say He answered prayer!



LLANBERRIS VILLA, COTHAM.

CHAPTER IX.

1850–1863.

IN the year 1850, Miss Lutton lost her only surviving sister, Mrs. Murray. This severance of her strongest tie to Ireland lessened her desire to revisit her native land, though she clung very tenaciously to old friends, and more especially to relatives. She still expresses frequent longings to visit her aunt, the mother of her favourite cousin, Mr. William Lutton; but after her aunt's death in 1857, a visit to Ireland was not even alluded to. She felt the inevitable sequence of a prolonged lease of life, in the passing away of her own generation, and when, in 1859, she received tidings of the death of her brother Robert in America, she alludes pathetically to the fact that she is the sole survivor of twelve (or thirteen) children.

In the summer of 1850, Miss Lutton went with us to town. This was her first visit to London, and was to her full of pleasure. I have a vivid recollection of the almost child-like eagerness with which she tripped along the busy streets, and looked at the shops and the buildings, sometimes making us fear lest, owing to her shortness of vision, she would lose sight of us altogether. The Tower, with its historic associations, interested her deeply, and Westminster Abbey, that shrine of the royal and illustrious dead; and all her loyal enthusiasm was kindled by the sight of Buckingham Palace, as the home where dwelt the beloved Queen who had so warm a place in her heart. She paused long before the building, breathing forth her "God save the Queen" in deep and silent and fervent prayer.

But the place of her fondest pilgrimage was City Road Chapel and its cemetery. The pulpit whence John Wesley preached, and the spot of ground where he lay buried, had irresistible attractions for her, and she worshipped once at least within its walls.

From London we went for change of air to Cromer in Norfolk, with which place and its surroundings she was much pleased. She enjoyed the wide, open coast, the peculiar green and opal tints of the sky, the lovely hill scenery around, with the hedges of sweet-briar, and the visits to the quaint and sometimes half-ruined churches. The lighthouse was also to her a source of great interest. Here also began her love for collecting sea-weeds, with which the shore would be covered widely, the pink tint prevailing, and making a glow of colour on the sand. It was a joy to both Miss Lutton and myself that my dear mother shared in this fascinating pursuit, which was the first external object that diverted her sadness after my father's death.

We worshipped, as was our custom in all places that we visited, at the Wesleyan chapel, though sometimes the service was conducted by men of piety, but with small

educational advantages. I remember the difficulty with which we retained our gravity when a worthy local brother held forth on the parable, according to his vernacular, of the wise and foolish "wirgins," and gave out, and was joined by the congregation in heartily singing—

"Ye wirgin souls, arise,
With all the dead awake!
Unto salwation wise,
Oil in your wessels take."

The only drawback to Miss Lutton's gratification when away was anxiety about her classes, which became almost a pain when a sharp attack of illness of my dear mother detained us longer than we intended.

The times were troublous for the beloved Methodism so dear to Miss Lutton's heart. The secession of certain parties, moving under the flag of reform, rent the society in many places, and in few more than in Bristol; but Miss Lutton kept loyally and staunchly true to her ministers, and her influence was very beneficial in securing the adherence of the large portion of females of all ranks who were members of her classes. A few discontented spirits wished to respond to the cry of "Stop the supplies" by withholding their contributions, to which she gently replied, "Pay or not, just as you like; but if you do not pay, I will pay for you."

The low condition of Methodism in Bristol rendered it expedient to have a bazaar for the circuit funds. Miss Greer and other friends in Ireland, who had shared the generosity of Miss Lutton's Bristol friends in the famine of 1847, now came forward at her request to reciprocate the obligation, and sent parcel after parcel of articles for the Christmas tree. Miss Lutton thus amusingly describes her own share in this labour of love:

"My portion of the work has been to make Cardinal "Wiseman's shoes and to knit his red stockings, which I

" have accomplished to the great satisfaction of my em-
" ployers. The shoes are of leather, with gold buckles, and
" the stockings of scarlet sewing-silk, very fine and accurately
" formed, to draw on and off at pleasure. Do not laugh;
" nothing is trifling or beneath notice which can advance
" the means of helping the destitute to bread, or sending
" the gospel where souls hunger and thirst after it."

Miss Lutton's knitting was of exquisite neatness, and I have now before me a tiny quarto green book, in which, in her own delicate handwriting, are entered numerous directions for plain and ornamental knitting, filling thirty-eight pages. The knitting of plainer kinds proved a great resource to her in the darkness of after-life. She was also a good and skilful needlewoman, and her friends were often gratified by presents of dainty and delicate fancy articles, wrought by her busy fingers in those moments of social intercourse which are so often unemployed.

The year 1851 was that of the Great Exhibition, which we all visited twice, once in the early summer, and again in September. Her delight in its bewilderment of beauty was extreme, and is well described in one of her own letters, dated 26th August 1851.

At our second visit to it, her interest led her to wander away, and lose herself and us in the mazes of the Exhibition building. After seeking her some time vainly, we returned to our lodgings in Bayswater, opposite the Kensington Gardens, hoping to find her, but there she was not; we again hastened to the Exhibition, and found her not, but she was at our rooms when we returned, serene and unalarmed for herself, only concerned for our disquiet.

From London we went to Dover, and spent a fortnight there, Miss Lutton watching with interest the flocking of passengers on the pier, embarking for or landing from the Continent; catching a distant view—the only one she ever had—of the French coast; and rambling about the old

castle and the white cliffs of Albion. At the Wesleyan chapel we heard a young man preach a thoughtful and forceful sermon, in the quietest manner, and were led, by our interest in his sermon, to inquire his name, then little known in Methodism. It was the Rev. William Burt Pope.

We thence went (passing by Walmer Castle) to Broadstairs, where we remained a few days, and returned by London to Bristol, but spending a little time at Weston before we settled down for the winter.

Her letters are not numerous at this period. One after another of her former correspondents had dropped off, until at length her cousin, Mr. William Lutton, was the only person to whom she wrote regularly. In two letters to him, she expresses a wish that many of her letters should be burned, and only a selection preserved. I have endeavoured to fulfil the spirit of her wishes, in the choice of those printed in this volume. But another reason for the paucity of correspondence was her scant leisure. Having six or seven classes, and meeting one almost daily, visiting assiduously her sick or absent members, she had little leisure for correspondence, or even for reading. She lived for her classes, in her classes, with her classes. A poor member has to submit to amputation of her leg; she collects money for a wooden substitute: a young mother loses a beautiful infant boy; she writes her consolatory verses:[1]

[1] The lines alluded to are as follows:—

"Weep, mother, weep, weep on!
"Who shall reprove thee?
"Not those who pity thee,
"Not those who love thee.

"Wept not thy Saviour God,
"Lazarus taken?
"Groaned He not inwardly
"With the forsaken?

"Feels He not sympathy
"Now in thy sorrow?

her aged members are sick and die (she lost three within twelve months); she visits them when living, and truly mourns them when dead. Her numerous callers made large inroads upon her time, and when in the house, she never withheld her company from our friends, who soon became hers as well.

" Shall He not bring to thee
" Joy on the morrow?

" Weep, mother, weep, weep on!
" Yet in thy sadness
" Mingle with painful thoughts
" Thoughts full of gladness.

" Think of thy beauteous boy
" Where he is now,
" Bright wreaths of victory
" Circling his brow.

" Placed on life's battle-field,
" Brief was his story;
" Sprinkled by blood Divine,
" Caught up to glory!

" Thou wouldst not selfishly
" Wish him back here,
" Subject his soul to sin,
" Suffering, and fear;

" Pluck him from Paradise,
" Bliss, and a throne,
" The arms of his Father God
" Into thy own.

" Weep, mother, weep, weep on!
" Tears are relieving,
" Sinless thy sorrow is,
" Guiltless thy grieving.

" Nature instinctively
" Shudders to sever,
" Grace cries, 'Thy will be done,
" Now and for ever.'

"*12th January* 1854."

About this time she penned a few tracts, three of which, "The Little Town of M. [Moira]," "Old Daniel," and "Always and Everywhere; or, Times for Prayer, and Places to Pray in," were published by the Tract Society, and have had a wide circulation.

Yet, on the whole, her busy life agreed with her, and she reports of herself that she never had better health in her life.

In the summer of 1852 we went to South Devon, and settled down cosily in the picturesque little sea-side village of Dawlish, much less known and much more secluded thirty years ago than now. Here again she amused herself with collecting and arranging sea-weeds, and she offered to collect also for her cousin, if he wished it.

She mourned greatly over the low state of evangelical religion in general in these parts, and of Methodism in particular; but she speaks with enthusiasm of the staunch steadiness of the members who remained firm, in spite of reform agitation in Methodism. She greatly encouraged this small but united band, by joining in their class, and holding one of her meetings for women in their little chapel. We also visited Teignmouth, Torquay, Budleigh Salterton, and other places of beauty in the neighbourhood.

The next spring Miss Lutton had several bad colds in succession, which caused us anxiety lest her former chest delicacy should be returning, but *her* sole anxiety was to be able to meet her classes regularly, and this she accomplished.

Our rustication for 1853 was in South Wales. We sailed from Bristol to Swansea, but during the passage, we were in great peril from a sudden collision with another steamer. A general cry of horror and despair arose from the passengers, but Miss Lutton's calmness never forsook her for a moment, and the perfect peacefulness of her

demeanour reassured others, to whom she took this fitting occasion of pointing out the only real source of safety. Our first place of sojourn was the Mumbles, and she walked with great delight over the hills to the neighbouring bays and inlets of that romantic coast. We then went on to Tenby, where, "amid ruined castles, or splendid rocks, " or heathy hills, or on the verge of the deep blue sea" (I quote Miss Lutton's own words), the time passed very pleasantly till our return to Bristol.

The following spring we removed to another house, that in which she died, also called Llanberris Villa; she speaks pleasantly of her large and convenient bedroom, " sweetly constructed for purposes of study and devotion;" of her closet study, and of her possession of all that was congenial and necessary. In the summer we visited Little Haven, a lovely indentation of St. Bride's Bay, where the magnificent sea, terrible in its thunders when stormy, the bold rocky cliffs, and the wide expanse of sand, greatly delighted us. Though my mother had at first to keep her bed, from the exhaustion caused by the long journey, she soon rallied to some activity, and we were all braced and refreshed by our change. This place also had a special feature of interest, in the character and circumstances of the Independent minister with whom we lodged, one of " nature's noblemen," of cultivated mind and gentle spirit, keeping a wife and three children on £35 a year, and the penny-a-week fees of a small school of village children.

On our return, Miss Lutton began again to suffer from an *embarras de richesses*, as regarded her classes; the whole six were growing too large, yet we objected to her taking a seventh; but the rooms were so closely packed that this was obliged to be done.

It was in the November of this year, 1854, that she confides to her cousin her own consciousness that for three years her sight has been steadily growing dimmer, and

that she can now only read by a very strong light. She knew, knew perfectly, knew before we even suspected that she knew it, that slowly, but with inexorable certainty, her sight was passing away, and that in time she would neither be able to write nor to receive letters, and would have gradually to withdraw from many of her occupations and pleasures; but the unrepining and cheerful language of her spirit was:

"O Jesus, nothing may I *see*,
Nothing desire or seek but Thee!"

The first practical act of self-denial was the giving up of one of her evening classes, that which was held at Ebenezer Chapel. This class involved a long walk down a steep hill, and often and often had we feared for her when, week after week, she had trudged—sometimes with a lantern on dark nights, the new parts of Cotham not being then fully lighted with gas—to meet this class, never disappointing the members whatever the weather might be. Now we considered it absolutely unsafe for her to go, and she was persuaded to distribute the members of this class among the others, they willingly encountering the distance rather than part with their leader.

The following is an extract from verses written by Miss Lutton about this time, and headed—

"IN MEMORY OF THE LATE DR. BEAUMONT,

"who died on Sunday morning, 21st January 1855, in the pulpit "of Waltham Street Wesleyan Chapel, Hull, just as he read these "lines:—

"'Thee! while the first archangel sings,
"He hides his face behind his wings.'

"Who died? a Christian; well, to saint and sinner
"It is the common lot—we all must die;
"And if, as some affirm, he is the winner
"Who soonest lays his staff and sandals by,

" Why mourn the dead in Christ? Why wailing cry,
" 'Alas! my brother!' when he sinks to rest?
" Is it not glorious to be raised on high,
" To lean reposing on the Saviour's breast,
" And be exempt from evil, blest, supremely blest?

" Who died? a soldier of the cross who wielded,
" Strong in his Captain's strength, the Spirit's sword,
" Commissioned, disciplined, instructed, shielded,
" Encouraged by the presence of his Lord.
" He trusted in the all-sustaining word,
" 'Lo, I am with you alway to the end;'
" This was his ground of confidence, this stirred
" The high resolve, his energies to spend
" In leading captive sinners to the sinner's Friend.

" Where died he? on the couch of pining sickness,
" Body and mind alike enfeebled, worn?
" No! on the battle-field; with lightning quickness
" Forth went the mandate, and his soul was borne
" Triumphantly to heaven, ere friend could mourn
" Or pray for fortitude to bear the blow.
" His pulpit was his death-bed; wreathe the urn,
" Not with sad cypress, as the sign of woe,
" But with the victor's laurel—conquered every foe.
"COTHAM, *February* 1855."

In the summer of 1855 we were at Ilfracombe. My sojourn there was brief, as I left my mother and Miss Lutton whilst I went on a continental tour. They remained for several weeks, and later on in the autumn we all visited Weston as usual. I may here mention a practice which Miss Lutton adopted wherever we went, of always praying, praying fervently, in family worship, for the fellow-lodgers who were in the same house with us. Who knows how

many of these prayers have been effectual as well as fervent?

In the autumn she returned to the work in which she was happy—so happy that she makes it a point of grave questioning in one of her letters (see p. 454, *infra*) whether there is not something wrong in her experience, that Christian toil is never a trouble, and Christian worship never a weariness to her, as they sometimes are to others!

One of her labours of love was on behalf of the Bristol Committee of the British Society for the Conversion of the Jews, who thought it advisable to undertake the gratuitous distribution of the New Testament, in English, in German, or in Hebrew, among the Jews in Bristol. Volunteers were required for the work, which was not easy, as they were met with frequent and sometimes uncourteous refusals; but Miss Lutton was amongst the most successful of the agents, as her knowledge of Hebrew, and of the manners and customs of the Jews, enabled her the more readily to sympathize in their feelings, and also to answer their objections.

In the year 1856 the Wesleyan Conference was to meet in Bristol, and Miss Lutton had anticipated with pleasure the gathering together of so many good men, the renewing of old and valued friendships, and the attendance on many special services. But as the time drew near, my mother's health became so delicate that it was imperative on us to remove her from the bustle of the "open house" that Conference must have meant in our case, and we started away in June, first to Weston, and then to the north of England.

Miss Lutton had never before been in Yorkshire; and when we reached our destination, Scarborough, she was interested to find herself only fifteen miles from Knapton, the original home of her ancestors before their emigration to Ireland. She caught the name as we passed the railway station.

We were located on the North Cliff; and the open sea, the fine old castle, the piers, Oliver's Mount, and the beautiful Falsgrave walks, were all to her sources of pleasure. But her culmination of joy was finding there a centre of Wesleyan energy, and being able to combine natural beauty with spiritual privileges. This was some compensation to her for the absence from Conference, all news from or about which she earnestly solicited.

From Scarborough we visited Whitby, and returned home by York, remaining there a day or two, to break the journey and to visit the Minster. We first went over it in detail, and remained for the morning service, the solemnity of which, and especially the fine organ and singing, impressed her much. The same morning she had a very narrow escape from death. In walking round the walls of York Castle, her foot slipped, or rather she took a false step, and was in the utmost danger of being precipitated from the dizzy height; but God preserved her in this, as in many similar dangers, caused by her defective sight.

Our absence from Bristol had freed us from the bustle of a bazaar, held during Conference, by which £1000 was realized for the day schools. Miss Lutton gives an amusing description, from report, of the variety of the stock, useful, or ornamental, or living, which was sold. Her own contribution was a poetical reminiscence of "The Sea at Cromer," which was printed in costly form at her own expense, and sold well.

Miss Lutton had seemed in good health in the early winter, but on Sunday morning, December 11, we were at our place of worship, Portland Chapel; the Rev. John Lomas had given out his text, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil," and was descanting upon it with his usual pathos and sweetness, when Miss Lutton suddenly fell down in a severe fainting-fit.

Conspicuous as she was in the chapel by her height, and still more so by her character, the sensation excited was hardly to be described. My shriek of terror brought several gentlemen round us, and she was borne into the vestry, where for some time she lay apparently dead. Medical men were sent for in all directions, and out of six summoned, three speedily arrived, and in time succeeded in restoring consciousness. She was conveyed home in a wheel chair; but a fortnight elapsed before, by dint of care and nourishing diet, she was well enough to go out. "The loving attentions of the people," she writes, "were "beyond all expression."

Taking this attack of feebleness as a warning, she resigned one of her classes; but she was compelled to resume it, or to see her members scattered, as they refused to accept any other leader.

The following year, 1857, we went to stay at Weymouth, in Dorsetshire, where she found a congenial spirit in our hostess, Mrs. Henley, widow of the Rev. John Henley. She visited Portland Island with much interest. We amused ourselves with sea-weed hunting, and she went with me to dredge for anemones and other sea-creatures; but her failing sight was a drawback to her prosecution of any branch of natural history.

Musing on the sea-shore, she composed the following stanzas, and about the same time two hymns, which, at the late Miss Farmer's request, she contributed to the new Wesleyan Sunday-school hymn-book, published this year:—

"LIFE.

"Life is an island in a mighty sea,
"Wave-washed, wind-swept, sun-lighted, and fruit-bearing,
"Where, for an everlasting destiny,
"Men every moment are themselves preparing.

"All have some tiny spot to cultivate,
"Each for himself, apart from friend or neighbour,
"Whilst inconceivable results await
"The diligence or slothfulness of labour.

"There is another land of wide extent,
"But where or what it is, who can discover?
"And mortals to this strange wide continent
"Are from the island duly summoned over.

"Be ready! Dig, plant, sow, keep watch, and pray,
"Commit the future to thy Saviour's keeping;
"And if found faithful to the close of day,
"Oh, in that harvest land what glorious reaping!

"*September* 4, 1857."

The year 1858 was spent much out of Bristol, on account of my mother's delicate health; the spring and early summer at Weston, and later on we settled down at Sidmouth, where we once again revelled in the lovely scenery of South Devon. Miss Lutton was pleased to find that we were located next door to the house where died, in 1819, the good Duke of Kent, father of our beloved Queen.

She was specially interested in an excursion to the picturesque villages of Beer and Branscombe, in one of which we were witnesses to the old system of tithe-paying, so graphically described by Cowper, in which, on one particular day, the rural peasantry gather and present their offerings in money or kind to their rector.

The weather was propitious, and sitting or walking or gently driving about, we spent most of our time out of doors, and were refreshed in body and mind. Our dear friend also took much pleasure in frequenting regularly the services of the little chapel at Sidmouth, and in Christian association with its band of lowly worshippers.

After our return home, she suffered a good deal from lumbago; but all through the winter she met a class every day, and accomplished much house-to-house visitation among her own members, and the sick and poor generally. Still there were times when she felt weak, and thought the feebleness of age was creeping on her, as she began to weary sooner than usual in walking; but the debility proved only temporary, as a few years later she walked as well as ever.

Her own Christmas Day musings shaped themselves into the following hymn, set to a Scotch air, which she much loved to hear:—

"MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND.

"How often my Saviour on Olivet lay,
"With silence and darkness around!
"Sure none of His creatures so truly could say,
"'My lodging is on the cold ground.'
"The foxes had holes, and the wild-fowl a nest,
"The ass had a stable and stall;
"But where might the head of the Holy One rest,
"Who cared for and comforted all?

"O sisters of Bethany, rich in a home
"Which offered your Lord a retreat;
"When Martha would whisper, 'The Master is come,'
"And Mary would sit at His feet!
"You only I envy, you only, when given
"To welcome a Guest so Divine;
"And guard, for the destitute Monarch of heaven,
"A place where His head might recline.

"'Tis finished! The work of redemption is o'er,
"The world-wide atonement is made;

"And now, to the nature that suffered, no more
"Can grateful attentions be paid.
"But oh, from this moment I hope to throw wide
"Doors whence He may never depart;
"And pray Him—I know I shall not be denied—
"To make His abode in my heart!

"*Christmas Day*, 1858."

Miss Lutton opened the new year in her classes by reading to them, with careful expositions and explanations, the rules of the Methodist society.

I have now reached a page in our family history so sad to me in the retrospect, even after the lapse of three-and-twenty years, that I must be pardoned if I dwell upon it but slightly. On March 14, 1859, I lost my mother, my good, dear, true-hearted, loving, Christian mother. She was confined to bed for a month, but no skill nor tender nursing could preserve a life so dear to us.

Miss Lutton writes of her last hours: "Her faith never "failed her; she had no dying conflict with the powers "of darkness; as she lived, so she died, fixed on the "Rock of Ages, knowing in whom she had believed. She "entered and passed through the valley of the shadow of "death, fearing no evil, for the Shepherd of Israel was with "her."

I have before me a MS. by Miss Lutton, of twenty letter pages, and eleven note pages, partly duplicates, containing a sketch of my mother's early career, some phases of her religious history, and a delineation of her character, as true as it is beautiful, and so delicate and discriminating that none could have written it who had not been a sharer in our family life. Her weak sight prevented her from finishing this memorial to the dearest of friends. Her letters at this time bear witness to her love for my mother, and to the strong sympathy for me, which was God's good gift to

me in this, my greatest earthly sorrow. We grew very close to each other now.

In June Miss Lutton suffered from repeated colds, which, for the first time, settled in her eyes, and caused some inflammation. Therefore in July, as neither of us cared to start on a summer outing, we accepted a pressing invitation from our old friend, Mr. John Irving, to spend a week with him at his residence at Arlingham, Gloucestershire.

My inexperience in business matters threw us into perplexity the next year. I had contemplated a removal, partly to break the link of painful associations, but we ultimately decided that, on the whole, we would prefer to remain in a home consecrated to us both by many joys, as well as sanctified by sorrows. Meantime the house had been let for three years, and the tenant would not withdraw his claim. We therefore spent the three summer months on Durdham Downs, the bracing air agreeing well with Miss Lutton's health, and an arrangement was made by which the number of her classes was temporarily reduced. She walked twice a week to meet them without fatigue. There was only a small Methodist chapel near us, chiefly supplied by local preachers of the humbler type, but here Miss Lutton was a constant and devout worshipper.

She always regarded with sincere respect the self-denying services of these volunteers of Methodism, whatever station in society they occupied, and frequently attended their ministry at Portland Chapel on Sunday afternoons, when not able to go out in the evenings.

In September 1860, we found a temporary home in Milton Villa, Cotham. She was pleased with the "sweet south aspect" of her bedroom, as it was favourable to the geraniums and other plants which she loved to cultivate.

At this time it was that I began the practice, continued for many, many years, when my health and throat would permit it, of reading aloud to her in an evening. Our

range of books was very varied. We read theology, history, poetry, miscellanies in periodical literature, etc., and she was an eager and intelligent listener. Also our life was varied by frequent visitors staying with us, and by social visiting in a quiet way, these varieties being refreshing to her spirit.

In July 1861 she had a succession of colds, and I lured her away to Weston, but not for long together, on account of the anxiety she felt about her classes.

The failure of her sight was now such as to render her very liable to accident, and yet her independence made it a pain to her to be attended. On October 19, 1861, she fell down some steps in Brunswick Square, and hurt her right hand, so that she could not pen a note without an amanuensis. The following February, 1862, while on her way to visit a sick member, she fell down an area of many steep stone steps, and dislocated her collar-bone. She suffered severely for some time, and before she was well recovered, rheumatism set in. She rallied wonderfully, however, and resumed her duties; but on June 2, she again stumbled and struck her leg against a high sharp stone, wounding it severely. This accident seemed at first much less serious than the former one, but it proved more so, and even dangerous, because the inflammation which set in was so severe that it was feared mortification might ensue. She had three skilful surgeons in attendance, and by God's blessing on their efforts, and a generous diet, she was brought through, although for two months she was not allowed to set foot to the ground, but was wheeled in a chair from her bedroom to her sitting-room. All these weeks her "dear classes waited for spared life and restored health," and their patience was rewarded by seeing her kindly presence once again amongst them.

She still refused any systematic attendance, but it was often contrived that she should be accompanied in her

walks; and a little later it became customary for one or another of her members to fetch her to class and to bring her home again,—a privilege which was sometimes the subject of friendly rivalry amongst them.

In the spring of 1862, Miss Lutton and I visited Weston. She enjoyed the fresh sea-breezes, and I heard her one day exclaim—

> "An angel might float on the breeze of to-day,
> "With only a sunbeam to clothe him."

One of her great delights there was to watch the little children, the "flowers of the earth," as she used playfully to call them, at their gambols on the sands. She had always a special yearning towards children, and never could she hear a child cry without wishing to make some effort to alleviate its sorrows. "It goes to my heart," she would say; "I cannot bear to hear a child cry."

Later on we had an excursion to Tintern, where the wilderness of apple blossom on the trees surrounding the old abbey added a great charm to a landscape that has few rivals in beauty, and these she could dimly discern. We went thence to Chepstow, the scene of her early evangelistic labours, and of our first introduction to her. Here she loved to talk over old times, and recall associations with former friends; but though her increasing blindness did not entirely preclude, it greatly lessened her pleasure in the beauties of natural scenery.

In the scantiness of other records, a few passages from her diary of this year may illustrate her mental history.

"*May* 11, 1862.—It is now a long time since I recorded "in a journal the loving-kindness of the Lord; nor do I "see much good likely to result from continuing it longer. "I am now seventy years old, and have outlived so many "who would have been interested by marking the Lord's "faithfulness towards me, that I am rather thinking of

"destroying those records already written. But it does my "heart good again and again to write about the love of an "all-atoning Saviour. Glory in the highest! 'tis mercy "all. I am greatly blessed from day to day, my faith "grows stronger, and my hope abounds. Means of grace "are fountains of water, soul and spirit are invigorated and "refreshed. How I delight in that sweet word on which "He hath caused me to trust: 'Even to hoar hairs will I "carry thee, and show thee my salvation!' He has carried me "thus far; He has wonderfully cared for me, and kept me "to this hour. It is now forty-seven years and one month "since my tongue could say truly, 'Lo, God is become my "salvation.' What strength and health He yet vouchsafes "my frame! and, oh, what spiritual life and enjoyment He "increases to my soul! 'Godliness is profitable unto all "things.' Bless the Giver of all good, O my soul; whilst "I have a being, I will bless the Lord!

"*Sunday, May* 18.—The Lord continues His loving-"kindness to me, and in Him 'I boast all the day long.' "I understand this expression as not meaning a vaunting, "self-seeking exhibition of my religion, but a truthful "declaration, on all proper occasions, of His righteousness, "and His only; that which is, by faith, keeping me in "perfect peace, and giving songs in the night season.

"It was thus I spoke in my class on last Friday morning. "I could not talk of crosses or temptations, I could only "tell of mercy and love. Yet I feared I was misunder-"stood, and I afterwards reasoned a little whether I should, "as then, only express the goodness of God. One dear "Christian, old in experience, must have seen into my "heart, for as she went out, she whispered to me, 'Speak "always what you feel, as you have now done; it will do "good.' I bless Him for this encouragement! The "Searcher of hearts knows I seek not to exalt myself, but "His glory. Lord help me! From several quarters little

"wearing feelings come, but He is an all-sufficient portion; "and I'll praise Him for ever! My spirit sinks before Him "and says, 'Thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I "love thee.'

"*Sunday, September* 7, 1862. — My failing sight has "partly prevented my writing in this little journal, and "my doubts of its future utility. But it is like a sweet "opening to my soul into the more sensible presence of "God. I love to praise Him, and here I can do it freely; "no one to be hurt by the expressions of my joy in the "Lord, nor say it is all constitutional ardour or imagination. "Glory be to the Lord, He is my all in all! I could even "shout for joy, because 'Thou favourest me.' I have been "chastened, and taught, and comforted, and strengthened, "and blessed. My cup has run over, and I wondered "and adored. It is glorious to think of the day "which shall soon dawn, the sun which shall soon arise "upon me, and the noontide, never waning, on which I "shall soon enter. Oh, what a faithful God! how good "above expression! He never leaves me a moment.

"*Thursday, September* 12.—Last night I dreamed that a "rainbow spanned my bed, and some peculiar matter was "indicated by it. As I awoke, my mind was filled with "passages of Scripture, such as, 'This shall be the sign of a "covenant betwixt Thee and me,' etc. All day my spirit "rests in great peace on God. It may be that I am drawing "near home, and that the covenant sign will cheer me in "dying moments. 'Lord, I am Thine; take me hence when "Thou wilt, only let Thy presence be sensibly with me. "Glory be to Thee for ever!'

"*Sunday, November* 9.—My sight fast fails me. I can "read almost none. A few words in the Scriptures can be "spelled out, or rather a word suggests the sentence: so in "my hymn-book, I see a word or two, and remember the "rest. It will all soon be over, and I shall see Him whom

" my soul loves, with no impediment to vision. Glory be to " Him! I feel no longing for what I do not possess, nor for " what I once had, but have lost. Nay, He gives me to " glory in infirmity; for when the creature is nothing He is " all. Yes, to have Him, the All, in all things, is my first " wish. My soul is gloriously upheld. He will never leave " me. I commit to Him everything; but I want to glorify " Him."

This is the latest entry in her diary. Her last letter was written two months before to her cousin, Mr. Wm. Lutton, but it was written with evident difficulty, partly with pen and partly with pencil. It was followed by a few notes, also to him, in the May and June of 1863, hardly legible, but speaking of herself as "well in health, happy, and hopeful," but unable to write, as glasses do not serve for this purpose, though they are of some avail to her in walking. Something follows about duty's call, and the then busy pen was dropped and never resumed.

Before passing on from this act in the drama of her life, I would subjoin a few sentiments gleaned from unpublished letters, which have seemed to me worth preservation.

" Treat your mind like a truant school-boy, and your " body like an untrusty servant: watch over, coerce, and " discipline the former, and give the latter as little indul- " gence and as much work as possible; and, above all " things, whatever you may take from your friends, never " take this advice, 'Do thyself no harm.'"

" Oh, how glad I am at the approach of the Sabbath! " Day of rest! emblem of my coming eternity, long loved, " oft sighed for, nigh at hand now! Dear, dear Sabbath, " once more I welcome thee!"

" May the Lord reduce you to the helplessness and help " of an infant who clings to the parent."

" Aim at pleasing God every moment, and then be " unhappy if you can."

"Let us neither reflect needlessly on the past, nor idly "explore the future; neither expend in unavailing regret "nor foolish wishes the sensibilities of our souls. Pro- "vidence, which cares for sparrows, will not overlook us."

"Be as careful in the expenditure of half an hour in con- "verse with a friend as of ten pounds in making a purchase; "and never forget there are many hearkening in your "chamber, though your eye sees but one."

"We have no weights which retard our running but "those we hold or cling to. If we would look less at the "fleeting clouds that pass over our sky, and more on the "sunshine brightly beaming on our path, how much happier "should we be! It is the direction of our mental eye "which makes much of our uncomfortable feelings. To "seek Jesus in all places, in all circumstances, is the surest "receipt for possessing peace, quietness, and assurance for "ever."

LETTERS.—1850–1863.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Llanberris Villa, *April* 4, 1850.

You are doubtless aware long ere this of the decease of my dear sister Murray. How strange it seems to me to survive so many friends! I must not dwell on the subject; it is full of selfish sadness, and the true Christian enters into the joy of the departed, and becomes absorbed by the contemplation of their felicity. May we be found watching when our Lord cometh!

How is my dear aunt? She is often in my thoughts, and oh how I long to join her, and all the loved ones, in His presence where there is "fulness of joy" for ever! I had hoped to see Ireland during this summer, but now another tie to my native land is broken, I scarcely look on my return there as probable, even for a brief season. My

classes here cannot be supplied in my absence, and I grow less fond of travelling. To meet you all in heaven is the point on which I fix my expectation. "There is our house and portion fair;" there only shall we drink an unmixed cup of pleasure, and feel the bliss of a pure and perfect friendship.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Llanberris Villa, *April* 14, 1850.

Let it not seem strange to you that I continue my note begun, on the afternoon of the sweet and hallowed Sabbath, when devotional exercises best become the Lord's people. Oh it is because this day of this month is my favourite of them all! It is because I want you to join me in worshipping Him that sits on the throne and reigneth Lord of the universe, on account of His great goodness in calling me to be a partaker of the "inheritance of the saints in light."

On this day I first believed, and often as it annually returns, I bless God and take courage. Through all eternity the memory of that period must give exquisite sweetness, and fill me with "wonder, love, and praise." At present my gratitude is heightened by feeling a delightful continuance and renewal of all the freshness and warmth and simplicity of early experience. My familiarity with sacred truths brings no deadness of perception, no diminution of enjoyment. "Tears of joy" are daily given me for my hope of heaven, and the Saviour's name is music to my ears. Glory, glory in the highest!

My own dearly loved aunt, who has for so many years prayed for me, with whose spirit I frequently hold mysterious communion, will soon unite with me in His presence whose smile is heaven. We shall fall at His feet, overwhelmed with unutterable love and adoration, and for ever praise the hearer and answerer of prayer! Come, Lord Jesus, and for Thyself prepare, and to Thyself receive!

To Miss S. Greer.

Llanberris Villa, *June* 5, 1850.

How time rolls on! and how it is bearing us into eternity!

'Tis like yesterday since I first saw you, yet how many years are gone by! Fast, fast are we hastening away, to leave room for those that come after. Oh may we be "made meet" for the great, the final change; and having our "robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb," may we meet where separation shall be for ever unknown!

I was thinking of you last week, when enjoying some of my peculiar privileges in happy England. On Thursday evening I attended the public meeting which was convened to welcome Dr. A——, and congratulate him on his escape from the Inquisition. It was most spirit-stirring to see the great room in the Victoria Buildings filled, and to hear the triumphs of the Bible from the lips of one whom it had rescued from "worse than Egyptian darkness." A French gentleman residing in Bath was the unpaid interpreter on this occasion. As the originator of the deliverance of Dr. A—— from the Roman dungeon was my esteemed friend Mr. Holland of Clifton (by the way, a most excellent Wesleyan), I was invited to breakfast at his house next morning, with Dr. A——(who was his guest), some clergymen, Moravian and Wesleyan ministers, Colonel Crawford and others, to the number of twenty-six. It was delightful. We conversed, we sang, we prayed, we read the Book of books, we anticipated our sitting down together in presence of our common Lord, when the Monk of Italy should tell to a company "which no man can number" the way in which he was providentially and graciously led "to a city of habitations." At least such were my speculations as I listened to the chief speakers.

The same evening I was in a party in a different locality, where I met some of the pious of the earth, and was introduced to a most worthy clergyman, who resides near us, whose Christian spirit is cheering.

You will be glad to hear that the Lord continues to bless me with sweetest encouragement to hope in Him, to love Him, and ask in all the confidence of faith for increased conformity to His will in all things. Oh, He is faithful, and never fails His feeblest follower! Many a promise has been fulfilled to me since He drew me to seek His face. Every wish has been more than met and satisfied. "'Tis

mercy all," and from my place, the dust, all that is within me cries, "It is the Lord's doing." Blessed be His holy name!

Come, my dear friend, come let us worship and fall down before Him unitedly in spirit. Let us again bind ourselves to Him in covenant. Again "put on the whole armour," and go forth in Jesu's might to the battle-field of daily life and common matters.

Soon shall we "see Him as He is," and join the dear departed ones whom we loved as our own souls, "when death shall all be done away, and bodies part no more." Give my dear love to your sisters. Tell me all about their health and your own. My heart is full of the foretaste of our final meeting with each other. Oh let us breathe the atmosphere of our heavenly home! Let us testify to every one how rich in mercy, how free, how abundant in grace, is He whom we exult in calling Master!

To a Friend,

On occasion of her going on a tour to the Continent.

[*June* 20], 1850.

If fervent prayers and kindest wishes can accomplish any good, yours will be a most delightful excursion, conducive to health of body, mental vigour, and the soul's advancement in knowledge and holiness.

Let these three never be dissociated in your object and aim. They never need. I am not afraid, in your case, of either soul or body becoming a monopolist of your attention, but I do feel a little jealous lest the merely intellectual faculty cause the former to be neglected, and the latter used too severely. To prevent such partiality, and favour the ends of justice, I now come before you on paper. Oh, take my tiny pages with you, and let their simple earnest counsel be sometimes read, and sometimes thought of, when you shall be far from the writer, and alone with God! My heart pleads for the Divine blessing on my humble effort; join me in this, before you turn over to the next sentence.

In commencing a journey, it is well to be reminded of certain things which are likely to be overlooked in the bustle of preparation.

I. Think in what capacity you travel. You are not merely a wife, a sister, a friend—as such you have duties of a high order;—but you are an official character, you go as the blood-bought servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. Your prescribed work is to "glorify God, with your body and spirit, which are His." Do not put aside this one truth by the false idea that, because others are in the same position with yourself, your case is extenuated in the least by their thoughtlessness. Oh no, no! "What is that to thee?" For "we shall all appear before the judgment seat," not to be justified or condemned as a multitude, but that "every one" may receive according to the deeds done in the body. Neither imagine that, because you can do little, you may as well do nothing; nor because the results of your best efforts are not apparent, that they are never successful. They are always so. Never did you prayerfully drop the smallest seed in the ground without being successful. It either tended to another's good or to your own; often both.

If it were a merely optional thing whether you served God or not, there might be some show of reason in the plausible pretexts of unfitness, unworthiness, fright, and nervousness; but all these silly excuses vanish before this solemn reflection: I must belong to either God or the devil. I serve one of these two masters, whether I stay at home or go abroad. There is no neutral state; if my foot moves out of the "narrow way," it goes into the broad one.

Now why is it necessary for you to think on this subject in commencing your journey? Because your mind ought to be familiarized to the inquiry, Shall I in this matter act, or speak, or appear, as the servant of the Lord ought? Commence your journey by a prayerful recognition of your blessed servitude. Be not ashamed that others should know you are trying to do your duty. Let all blame fall on yourself, as the poorest, weakest, most unprofitable, unworthy servant in all your Father's house. Still bind the badge of servitude to your heart, wreathe it around your brow, let self be as the dust, but still raise the cry of vassalage. My Master and my Lord!

II. Know well in what company you go. What! only your husband, and his brother and sister? Nay, they are left out in my caution. It is other company I mean, and oh, far more important company, which you are sure to take, whether agreeable or otherwise; you cannot even seclude yourself from these one moment. Be sure you know them well.

(1) Satan. Be "not ignorant of his devices." He goeth about seeking to devour; he has innumerable emissaries, each a fitting representative in purpose and in action. Be on your guard. Some of these malignant spirits will take charge of your tongue, some of your eyes, some of your ears, all will struggle for your thoughts and feelings. Watch, pray, "resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

(2) A weak, if not wicked nature, a heart only partially renewed by grace, and ready to yield to unbelief, and to be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin. It is fearful to be surrounded by enemies, but it is much more appalling to know your greatest foe is in your bosom. Yet such is the case, and its natural tendency is to distrust and sin against your best friend. Oh, keep it down, mortify it, learn to distinguish its voices, to oppose its claims, to sacrifice its sensibilities, to pray for its total destruction! Here you are in most danger; may you be made wise unto salvation!

(3) God. Yes, He will go with you everywhere, at all seasons, in every circumstance. Hear what He says, "I will never leave thee; no, I will never forsake thee." Does He really say it to you? Yes, to you. "The weakest believer that hangs upon Him." Oh, then let your courage increase mightily! He is for you, with you, upholding, strengthening, shielding, convincing, comforting, instructing, blessing, pardoning through faith in the precious blood of Christ, healing backslidings, loving freely. Oh this gratuitous love, how sweet, how rich, how full, how lasting!

III. Be apprized of what will make your journey safe and agreeable. You will want sunshine and shade, time for rest and refreshment, a place of shelter, a Friend's aid, timely counsel and sympathy, a good Physician, a prosperous voyage, a pledged conductor, and a heart to feel and enjoy its mercies and privileges. Let me beg you will—

(1) Have morning and evening family prayer on the way. If one will not conduct the worship, let two do it; nay, if the cross seem too heavy for two, let each of the four do something in it. One can collect the others, and bring the books; a second can read the Scriptures; a third can read the prayer; a fourth can be attentive to any interruption, and put the books away.

If the first and fourth duties devolve on the ladies, it will be fitting; but if one gentleman refuses the intermediate duties, let a lady read in his place. Take care not to be light and trifling in talking over this matter; it may be made worse than useless by being foolishly talked over. But for the sake of Him whose providence will be your security, honour Him in this matter. It will be an incalculable advantage.

(2) Embrace a few moments, as often as you can, to kneel down before the Lord your Maker, entreating His blessing, pleading in the name of Jesus. Read at the same time, if possible, a verse or two of Scripture; at all events, daily read a portion with reflection and prayer.

(3) Hallow the Sabbath. Oh, fail not herein! It will be your life. Give God His own one day; He gives you six. Every moment of it is His. Be honest; give Him your words, thoughts, actions. Be in the Spirit; be spiritual in converse and demeanour, inwardly and outwardly. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

(4) Endeavour habitually to associate everything you see with God. This will heighten joyous emotion, it will refine taste, and render its gratification exquisite; it will educe lessons from events, extract sweets from bitters, turn the water of common things into the wine of Heaven's communications, and make your society a boon to your companions.

You need not be audibly moralizing and spiritualizing to be influential, till you find the habit grow on you; frequent verbal indications of it might cause evaporation, and draw on you observation; you cannot yet bear much of this, you are too timid, and coldness in those you would address might make you sinfully silent afterwards. The better way is to try gently, and almost insensibly, to promote in those

around you the same feelings you possess, and to watch for opportunities. Draw them to think of that glorious Being who is so great, so good; "in whom we live and move and have our being." Be not too easily laughed out of the pursuit of a heavenly frame of mind in yourself and others; often those who seem to despise our puny efforts are at heart most deeply smitten with their commendableness, and impressed by their object.

May the presence of Jehovah-Jesus be continually with you! and oh, when all our wanderings on earth are ended, may we meet where kindred souls, purified and saved, shall be our fellow-participants in the bliss of heaven!

To Miss S. Greer.

Cromer, Norfolk, *July* 30, 1850.

Judging of you by myself, I fancy even a few lines will not be without a welcome to your hand. This part of the east coast is about 250 miles from Bristol. My dear Mrs. and Miss Westcott, with whom I dwell, took me first to London, where, during our sojourn, I was shown all the lions,—no expense spared to give me pleasure. I need not particularize, but merely say I deeply enjoyed my visit there, and whilst I trod the precincts of Westminster Abbey, and knew that royal dust lay mouldering beneath my feet, what mingled feelings filled my soul! Oh, what is earthly greatness?

This beautiful locality is noticed in the *Life of Mrs. Fry*, and in that of Sir Fowell Buxton. Cromer Hall was once his residence. The last sentence travelled far from the former, as Cromer is a long way from London (about 130 miles), and not in direct railway line. However here we are, and a more beautiful spot we never visited;—the high cliffs, the fair and solid sand, the pebbly mounds, where crystals, cornelians, jet, etc. are commonly picked up, and carried to the lapidary; the broad, clear sea, with no land intermediate to the North Pole, foaming and besieging the land, which it is annually engulfing, having already swallowed up the old town, and carried off the lighthouse of the new one,—all combine to give a character to the place indescribable. The new lighthouse is very peculiar, being

famous for its revolving flame, which comes out each minute regularly, broad and vivid as lightning, that vessels may be warned not to approach the shore, which has wrecked its thousands. No vessel ever comes into Cromer. You can see them far off in the horizon, as they pass to other places; but woe to the hapless ship that drifts near us! the fate of all is inevitable.

There is a church here and a Wesleyan chapel; other denominations are unknown. We came for change of air and to recruit our strength; we all feel better already. Oh may the soul prosper! Surely the Lord is ever mindful of His covenant, keeping mercy and truth for ever!

"In all my ways His hand I own,
His ruling providence I see."

Help me to praise Him for His great goodness and continued loving-kindness.

To a Friend.

Cromer, Norfolk, *July* 31, 1850.

How I wish you were in this delightful part of England! It is the most interesting spot we have ever visited, having such combinations and diversities, whether we stroll under or above the high cliffs, as we suppose are seldom met elsewhere. The sea is magnificent, the land lovely. How have I been led to think what a world we should have, were sin excluded from the human bosom! Then we should find every gale breathed peace, and every grove had melody unknown before. The change of air and scene has already done me much good; we are all better for it, and shall hope to return to Cotham more healthy, more hopeful, more filled with thanksgiving than before we left.

There is usually in all earthly enjoyment a "fly in the pot of ointment;" and my tiny disagreeable is solicitude about my classes. I often think of them with strong desire to be again among them; but this excursion had become almost indispensable to my health, and now, having undertaken it, I must patiently wait the proper time of my friend's judgment for going home. Oh may we become so moulded by

the hand of God that, even in common outward matters, we may be what, and when, and how He wills concerning us!

To a Friend.

Your inquiries respecting the 68th Psalm deserve attention, but are not easily answered. I wish you had Dr. Clarke's commentary on the Old and New Testament. I know no work that would be more useful to the sincere inquirer after truth. I had access to it in Mr. Booth's library, and I have examined his criticisms on this psalm. He says it is "the most difficult in the whole Psalter. There are customs here referred to which I do not fully understand; there are words whose meaning I cannot to my own satisfaction ascertain, and allusions which are to me inexplicable; yet of the composition itself I have the highest opinion." For my part, I am not inclined to think that the 13th verse was primarily written as a promise of sanctification under the gospel dispensation, though in an accommodated way we sometimes venture to use it as a fit illustration of the striking contrast between a state of nature and a state of grace. As to the 19th verse, I dislike the translation of it both in the common Bible and the Church Prayer-Book. The word there translated "loadeth" signifies to lift, bear up, or support, or to bear a burden for another. I should rather choose to render the passage, "Blessed be the Lord, the God of our salvation, who bears our burdens for us."

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Llanberris Villa, *October* 18, 1850.

I am indeed greatly indebted to you for the view of your house, and the little map of most interesting localities around you. To me they are invaluable, associated as they have ever been with my earliest pleasures, and as they must be with my latest consciousness of endeared friendship. You have afforded me a new source of genuine enjoyment, and my heart thanks you. The cherished memories of bygone years are ever present to my mind, and have a charm indescribable. How well I remember, after spending the evening with dear friends at Mr. Elliot's, walking to your father's by the low road or pathway near the river, with

yourself and George, your mother and B——, Jane and Margaret accompanying! A happy group in the precious faith of the gospel, and endeared to each other by the love of the Saviour. Well, we shall meet again, again surround the throne, not of grace but glory, and prayer be swallowed up in praise.

Three witnesses for Christ have died out of my classes in the last twelve months, one of them of rapid consumption. Oh how I loved her, and how I love those I watch over who are yet left me, about 125! Never did I dare hope for such openings into spiritual privileges as I now enjoy, such fellowship of spirit with the truly good. Oh, help me to praise Him "from whom all blessings flow!"

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Llanberris Villa, *January* 30, 1851.

I was much pleased as usual to see your handwriting, but sorry to hear you are so much a sufferer. Fear not, neither be weak in faith. Oh, there is a hoping against hope, a confiding in the hand we grasp, even when we walk blindfold through a thorny road, which is both duty and privilege! Yours and mine are sure to be the right way to the city of habitations, for the Lord hath appointed it, and, delightful truth! He loves us.

The gleanings you send me respecting the family arms are interesting, as they confirm, what for some years has been my decided conviction, that our ancestors were Yorkshiremen. This I deduce from two things:

1st. When William and Ralph Lutton (brothers) went over to Ireland in King William's army, one of them was a married man, and his wife was called by the familiar term of "Frank," for "Frances," which I find is only done in Yorkshire.

2d. I obtained the arms of four families of our name in England, and found the Luttons of Knapton in Yorkshire the same as those discovered by you in the old paper; a young friend wrote it out for me. Two years ago a lady had the crest engraved on a seal for me. Strange that one of our preachers told me he used to be most hospitably entertained at the house of Mr. Ralph Lutton of Knapton,

who, with his family, were staunch Wesleyans. Well, though it is pleasant to trace our earthly lineage, we have a nobler descent still; to be born from above, to call God Father, is far above the poor perishing honours of this life, and this is ours, "and if children, then heirs."

To Miss S. Holland.

Cotham, *February* 18, 1851.

Be diligent in watching over the heart. It is "deceitful," and will impose on you, if you do not bring it to the light of the word, and the scrutiny of the Holy Spirit. Oh, be a little child in prayer, anxious, importunate, dependent, urging your plea in the name of Jesus. Let nothing discourage you, no, not even sin! Fly to the open Fountain; wash instantly; you will not merely lose the stain, but you will be invigorated to "go in peace and sin no more." Leave no interval between feeling disease and going to the Great Physician, and depart not from His presence till "virtue has gone out of Him," and you know He has healed you.

May the Lord bless thee, and preserve thy soul unto life eternal!

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Good Friday, *April* 18, 1851.

Nothing would be hailed by me as joyfully as a clear indication that my way was open to go to be one week with my very dear aunt. Pray for me that I may be ready, when the Master calls for me, to render up my accounts with joy. Often, very often, are my thoughts hovering about that spot of earth where first my mother drew her breath, and that other where now reposes her sleeping dust. Oh, I shall soon be with her sainted spirit, where Jesus is in glory everlasting!

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

June 23, 1851.

I am willing to follow in any Providential path to Ireland, and should be delighted, beyond your conception, to be once more in the paradise of my early childhood, near Portadown. But there seems this year a gulf between us.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Llanberris Villa, *August* 25, 1851.

When we think of the amazing love of God, in its unnumbered manifestations of mercy to us, to our friends, to the world, it seems almost criminal for us, as Christians, to dwell long, or exclusively, on any other subject. "What hath God wrought!" Oh, I do rejoice that my old acquaintance George, a child of many prayers, now walks in the light and liberty of the gospel!

So the Lord has again cheered your heart by renewing to you the precious loan of your beloved mother's life. Bless His holy name for ever! May she be made a world's blessing, by her fervent faithful prayers for the salvation of sinners, and for the matured holiness of those whose names are already in the Lamb's book of life! My own dear aunt, whom I love with increasing union of spirit; how I shall thank thee, in a better, brighter clime, for all thy prayers for me, and how God shall reveal to His hidden ones how instrumental He made them to the advancement of His truth and the promotion of His glory!

How I sympathize with you in your sufferings of body! But what is human sympathy? You have divine; your Great High Priest feels; is there not exquisite sweetness in the thought that *He* feels for you, who can help, and who will, if best? If you have a furnace in time, you shall have none in eternity; if you are called to suffer, you are also called to reign. Everything has two aspects; one looks down, the other up. Let us ever study the heaven-aspiring. There is sunshine on it. There is the outbeaming of hope from it; wherever we turn, we may read of a faithful God. "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

What congenial engagements you and I shall have by and by! Praise is already bursting from our lips, and gratitude overflowing our hearts. But when we reach home, we shall abound and abide in it. There seems a selfishness and an egotism in obtruding our song on others, as if *we* only had full cause for triumph. This feeling will soon be swallowed up; soon shall a "great multitude, whom no man can number," shout and wonder at the great salvation; but the

general acclaims will be found from the individual consciousness He hath loved *me*, and washed me from my sins in His blood.

We have been at London, Dover, Broadstairs, and Weston. We have seen the Crystal Palace,[1] and its astonishing contents, and its tens of thousands of visitors, and are returned to enjoy quiet, and meditate on what cannot find a counterpart in art or nature, what can only be faintly shadowed forth by the highest conception: "The glory to be revealed."

To Miss S. Greer.

Llanberris Villa, *August* 25, 1851.

I have been travelling about. What a beauteous world of external nature, what an astonishing world of inventive art, is ours! Had we no sin within us, none around us, and were the Saviour to be visible to the eye of sense, could we imagine a higher heaven? Yes, the curse must be taken from our earth; this mortal must put on immortality; spirits, kindred spirits, long disjoined by death, must meet again, and be reunited for ever. The glory to be revealed must be disclosed, God's word and purpose be fulfilled, and not a jot or tittle pass away. Even so, come Lord Jesus, yea, come quickly, and make us meet, and take us home to heaven.

I am sometimes asked by pious persons, Would not you like to be translated and not see death? I always feel averse to any idea presented save that of dying, and becoming the inmate of the grave. He died, and so disarmed death; He was buried, and lighted up the grave with the glory of resurrection, thus taking away its gloom. Oh no, I would not go to heaven (were it possible) save by His merits alone, nor do I wish to be there (if choice were allowed) but by death and the grave, for these are all sanctified and sweetened by His death and sepulture.

What the believer lays as the foundation must also be the top-stone. We must take Christ with us everywhere, into all circumstances; at all periods of life must momentarily make sure we have Him, or dark clouds cannot be

[1] The palace meant was the Hyde Park Great Exhibition building.

entered. But if we have Him, we may penetrate into any obscurity that Providence calls us to, and we shall return from it as Moses did, with spirits radiant from Divine communion.

Oh, dear friend, is the Saviour more precious to you than when you first believed? does your heart overflow with love to Him? are you delighted to get any one who loves Him to speak of Him? Pray, watch, beware of lukewarmness; take up crosses, abide in Him.

I often think of you, of your dear sisters, of other friends once often seen, now seen no more. My sisters gone, myself far from the land of my early days, and the foot almost lifted which transfers me to eternity. Oh, it is solemn, yet sweet; pensive, yet gladdening! I have been taken by my kind friends to see the Crystal Palace, and truly I was astonished and delighted. Newspapers will give you descriptions of it, but what shall convey just ideas of my emotions on entering, traversing, and leaving it? My pen cannot. To me, at least, it was like being in a new world, radiant with splendour; and what becomes almost overpowering is the association of thoughts, combining, classifying, intermingling, separating, now stretching to comprehend the whole, now minutely investigating the merits of each department, and almost unconsciously assuming the censorship and awarding the prizes. It certainly afforded me the highest gratification I could enjoy, unconnected with religion, and it being quite possible to make it subservient to even spiritual good greatly enhances it. I shall subjoin the days on which my friends and I went to the Exhibition.

Friday, admittance	2s. 6d.,	numbers present,		26,000.
Saturday,	do.	5s. od.,	do.	11,000.
Monday,	do.	1s. od.,	do.	61,000.
Tuesday,	do.	1s. od.,	do.	68,000.

I could fill sheets of paper with what I saw, from the Koh-i-noor diamond to the Irish flax, in its first rude process of preparation; from the queen of the French to the poor factory girl, elbowing her way amidst the multitude. But you must fancy all you can, and then conclude with the thought, "If earth can produce such sights, sounds, and

feelings as are here seen, heard, felt, what enjoyments are we hastening to," of which it is said, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him"!

To Miss S. Greer.

Llanberris Villa, *January* 31, 1852.

Year follows year rapidly, silently, each becoming a pledge or presage that the last is drawing near. Are we anticipating, hailing, preparing for it? Is it bright and attractive in prospect? Are we employing the hands, feet, tongue, head, heart, as if it were "at hand"? Would there be much rending from earth if called to leave it? Let us "be diligent"—in what? In doing and bearing, no doubt; but let us be mainly diligent in *being* the will of God. And what is that will? "Rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, in everything give thanks." And she who is thus sweetly attuned by Divine grace will give forth from every chord when touched rich strains of sacred and harmonious song.

This is an age of bustling activity; no Christian can be a complete recluse, unless disease confines her to the homestead, and some mysterious infliction bolts her door, and bids the solitary sufferer seek no sympathy save the Saviour's. But while we intermingle with our fellows, and try to bear a part of every one's burden, and weep and work for the world's evangelization, let us keep up personal union with God. Let us be like passengers in a railway carriage, give a glance at the fast-flitting objects through which we rush, and keep minutely and momentarily ready for a sudden accident, a swift transit, a loud call, and the end of the journey. Oh, my dear friend, whom I have long known, esteemed, loved, how sweet to think that, however our paths through life have separated us in later years, we are about to meet at the grand terminus, and be for ever fellow-citizens, fellow-heirs, companions through eternity!

I cannot tell you half God's goodness to His poor, weak, undeserving creature; my tongue would gladly talk of Him all the day long. Increasingly do I realize the truth of life's brevity and uncertainty, and am—without any sensible

inroads of disease, or decays of vigour—looking out for land from every silver-breasted wave on which I glide so gently. Sometimes I fancy it perceptible, and am in solemn joyousness awaiting the announcement, and again am given to see it was only a flitting vapour, or some illusion which awakened my attention. But ere long the appointed time will come, and oh may I be then found watching!

To Miss S. Greer.

Llanberris Villa, *April* 10, 1852.

I have been begging, since I wrote to you, for a wooden leg for a young woman who belongs to one of my classes. She has had amputation a little above the knee, and lives by her own industry. I succeeded,—it cost about thirty-five shillings,—and last week I was gratified with seeing her in the vestry of the chapel, happy in her facility for mingling with other pious worshippers. How often are we privileged in a small way, by a trifling sacrifice of some selfish feelings, to minister to the "necessities of the saints," and make a heart that loves God rejoice in the outward benefit!

To Miss S. Greer.

Dawlish, South Devon, *May* 1852.

I feel grateful to our heavenly Benefactor for intelligence from you of your own and sisters' comparative health, and of the recovery in some measure of our esteemed and respected Mr. Hazleton. May he be long spared to show forth the faithfulness of his covenant-keeping God! We are come for two or three weeks to the south of Devonshire, for our spring change of air and scene, and during the ensuing week at least, Dawlish will be our headquarters, or central position, from which we shall diverge to Teignmouth, Torquay, and Budleigh Salterton, places of great beauty on the sea-coast. Please tell Mr. Hazleton that Methodism in Dawlish is so low that it "need fear no fall," there being only seven members in society, no preacher of any description, nor class-leader nearer than Teignmouth, no evangelical teacher in either parish church or chapel-of-ease. It made me sad to think of what the Protestantism of England is, under the auspices of Henry, Bishop of

Exeter. I hope you will excuse a brief note, as I live so much out-of-doors I can only devote a little time to epistolary writing.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Llanberris Villa, *June* 21, 1852.

I have been spending some weeks, for our spring change of air, in the south of Devonshire, where the scenery is beautifully diversified, and the country rich, fertile, and interesting. There, in one small sea-side town, we found a population nearly all Puseyites, so much so that no evangelical tract could be procured in it. There was a Wesleyan society, however, which might be worthy the imitation of others. There were only seven members, who had no leader, but were met after sermon on Sunday by whatever local preacher did the day's duty. Only once a fortnight, on a week day, did an itinerant minister go to them; yet they were steady, pious, full of love to one another. Their circumstances were humble; the richest of them all was an old man who let carriages for hire, and lived by the most persevering industry. He built a chapel on his own little cabbage garden, with the help of his two sons; and to fill it with a joyful noise, as he could not gather more than a dozen hearers, he made a bass viol, learned to play on it, and sings and plays skilfully to the "praise and glory of God."

Oh, it did my heart good to be with the sweet, simple, loving-hearted few! I held one meeting in the chapel. I had three or four times the number who come at any other time, and a most attentive people; but unless we had employed the bellman, or beat a drum, we could not get the house full.

I shall enclose you two or three little specimens of sea-weed, which we pick up when at the sea-side. The varieties of *algæ* are almost innumerable, of all shades of green, and pink, and orange. These things are greatly studied at present in England, and if moderately delighted in, tend to good, but oh how may the loveliest works of God become a snare! If you like such things, I would collect for your amusement and pleasure whenever I go from home; or if

you have any taste for collecting zoophytes, I can add to your stock often. I dwell in the midst of persons who are ever increasing in knowledge, and one can scarcely escape without carrying off a portion of the general feeling. "O Lord, how wondrous are Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all."

We contemplate a trip to Yorkshire, etc., but the next place may be to heaven.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Cotham, *September* 20, 1852.

I have delayed writing to you that I might have the pleasure of enclosing my last new tract.

I cannot do much for the good of my fellows, but what I can I would gladly. I owe everything that has brightened existence to Him who first conferred it. His Providence has been a special one, His grace has been unfailing, and to Him, for Him, and in Him I only wish to live. I am justly ashamed of myself and all my doings. But no humiliating considerations shall hinder persevering efforts. An infant is not a giant, but a father's smile is the highest reward sought, and that is sure to be given to the sincere and simple endeavour to please.

The precious name of Jesus is full of music to my ear and comfort to my heart. He is to me everything and all-sufficient, "my Lord and my God."

To Miss S. Greer.

Llanberris Villa, *November* 29, 1852.

Ah, my dear friend, I no longer can sit apart and pore on huge folios for days with little interruption, or write at all times as pleaseth me. Yet the controlling power is the will of my heavenly Father, and He makes me even happier in the absorbing, active duties of visiting the sick, and meeting my classes, and mingling with human beings, than ever I was with abounding leisure. Most of the tract last published was written in fragments of opportunities in the drawing-room, when my friends were around me, on scraps of paper, and afterwards corrected and transcribed.

It has been a season of great hurry. Never had I as

good health, that I can remember, as I have enjoyed this year; no colds, no languor, no weakness, "no complaining in all the streets." Prosperity has been in all my classes, numbers rather increasing, and, "best of all, God is with us." We are not an excitable people here, but oh the feeling is deep, the principle pervading, the conduct is consistent; and when we meet, there is such oneness in Christ, that love—pure, fervent, abiding love—is the characteristic! We are one in praise, in prayer, in deep sympathy, and are encouraging each other with the near approaching views of our Father's house above. Bless the Lord for ever! The way is pleasantness; the path is peace; the journey will soon terminate.

"But oh the bliss to which we tend
Eternally shall last!"

My soul is filled with wonder and adoring gratitude by such care of a poor worm; such manifestations of grace and dispensations of good to one "not worthy of the crumbs that fall from the Master's table"! 'Tis all mercy, all for the sake of the Saviour, that He might show forth His great love to the least deserving.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Llanberris Villa, *January* 25, 1853.

I have often wished to ask you, Would you like to have two or three of the very old hymn-books published in Mr. Wesley's lifetime? Please let me know freely. I have one published 1739, one 1749, one 1756, another I believe about 1751. Now these are all at your service if you would like to have them. I shall send them by post to you for sixpence each, which will only be a gratification to myself. They are old-looking and well used; still your children after you might value them.

Daily do I feel as one who will be shortly called home. My soul longs for the fruition of God. I have greatly desired once more to go to Ireland, and visit old scenes and see the few remaining old friends, but I am inclined to think it will not be. I am less able to undertake the toil and exposure of such a journey by sea and land than

formerly, and I suffered so much ten years ago in crossing the Channel that I dare scarcely think of it. But oh the eternal reunion! the meeting above! My soul rejoices in that anticipation, and is content.

Benson's commentary on the Old Testament is in most places a verbatim reprint of Wesley's. I prefer the latter.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Llanberris Villa, *April* 21, 1853.

I do not agree with you in opinion that we may "generally believe" professed Christians when they complain of themselves. No such thing! They are the very persons whose judgment I would doubt on that subject. What! believe—when a pained, debilitated, diseased body presses down the immortal spirit, renders it incapable of healthy perceptions and vigorous actings—that grace is in an equally languid state, and that the life of God has declined? Never! Believe that bodily drowsiness is spiritual slumber, or that when there is not a quick succession of supernatural impulses, there is a corresponding induration of heart, and an undeniable proof of being comparatively dead to God? Never! Oh, my dear friend, we err, we greatly err, in looking so much to ourselves for evidences that we are in Christ. It requires more simple, stedfast "looking to Jesus" in order to be kept right than it does self-sifting, especially in times of temptation, when the high winds blow such quantities of chaff in our eyes that we could not see one golden grain of Heaven's productions, were we possessed of it.

Come, my dear friend, join me in persevering efforts to abandon the inward emotions, as well as the outward dispensations, to our precious Saviour. Let us cheerfully give up our dearly-prized lively perceptions, and sensible enjoyments, and ardent outgoings of soul, when this wise and loving Care-taker speaks to us through a diseased body or an exercised mind. Let us take Him for our all, and be willing to follow Him into desert places, and there abide with Him, without so much as asking for "the loaves and fishes." I daily feel my only way of safety is running to Christ; often does my spirit breathe:

"O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but Thee!"

I have kind friends, abounding means of grace, everything that my body or soul needs; but if He be not in all and above all, I desire it not. Strange compound that I am!—full of defects, yet filled with praise; only so far able to maintain an equilibrium as I hang on the Hand that upholds and guides me, yet so sweetly secure of perfect safety whilst my faith grasps, clings to that Hand, that I could weep for very love and confidence. Praise the Lord for ever! He is our help and shield. "Through Him we shall do valiantly, for He it is treadeth down our enemies under us."

What a great blessing to me that I am not the subject of much pain, nor at any time laid aside, even for a day, by illness! I have had a very severe cold for some weeks this early spring, but was enabled to go out to all my classes, and am now free from it. He bringeth low and raiseth up again. Blessed be His holy name! I now meet six classes, and have more to do than I do very efficiently; still our meetings are Bethels. My dear Christian friends are all united in heart to each other, and athirst for a yet fuller salvation. Oh for larger measures of love—all-conquering love!

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

August 1853.

We have been from home nearly two months this summer, wandering through Somersetshire, Glamorganshire, and Pembrokeshire, amid ruined castles, or splendid rocks, or heathery hills, or on the verge of the deep blue sea. Very pleasantly has the time passed, though not without signal interventions of the Divine aid in great extremities. On one occasion, during a three hours' voyage from one port to our next place of lodging, we were in imminent danger, having our steamer in collision with a rival one in the Channel, which broke down the seats and side of our vessel, and caused such a cry of horror as I never heard uttered before. It was the hopeless wail of despair on the supposed brink of eternity. The

Lord mercifully kept my mind in "perfect peace," and I was able to calm others, and point them to a Saviour. We soon righted and got safe into harbour. But I need not detail, or rather cannot, all the mercies I meet. They are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore. Bless the name of the Lord for ever!

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

September 22, 1853.

Did I tell you we have been a good deal in South Wales this summer? Oh what a beautiful world we live in! Full of hills and valleys, and seas and rivers, and tributary streams. Full of trees, and plants, and flowers, all diversified, all gratifying the eye of taste, and rewarding the investigation of patient, persevering science. Greatly have I admired the numerous scenes through which we passed, or in which we made a brief sojourn. Richly productive in treasures of land and sea were the places we visited, but few were the opportunities for Christian fellowship. However this could only be compensated for by calmly and gratefully accepting the discipline presented as from the hand of God, and gathering up crumbs.

I try, in passing through life, to act as if a friend had placed me in a carriage on a journey, to yield and accommodate myself to the motion of the vehicle, allowing it to project or throw backward, or roll me about from side to side, without opposition on my part; so I proceed, exercised and benefited. The carriage of God's providence sometimes is an easy one, and congenial and delightful the movement, soothing and tending to repose. But it has its little inexplicable changes, and it becomes me always to say it is the very best to carry me to heaven, and if I had my choice of all others, the one He has chosen for me would be preferred.

Since our return home, my religious privileges have been trebly estimated by me; the means of grace overflow with sweetness and profit. Our two new ministers are good preachers, and very acceptable. As regards talent, the Bristol north circuit, in which we reside, has excellent supplies in the pulpit. Oh what a land of corn, and wine,

and oil, in holy things, am I brought to live in; how great is my accountability!

Since I met my first class on last Monday week, my soul has unutterable sinkings into the loving presence of God. He keeps me with the one design and one desire. I want nothing but more of His nature, and to be more pleasing in His sight; all I can wish is resolvable into this, to be conformed to His will, and transformed into His image. My class-meetings are like temporary admissions to the suburbs of the celestial city.

On Tuesday evening one gave a calm, clear account of having, during the preceding week, entered into the rest more fully. There is a wonderfully deep, genuine work going on in the hearts of most of the people. The kingdom is not coming with much outward observation, but it is nigh. Oh for a number of true, consistent, abiding witnesses of full deliverance from all sin! Lord, we look to Thee.

I wish to write much more, but the hour for going to one of my classes is at hand. On earth He leads us from fountain to fountain, and just as we would sit down by the water and say, "This shall comfort us concerning our toil," He gently grasps our hand and conducts us to another, that we may not get self-indulgent, but eat our bread, and drink our water with our loins girded and our staff in our hands. Glory be to our God in the highest! Oh, my dear friend, help me to praise Him, and aid me with your prayers!

Some of my dear members have entered into "the joy of their Lord" during the last Methodistic year; others fall into their places, so that the number under my care does not diminish. We live in love, such love as crowned the early days, pure, fervent, and unselfish. Oh, had I power to speak to the heart of every human being, I would say, "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," and all things shall be added which can be given without endangering salvation!

To Miss S. Greer.

Cotham, *November* 10, 1853.

Tell Mr. Hazleton that in all my classes there is a sweet,

silent, steady advancement of true piety, and more than ever I before saw of the primitive characteristic: "See how these Christians love one another." We have but one heart in our weekly meetings.

My health continues good. I go out a great deal, which is very beneficial; air and exercise conduce much to my vigour and freedom from disease. My Bible is nearly the only book I study. I read others, but have not much leisure for even that. My soul clings to the sweet confidence, "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory." Thank you fervently for your prayers for me. Oh, pray on, till the condescending and unmerited mercy of the Lord brings poor me to see His face in heaven!

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

February 16, 1854.

The church gets its purging seasons; we are little more than 800 left, but we are united in love like the spirits above, and our means of grace are full of the Divine presence. About a fortnight ago, 600 of us took tea together, given us by our stewards, and that meeting was a model one for all such meetings: such love, such harmony, such a spirit of prayer, and praise, and goodwill to man I never before saw! Some received abiding grace. One of my class obtained an abiding witness of the Holy Spirit. Glory be to God! our classes are like nothing I ever felt elsewhere,—gates of heaven, bonds of union, places where come "showers of blessing." Oh, my dear cousin, God has greatly favoured me to be among such a people, and to be loved by them! Noiseless as the descending dews of the morning fall the blessings on the waiting companies; but the face, the spirit, the life tell that He who does all things well is subduing all to Himself. I have many sweet instances of the power of prayer, and the reward of persevering efforts to bring souls to Christ.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Llanberris Villa, *May* 12, 1854.

We are here most comfortably located in the same part

of the country we were before, and have taken away the name of our former villa and given it to this new one. My bedroom is large, well-ventilated, with a beautiful closet, having a large window, and sweetly constructed for purposes of study and devotion. My outward lot is everything that is congenial and necessary to the life that now is, and that which is to come, and I do trust my spirit is deeply and constantly penetrated with gratitude to God and my fellows; yet who that follows Christ is without some little remembrancer of the truth, "Here we have no abiding city"? I am filled with wonder, love, and praise at the gentle and tender dealings with me of my compassionate Father. He considers my frame, He remembers I am dust, He does not crush the helpless worm whose constant feeling is—

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."

Praise Him for ever! We have had delightful sermons and public meetings in our missionary anniversary. The Lord has been very gracious to us.

The services of the last platform-day in Bristol reported £250 collected or subscribed on that day for missions.

To a Friend.

Little Haven, near Haverford West,
August 25, 1854.

I cannot allow myself to return to Cotham without writing to you, though from the uncertainty of our movements in future, I cannot hope for a line in reply.

We came here on last Tuesday evening, very much tired with the modes of being conveyed, but thankful for preservation of life and health. Our host is Rev. Theophilus James, a pious Independent minister, steeped in poverty, supplying three congregations every Sunday, to do which he walks about fifteen miles to and fro, and is remunerated by a quarterly collection, amounting in the year to about £35. He teaches a little school in the village; most of the children can only give a penny a week, and few of even these can be had. He has a wife and three children. But though he has never known wealth, nor intermixed with the learned, he

has such a refinement of mind, such a sweetness of spirit, and true nobleness of nature, as his more outwardly fortunate brethren might well envy and seek to attain. We are privileged in joining his family in evening prayer.

Little Haven is a lovely indentation of St. Bride's Bay. It has a magnificent sea, bold rocky cliffs, shady caverns, in one of which Rev. Rowland Hill was wont to preach to the fishermen, and such an expanse of firm sand as might suffice the most avaricious of bathing facilities. I am likely to derive more benefit from being here than I did in either the Mumbles or Tenby, as it is more bracing. Oh the indescribable wildness of yesterday! The ocean's roar was like thunder. Whilst walking as the tide receded, we could not hear each other speak unless in closest proximity. If I could tell you how kindly and prayerfully and hopefully I think of you and your sister Miss T——, you might wonder. God bless you all! Oh to meet in heaven!

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Llanberris Villa, *October* 26, 1854.

We returned from our annual rambles a few weeks since. My health continues wonderfully good. As to temptation and trial, every one must have a portion; perhaps I have been less tempted to murmur than to doubt if I have not got my portion in this life.

Just now I am puzzled to know my right way. My five classes are large, so large that one of them calls for division, and this can only result in a sixth class. Already my dear kind friends with whom I live cry out against it, and say I have too much to do with five, and what will it be with six! But how might I have been had I none? Perhaps a poor, nervous invalid, in body as well as soul. I have been blessed in the Lord's work, and to try to do all I can promotes health and secures peace. I hope I do not, as a leader, less feel the importance of the office, nor discharge my duty with less fidelity than I did formerly, say twenty years ago; but it is not half so trying nor so wearing as then it was. It is so like foretastes of heaven, so sweet, social, spiritual, so full of the Saviour, that I could scarce live without it. Oh that when I cannot be thus privileged,

when age shall bind up my energies, and the poor body long for rest, I may find it promptly in the grave![1]

Give my dearest love to aunt, and beg her to continue in prayer for me.

"Yet a little, and we'll find
Happy entrance shall be given,
All our sorrows left behind,
And earth exchanged for heaven."

Oh, my dear cousin, let us pant after a fuller measure of the Spirit, after a closer walk, a permanent abiding, an abundant production of the fruits of righteousness, to His glory! How I love to think of that Scripture, "To be spiritually minded is life and peace;" not always joy and peace, but life! Sometimes my heart so overflows with unspeakable apprehensions of the rich treasures contained in God's Holy Book, that I cannot but hope I shall have a transcript of it in the world to which I hasten.[2] Glory in the highest to Him who can make all grace abound, can fill every rivulet with living water, and can make the cold, hard, rocky matters of earth supply bread to the hungry soul!

To Miss S. Greer.

Cotham, *October* 27, 1854.

Thank the Lord! you and I are still the living to praise Him, still the resolved to serve Him, still the consciously unworthy to ascribe all our salvation to "Him that loved us and gave Himself for us." My time becomes more and more engrossed, but all delightfully, all profitably, all sweetly filling up my brief interval, between loving the Supreme with all my heart, and beholding His face in glory everlasting.

My classes are getting so large that I must again divide

[1] This aspiration was realized. The beloved leader went to one of her classes less than a week before danger was apprehended, only three days before she was confined to her bed.

[2] Miss Lutton once expressed a wish to have a Bible buried with her in the coffin, and a lively conversation ensued on the propriety of this being done.

and form the sixth one. We are so closely packed in our class-room that we must move out. I have also frequent intercourse with persons distinguished for piety, or intellectuality, and ten times more new books lying around me than I can read. Have I not cause for a glowing heart, holy life, and lips pouring forth liveliest expressions of obligation?

Have you heard of the great revival in the Church of England at Leeds? I have a dear friend, a clergyman, whose ministerial duties lay there during its continuance, from whose letters I have had a pretty fair view of the matter. Don't you think, as we advance in life, and approach the concluding years of our pilgrimage, we better understand and more definitely feel the glories of our future state? Have we not wondrous perceptions, as the dying boy cried out in rapture to his weeping mother ere he departed, "Oh, I can see such a long way off!" Is not our spiritual vision becoming stronger and stronger? We spent much of this summer in Wales, going from place to place, spending a week or fortnight in each, admiring natural scenery, and the wondrous works of the Great Former.

To a Young Friend.

Cotham, *November* 13, 1854.

When I write to one young in years and Christian experience, I usually take the liberty of suggesting a few counsels. May I do so on the present occasion?

You are in a new country, among new associations, attempting to lead a new life, praying to be made a new creature. But you have not left behind you the old impediments to a religious course; you have yet the deceitful heart, the world, and Satan as your giant enemies. You cannot fly from them, you must overcome them, of course by opposing, conflicting, withstanding. All these terms imply assaults, painful and repeated struggles, mortifications, resolution, and devotedness; now I advise—

1st. That you give yourself to a prayerful habit of soul. You can do nothing without Christ and the Holy Spirit. You must get a clear sense of your personal interest in the blood of the sin-atoning victim; you must have, through

that, liberty of access to God for the help of the Holy One. Oh, pray always, mingle your every engagement with prayer! Do not mistake me; I recommend not so much verbal as mental outpourings, not so much even a distinctly framed thought on the subject as a continued aspiration. There is an unspeakable fervour of desire for spiritual good which rises flame-like to heaven. This is what I propose to you; words, like bright sparks, will come forth from this holy warmth, and frequently increase it. Oh, thus "pray without ceasing"!

2d. When dull, cold, and listless, do not be idle; if the fire seem out, be diligent in gathering fuel. Take a few portions from the word, or cull a few facts from memory, or gather some of the old dry wood of other persons' experience; place them in order before the Lord, kneel down in private, and call on the God of Elijah; call as you ought, and He will send the fire as you wish. Guard this fire well. Power to pray, and delight in the duty are the surest tests of the Christian.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Llanberris Villa, *November* 20, 1854.

I thank you for your note. You seem to think my communications are all rose-tinted; perhaps so, but their hue is the "Lord's doing," and I bless Him for it. But can the little matter I am about to tell you now look bright and promising? You must write to me with your blackest ink, and with a heavy hand, as my sight gets dim. I am in pretty much the state of those persons who are not short-sighted, but who, from advanced life, require glasses. Now, owing to my extreme shortness of vision, glasses could not collect and concentrate sufficient rays of light to make my sight better, so in short time I must cease to write or to receive letters.

Ever since the year 1851, in the summer of which I first perceived its approach, the dimness has steadily and quietly advanced, till now I can only read in a very strong light at all; but I can walk about, meet my classes, and do some little things for myself comfortably. Now can this be pleasant? Not to nature, but to the renewed soul it

whispers, "It is your Father's good pleasure." His good pleasure who has been blessing me for sixty-two years with such providences and spiritual favours as shall be the fruitful sources of everlasting thanksgivings! His good pleasure who has crowned my life with mercies innumerable, and granted me all the desires of my heart! He would not thus begin to withdraw me from earthly objects were He not about to grant me some clearer views of Himself. So I can sing, and shout, and feel—

"O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but Thee."

Glory in the highest! when sight and strength fail, and heart and flesh decay, then, oh then, my redeeming Lord will be my portion for ever!

The kind friends of this family with whom I live are like their Master, loving to the end; no relations could more promote my comfort. May the Lord remember their work of love, and reward it! I think I should wish you to keep the contents of this note to yourself till I am in heaven. It might be thought boastful, or unfeeling, or give me a prominence I want not; only to you I would simply write my heart.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Cotham, *December* 4, 1854.

I have still to bless the Lord that my health and strength continue "as my day." I meet six classes, but before the month closes, shall divide one amongst the other five, as that one is at night, and has been met by me for sixteen years. It is in a chapel some distance off, and in winter rather dangerous for my short sight. Our house is on the top of one of the most precipitous hills you can well imagine. The chapel in which I have met this class can only be reached by descending this hill. I have gone down it in all weathers hitherto, and never once disappointed it, but my friends are become decided that I must do so no more. So as the dear members are all younger than I am, and will not leave me, I shall increase the numbers in my other classes. O William, you and I ought to be always blessing

the Lord and taking courage. He is our Help and Shield; He will be our Guide even unto death.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

January 8, 1855.

I am sorry your health is so fluctuating, and your views of your state so little cheering to yourself. Be patient with yourself; do not let your faith have its foundation in any feeling, nor be moved when all feeling seems absent. Christ must be first, last, all. Ask for love, a power to gaze on the transforming glories of the Saviour till His nature becomes yours, and all your heart is love. I shall send you *Hunt's Letters* after a few weeks; some of my classes are reading it just now.

To Miss S. Greer.

Llanberris Villa, *January* 19, 1855.

Though I have not had a line since I last wrote to you, yet I must wish you a very happy New Year, my dear friend. Do tell me if it is a winter of comparative health in your circle. Though I have less leisure than ever for letter-writing, I have been too anxious about you for some time past to delay. You will excuse apparently careless writing and crooked lines. I have no time for pencilling lines, and as my poor short-sight admits no help in glasses, my paper will be as defective as one who loves me will readily forgive. I hope you are not shut up, but able to run about your school and poor still. Bless the Lord, you and I will soon have wings or something analogous! And then, oh how we shall unite in shouting the free, unmerited grace which brings us salvation! Do you not love to think of the blood of sprinkling? It is more and more precious to me every year of my life. What should I do without it? Perish everlastingly!

My health keeps good, and I have not been obliged to breakfast in bed these six years, nor neglect a duty from pain or sickness. Help me to praise Him who "never fails them that trust in Him." I can run after sick and absent members as well as ever yet. I do think I shall very soon go hence

to the world where all is for ever. Pray for me that I may be found watching.

There is an interesting lady come to live in this vicinity lately. Two of her sons, young gentlemen of nineteen and twenty-one, perished in the *Forfarshire*, connected with which Grace Darling showed such heroism in saving life. Two others, professional men, were converted and died in the Lord. Last of all, a lovely daughter, the comfort of her age, went to heaven two years since, in the full triumph of faith. The old lady meets with me in class. Her family connections are high and wealthy, but Christ crucified is her all. At the battle of Inkermann her nephew, a noble officer, was killed.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

February 19, 1855.

I send you a *Bristol Times and Mirror*, containing some verses on Dr. Beaumont, who was for three years our highly valued minister. The initials will tell you the writer. On last Saturday we lost the Patriarch of the society in this place, who lived very near our house, Thomas Exley, Esq., brother-in-law of the late Dr. Clarke. He was perhaps the best mathematician in the kingdom, and lived and died a happy, holy, honoured Wesleyan, bright to the last in mental powers. Just as he took to his bed, which he kept about three weeks, he committed to memory fifty aphorisms of Mason for subjects of meditation, and made his medical attendant try to puzzle him by asking him any number, but his memory was more than a match for Mr. Greenly. His face was often like Moses' coming down from the mount when he preached to us. Dear old saint! we shall soon follow thee.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Llanberris Villa, *November* 1, 1855.

I write to you now a few lines to say I have been out of Bristol a good deal during the summer, and since my return have been so busy visiting my classes, and gathering in arrears of money contributed to the various funds, that I have had no leisure. There are 110 members on my books.

The Lord graciously causes His people to bear with me and love me. Oh what delightful seasons we have in fellowship one with another!

My health has been pretty good; I am never kept from my engagements, and am always blest in them, yet I often think my last days are very near; years, months, weeks seem to fly past, swift as the objects on the line of railway to one shut up in the carriage, and ere long I expect to be at the terminus.

I wish I could go once more to see you before I die, but each succeeding year leaves me less fitted for travelling. Well, eyes, and heart, and flesh may fail, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

December 20, 1855.

I herewith send you a little present of an excellent work which has been made a blessing to many in England. When you have read it, do try to get others to read it. I bought a copy for circulating in my own classes, and it has been useful.

My classes are increasing in numbers, and doing well, but may do still better. We have a happy old Wesleyan among us, ninety-three years old, and I have one whose house was Mr. Wesley's home often, aged eighty-six.

There is a wonderful visitation in one or two of our country congregations in this circuit; seventy were added in a few weeks, and hundreds crowd to hear the word preached.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Llanberris Villa, *April* 15, 1856.

I think you can scarcely form a correct idea of my present busy life. I am often heartily ashamed that almost incessant engrossment in religious duties effects so little good to my neighbour as I fear it does. I dare not dwell on some of my peculiar exercises to any person; when I attempt it, the disclosure elicits no needful counsel, but perhaps gives a false view of my spiritual state, and causes others to "think of me above that they ought to think."

To you however I will describe one source of reasoning. To meet six classes, to pray twice a day in the family, to pray with the sick when I visit them, to do any other religious duty, is not merely no cross, but is delightful, is so always, is so more and more. When I see the trial such matters are to some who live devotedly to God, and who are sure of a more exalted seat in heaven, I begin to feel a reasoning whether I am not too happy in the work. Our class-meetings are times of no ordinary character; we all feel so much of a heartfelt union of spirit that we are longing for the time to roll round again to wait on the Master once more. Oh, tell me, ought duty to be a cross and trial? If so, I am all wrong. Do help me to search myself, and be faithful with me.

I have two sweet old Christians in my classes, of sound mind and youthful feeling, one eighty-one, the other eighty-four. It does my soul good to be with them. We have able ministers, and abounding helps in a religious way. Our ensuing annual missionary meeting is to have the great and noble of the land presiding and speaking. I hope, as Methodists, we shall not become too much patronized, and lose our simplicity.

My whole spirit longs for more conformity to Christ, conformity to His death, life, will. I cannot praise Him as I would for so many opportunities of proving His faithfulness and love.

I do not think I shall find my way to Ireland this year. I may return, but I now believe my poor dust shall sleep in the Bristol cemetery, and my spirit meet you next in heaven. Oh that glorious meeting!

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Llanberris Villa, *May* 5, 1856.

Will you write me one line to say how my dear aunt is? I cannot tell you how much I think of her of late. Perhaps she and I are to take our flight together some day soon, when our cup of blessing has got its final crowning drop in it, and the one angelic escort may convey the two last Anne Luttons to be "for ever with the Lord."

I expect we shall, as a family, all go from home during the Conference. My friend Mrs. Westcott has become such an invalid as to be able to bear no excitement.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Scarborough, Yorkshire, *July* 23, 1856.

The native place of our ancestors, Knapton, is only fifteen miles from this. It is a railway station; we passed it coming here. Will you oblige me by again copying the heraldic terms you once sent me as our armorial bearings? I have mislaid them. Please to tell me anything you ever heard traditionary of our great-great-grandfather. I cling to old memories.

This is a noble county for Wesleyans, and this town is so full of them that I feel quite at home in band, class, prayer-meetings, and sermons. I was much obliged to you for the sweet sketch of your dear mother's religious course; it has been indeed "the path of the just." Give my kindest remembrance to her. I believe my love for her increases continually. Oh this first uniting bond, the love of Christ! it is wonderful in its working, and everlasting in its duration!

To Mrs. Dowling.

West Terrace, Whitby, *July* 30, 1856.

We are quite longing to hear from you, and, like all idle people, feel jealous that no portion of your well-occupied time is bestowed on us. No doubt you pity us losing all the Conference harvest, and being hungry without the come-at-ability of your present bread and "royal dainties," the finest of wheat. Oh, do make pity fill a sheet or two of note-paper,—that miserable, fragmentary substitute for the ancient, honourable, and heart-stirring letter-paper,—written closely with black ink, crossed as closely with red, and all the corners stuffed full! Oh for such a letter now-a-days, though perhaps too antiquated for modern taste!

However send anything to anybody; we are easy about the address, the contents are coveted, and we beg you will not cater for delicate people; we shall not be squeamish. I purposely leave all our adventures, etc. to Miss

Westcott, who will "answer all inquiries." If you wish for news, write; or information, write; or to gratify friends, write, only write.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Llanberris Villa, *September* 2, 1856.

I enclose you one of my contributions, "The Sea at Cromer," to the great Bristol bazaar, at which was sold to the amount of £1000 worth of all manner of things: woolwork, living donkeys, lambs, fowls, hams, cheeses, loaves, butter, precious minerals, ferns, sea-weed, bonnets, shoes, almost everything but slaves. It was equally unexceptionable in tasteful arrangement and Christian carrying out of the details.

We are only about ten days returned home. We were at many places of interest in Yorkshire, but stayed longest at Whitby.

Earth is full of the echoes of a groaning population. Just this moment I have heard of an aged woman, once a Methodist, not lately,—I knew her not,—who, weary of poverty and "tempted of the devil," has drowned herself. Oh the misery that follows departing from the way of peace, or having it often pointed out and never walking in it! Let us be thankful for the grace of God. It is better than much riches.

To Miss S. Greer.

Llanberris Villa, Cotham, *September* 2, 1856.

We are just returned from our summer wanderings through Yorkshire. We stayed some weeks at Scarborough and Whitby, travelled several hundreds of miles, and found everywhere the good hand of our God was upon us. We went over York Minster, and then attended Divine service. Oh how beautifully sublime were the voices of the choristers, and the pealing accompaniment of the magnificent organ in the *Te Deum*!

We had a bazaar in Bristol which realized upwards of £1000. I send you a copy of my contribution to it, which sold in gold letters for one shilling each, in common colour

for sixpence. How lovely a character was Hedley Vicars! Oh for many such officers!

Mrs. Green, author of the *Princesses of England* and other works, is now in this neighbourhood on a visit, I have long known and valued her. She has been presented, and attends the Queen's drawing-room. She is a truly Christian lady, and is now engaged by Government to do the work of collating and indexing state papers, for which she is highly fitted by her great erudition.

My strength is hitherto as my day. All my wants are well supplied, and with my face in the dust I yet can sing and give thanks that "my Redeemer liveth."

To a Friend.

Llanberris Villa, *November* 1, 1856.

I most sincerely rejoice in the decision of the law in your favour, and hope and pray you may be led to act very prudently in all worldly matters. Be very decided in securing for your own exclusive use every penny of this annuity. Let no false and culpable tenderness in your nature cause you to forego your just claim on any recoverable money owing you. By doing so, you only encourage evil, and give a reward to evil-doers. Another thing I must recommend; you are generous, you pity the poor, you love the Lord's cause. To none of these objects give largely; unless your whole income shall exceed your wants, it will be wrong in you to do more than give one-twentieth to them all, if it exceeds, a tenth. Indeed if you would not be grieved at my interference, I would strongly recommend that you put by a trifle when able in a savings bank, that should you be laid aside by illness, or be obliged to take a journey, or move for change of air, you might "have need of nothing" from relatives or friends.

You are only beginning to live in the world since your dear father's death; I have lived and learned, long and much, and I find observation and Scripture concur in leading to advise much prayer, much use of our understanding, and a pious, wise, though not miserly provision for future necessities. Money saved prayerfully will be as much blest to God's glory and your fellows' good, should your

own peculiar needs call for its use, as if you had scattered it when you had it, and became afterwards burdensome to some relative, who, perhaps with a kind heart, might have no very ample means of assisting you.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

February 18, 1857.

Your letter announced to me my great loss in the death of your excellent mother. She was my strongest attraction to my native island. The voice that daily prayed for me is silent. Will you tell me all about her last illness and death? Oh may my last end be like hers! May the Lord become your Parent, Counsellor, and Friend! May you prove, as I have done, the truth of David's declaration: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

I have lost my oldest member, aged eighty-six, Mrs. John Hall, an excellent Wesleyan, in society seventy-three years; and my next oldest, aged seventy-nine, in society sixty-six years, is on her death-bed. So pass the righteous to their rest, and so mourn we their absence for a moment, and then follow to the house appointed for all living.

About two months ago I had been suffering from pain; my friends said it was from over-exertion in visiting the members of my classes. Two Sabbaths before Christmas, I went as usual to the morning service at Portland Chapel. Soon after the sermon commenced (preached by the Rev. J. Lomas on the 23d Psalm) I felt a faintness. I fell, and was apparently dead for some time. Two gentlemen carried me into the vestry. How long I was insensible I know not, but during that time they ran for six surgeons; three of them were found, and were in immediate attendance. They had me wheeled home in a chair. The preachers met my six classes for a fortnight, during which time I gathered much strength. It was only a fainting-fit, but the loving attentions of the people were beyond all expression.

Since then I have given up one class, but am compelled to resume it, as the people would not meet with any other. So I still meet a class each day except Sunday.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Llanberris Villa, *April* 30, 1857.

I have had a letter from my brother in America. His only daughter is married to a Mr. Monier, a French gentleman in some business; his only son is with this brother-in-law. He speaks of deep religious enjoyment of no common order for the last six months, and all his letter breathes a heavenly spirit.

I hope the loss of my beloved and revered aunt is more than compensated to you by a closer union with Christ. This is all that can make us abidingly and exquisitely happy. The Lord is very gracious to me day by day. The Bread of Life is as sweet as ever it was, and if I do not give it to others, I yet am continually talking of it.

To Miss S. Holland.

Llanberris Villa, *August* 30, 1857.

Oh be "spiritually minded"! That is, cultivate and maintain a relish, an appetency for spiritual things. Let the inclination of the soul be towards the "things of the Spirit." We may force thought into a spiritual direction, and we ought to do so, but it is the unconstrained or love-constrained putting forth of desire after those heavenly things which constitutes the "mindedness." Pray for it; acquaint yourself with what will best bind you, till God forms you in the right direction. May His blessing be with you!

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Cotham, *October* 1, 1857.

Do you recollect seeing or hearing of any persons of the name of Bronté in the parish of Aghaderg, near Loughbrickland? There is a memoir of a lady of that name causing a great sensation in the English world, whose father came from that place. Perhaps he altered the name from Brankin.

My health is yet sufficient for all duties, bless the Lord! I become quite doubtful about that word *duty* as it refers to meeting my classes, and think *privilege* a much better

term, as He gives us such sunshine and gracious showers when we meet together.

"Oh how shall I the goodness tell,
Father, which Thou to me hast showed?"

It is all mercy, free, full, undeserved mercy! Mercy breathes all around, for all is full of God. O William, what are we doing? Manna is lying about us everywhere; are we gathering, eating, growing, and bringing glory to our Saviour? I shall soon join your sainted mother, but shame covers me that I have done so little, been so poor and dwarfish; nothing comforts me but the blood of sprinkling, and the advocacy of my great High Priest.

To Miss S. Greer.

Cotham, *November* 13, 1857.

Glad was I to find that, amidst sickness and sad tidings around you, your health is preserved. Not only in India but in England death is adding to his numbers daily. Eternity is much the matter of my meditation; how solemn, sweet, and stimulating, and how it throws us, without one trust beside, on the precious atonement!

The Wesleyan Conference have issued a new hymn-book for their own Sabbath schools. It is partly a selection from previous ones, and partly original hymns. To the latter I have contributed two for the teachers' prayer-meetings. I shall send you one of the tiny books; you will find my hymns numbered 250 and 252.

I only send them to you because our long friendship almost identifies our interests, and blends our feelings together. I have been reading Sir Charles Napier's life. Oh the pity that he was not a more devoted soldier of the cross!

To Miss S. Greer.

February 8, 1858.

I hope you will enjoy as much as I have enjoyed the little collection of letters from India. The sweet spirit of Christian heroism must bear testimony to the grace of God in such fearful circumstances. Both the writer and her husband, Lieutenant M——, were from Clifton. She had

been a Miss T——, and some of both families yet reside in our near neighbourhood. Bless the Lord that Christ's disciples are to be found learning lessons amid the horrors of war, as well as in the quiet sanctuaries of highly privileged England! Late intelligence has given to us the mode of their death. The young father and mother and their little Mary were blown into fragments at the mouth of the cannon. Safe at home now![1]

You will excuse my not writing much just now. When I hear from you again, I hope to write more fully. I am quite well, and daily loaded with benefits; have plenty to do according to my poor capability, and rejoice ever to pick up a crumb and present it to a fellow-traveller.

To Miss S. Greer.

Llanberris Villa, *May* 14, 1858.

How are you? is the soul filled, governed by the mighty master-passion of the new nature, love to God and His word and His people? May zeal of this sort ever glow in your spirit! Have you read *English Hands and English Hearts*, and if you have, did you not feel as if waking out of a life-long slumber, and falling in the dust, as an unprofitable servant? Oh it has "found me out," tried and condemned me for my torpor, incompetency, inefficiency, and nothingness! How blessed a thing to be stripped, emptied, pressed into deepest lowliness and self-abasement! Then, then can we best estimate the value of an atoning sacrifice, and an interceding High Priest. Then we are penetrated, melted, moulded by the everlasting truth, "By grace ye are saved through faith, not by works, lest any man should boast."

Last Tuesday evening at our annual Wesleyan missionary meeting, at the large Victoria Room, which was densely crowded, the Rev. S. Walker, Rector of Mary-le-Port Church in our city, made a truly excellent speech, and took occasion to set forth Christ as our all.

My health continues quite equal to the requirements of each day, and oh what abounding love and mercy do I experience! Well may I exclaim, "Songs of praise I shall ever give to Thee!"

[1] This was the period of the terrible Indian Mutiny.

To Miss S. Greer.

Sidmouth, *October* 18, 1858.

We have been enjoying a brief sojourn at this beautiful watering-place, a lovely spot, where the scenery all around is rich to the eye of taste and sentiment, and full of matter for "wonder, love, and praise." Oh if this fair earth is only a faint shadow of the glorious future reserved for the Lord's people in eternity, how great shall be the felicitous enjoyment! All shall be full of Him whom we worship, of Him whose presence even here changes desert dispensations into flowery loveliness and teeming fertility. Praise Him, all that is within us! Heart, voice, memory, purpose, praise the Lord!

Give my love to your dear sisters and aunt. We shall soon meet; home is in sight. A few steps onward and we reach it, to unite in the new song, and dwell in light everlasting.

To Miss S. Greer.

Llanberris Villa, *November* 5, 1858.

I send by this same post your sweet little book, three copies, according to your desire. I only wish you could see me from January to December, from morning to night, and you would then better know why my letters are brief, seldom, unsatisfactory. I am no longer able to command my time; it is literally and truly devoured by unavoidables. I am always busy in the little activities of religious and social life, yet I cannot find any of my "doings," as you term them, worth recording. I often spread out the fleece, and God fills it with the dew of heaven. I open the window of my poor heart believingly, and He pours in the bright sunbeams of His mercy and goodness. Oh that word "mercy," it is quite inspiring! "I will sing of the mercy of the Lord for ever." Dear friend, have we not had cause for abounding gratitude in a long life of blessings?

We have been this summer a good deal from home. When abroad, I am necessarily much out of doors. When I return, there are long arrears of duties to the members of my six classes to pay, and I am kept on the stretch

Have you read Miss Marsh's last work, *Light on the Line?* It is quite small. If you have not, please let me know, and I will send you it, as I bought it for a little present to you.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Llanberris Villa, *November* 5, 1858.

I assure you there has been no measure of forgetfulness of you. I never could less attend to correspondents on paper; I neither read nor write after sunset. The brief space of up-sun now is my allotment, and take from this my daily classes, my private devotions, my indispensable visiting of my classes at their own homes, and when can I sit down to write a letter? I have just at present lying in my desk the substance of a little tract which I wrote one morning, and cannot find time to transcribe it for presentation to the Tract Society.

We have been twice for a few weeks out of town; once at Weston-super-Mare, the last time at Sidmouth, Devonshire. Both excursions did my health good.

Age creeps on me, but my enjoyment of religion continues and increases. My delight in the ways of the Lord is not to be described.

"Oh, 'tis more than tongue can tell,
Only to believers shown,
Glorious and unspeakable."

Usually when I kneel down to perform our family devotion twice a day, which falls to me constantly, the Lord so fills me with a glimpse of His presence that it is the sweetest engagement, as I then think. But when I go out to meet my classes, and again approach the throne of grace, that duty becomes even richer in blessing, and I rejoice that ever I had a being. Oh, my dear cousin, I am afraid to say all I sometimes feel, lest it assume the aspect of boasting. I am consciously unworthy of the least mercy, but—may I not say to you?—I believe I love Him with my whole heart, and aim at pleasing Him more than ever. Bless Him for ever!

To Miss S. Greer.

Cotham, *December* 28, 1858.

Allow me to present you with a Bristol and Clifton rose, and wish you the Christmas joy and the New Year's blessedness. May we meet in that glorious world where no roses fade, and no hearts ache, and no winter is felt!

God bless you and your dear sisters!

To Miss Hazleton.

Llanberris Villa, *February* 1, 1859.

Most of those you name in your letter as remembering me are dear to my heart, and often present to my thoughts. Could I ever forget dear Mrs. Shillington, with whose spirit I often had sweetest intercourse, I must indeed have been strangely altered. Please give her my kindest remembrance. Also say to those other loving hearts who, after the lapse of so many years, yet bear me in affectionate memory, that Lurgan and Portadown gave me much of the delightful association of thought with early years which has cheered and encouraged me ever since.

May the Lord bless all the survivors of those years of happy fellowship, and may we all meet in our Father's house above!

To Miss S. Greer.

Llanberris Villa, *March* 17, 1859.

On the morning of Monday last, 14th instant, my long-tried and closely-endeared friend, Mrs. Westcott, whom I have most intimately known for twenty-seven years, and with whom I have found the home of a parent for twenty-two years, entered into the joy of her Lord, to be with Him and like Him for ever.

I cannot tell you how much I feel the bereavement. She was my own age, only about eight months' difference, and our first acquaintance was under singular circumstances. She was a noble character; were such as she was the general type of woman, what a world we should have of peace and excellence in all life's fluctuations! She was a lovely Christian. Pray for me, and especially for the dear daughter

who now becomes sole representative of her family. She feels greatly her loss, and always will.

I can scarcely see what I write, in the darkened room of this house of mourning. Whatever you write to me, let it have a word also for her consolation.

To Miss S. Greer.

Llanberris Villa, *March* 28, 1859.

Your kind letter, full of gospel hope and consolation, was truly welcome. I feel my earthly loss most acutely, nor ought it to be designated earthly, for she whom I now mourn was a truly spiritual aid and adviser. To her I could communicate, as to none other beside, of the heart's history; and all the little details of my religious engagements were told her, as if she herself went with me through them. But I must be silent, for there is a yet deeper grief than mine—a daughter's. Dear Miss Westcott, how I feel for her!

We have been earnestly requested by my nephew, Hugh Murray, to spend part of the summer with him in Ireland. If I can prevail on her to go, I will.

Bless the Lord! there was no cloud, no conflict, no doubt, no fear with my dying friend. Her God sustained her in her dying hour. Her dying hour brought glory to her God. I never saw such universal sorrow and sympathy as her removal has elicited among all ranks of people here.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Llanberris Villa, *April* 25, 1859.

I am grown but a bad correspondent, nor am I likely to be ever much better now. Life continues full of business or association, and increasing years give less fitness for epistolary engagement. I seem to myself to be more belonging to another world than to this one; my thoughts, aims, prospects, treasure, all, all appear bidding farewell to earth, and nearing heaven.

Blessed be the Lord! "I know whom I have believed." He is able, and will keep that which I have committed to Him.

I often look back with delight to the days when I used

to visit my dear uncle and aunt in your present abode; when the sweet meetings were supplemented by a walk to Mr. Elliot's,[1] and another time of refreshing; a band-meeting, or prayer-meeting, when we were all as simple as little children, and very happy! Oh, days fragrant in memory, never to return! Well, we are hastening on to the new era, more blissful, and everlasting.

To Miss S. Greer.

Llanberris Villa, *June* 14, 1859.

It could not surprise me to hear of your dear aunt's departure to the better land. She had been favoured with length of days, and to be blessed with a peaceful end, having a good hope through grace, was best of all.

How many of our dear friends and old acquaintances have we survived! Few indeed remain in Lurgan who would know me now, yet even the thought of those few brings sweetness to my spirit. To any and all of them, as occasion may offer, remember me most kindly.

I am glad your health keeps pretty fair, so that you are still able to be energetically a blessing to every one. So may it long be! And may your last days be your best!

I still feel my great loss in the removal of my excellent friend Mrs. Westcott; but it is her infinite gain, and I would not it were otherwise. To embrace the Divine will with trust and triumph is the believer's privilege and duty. I more than ever feel this, and am learning, in even petty personal pains, to kiss the rod and bless its correction. Heaven is becoming more clearly seen and enjoyed by anticipation, and the "Lord my Righteousness" is all my salvation and all my desire. Oh how precious are the promises! How prized above expression is the blood of sprinkling!

Tell me, when you next write, if you enjoy much of the presence and love of your heavenly Lord. Have you remarked how changed and comparatively cheerful was Job's language, after he had declared his faith and hope in

[1] Mr. James Elliot of Breagh married Margaret Stephenson of the Grove, Kilmore, one of the group of sisters so much associated with Miss Lutton's life in Moira.

Christ? "I know that my Redeemer liveth." So it is now with Christians. They obtain joy and gladness when they acknowledge received benefits.

I have occasionally severe colds, which weaken me a little. A few weeks since I had great inflammation in my eyes. But these things are small and temporary, "not worthy to be compared" with promised grace and eternal glory.

My classes are delightful means of spiritual healthfulness, and having one to meet every day, I have a delightful interchange of sentiments with the Lord's people maintained continually, and my visits to the sick are very sweet.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

June 20, 1859.

Your letter was the only information about my brother's death. And so Robert's course is finished. Poor, dear, last brother!

Our first two years of religious life together were pleasant. It is thirty-six years since I last saw him. I feel sure he was made meet for the inheritance.

To Miss S. Greer.

Llanberris Villa, *July* 25, 1859.

Soon after receiving your last kind note, we left home for a week's visit to the country house of John Irving, Esq. He and his good lady are very esteemed friends of ours. The days passed very pleasantly visiting the cottages, driving out, or strolling by the banks of the Severn. But the heat of the weather has been very intense during the last five or six weeks, and does not tend to brace me at all. However my health is pretty good, and I can still sing of mercy.

My brother was a Wesleyan minister of great usefulness in America. If I can, I will send you the account of him in the *Christian Advocate* of New York to read. I have not seen him since 1823. There is a peculiar solitariness in the thought that of my mother's twelve children, I only am left. But "who hath the Father and the Son may be left, but not alone." I suppose you are familiar with Keble's *Christian Year?* Is it not beautiful?

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

August 31, 1859.

What do you think of the revival? What great things I hear of poor Lurgan! Bless the Lord for ever! He keeps me in perfect peace. I cannot tell you how good He is to me; soul and body are cared for continually. I hope you are all being baptized from on high in these stirring times.

Will you look for one of the little shilling hymn-books of the last century? I had one when in Moira, but gave it to a poor woman. It had the hymn, "Oh, love Divine," with a verse now omitted, but one very dear to me, as my little brother John sang it on his death-bed.

"Oh that I could, with favoured John,
Recline my weary head upon
My dear Redeemer's breast." [1]

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Cotham, *September* 20, 1859.

I am quite astonished at the phenomena attendant on the stricken ones, but glad to find that there are real conversions among the people. No doubt the devil is busy sowing tares, and simulating the work of the Holy Spirit, but the Lord will care for His own.

How I praise God for my continued hope of heaven! How precious is that hope, how soul-cheering! How it lights up the pathway as we near the grave, and makes the joy unspeakable!

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Llanberris Villa, *June* 4, 1860.

I do not think of any excursion far or long from Bristol this summer. At my time of life, home is more congenial than anywhere else, and my dear friend Mrs. Westcott being now no longer in need of earth's appliances of change of air and scene, I gladly use my liberty of choice and keep more continually at my classes. I love old

[1] This verse has been restored in the new edition of the hymn-book published by the Conference in 1874.

things better than ever; old friends, old scenes, old duties, and old privileges are dear to my heart increasingly.

My health is still pretty good, but I am certainly tending fast to the last stage of life, when the movements are slow and the sight dim, and the feeling of fatigue is more frequent.

But the spiritual apprehension is acute and vivid; the soul enjoys with inexpressible zest the dainties of the King's table at which it sits daily, and delights in the abundance of peace. Oh, did you know how He refreshes, and leads, and revives, and comforts this poor heart, you would help me to praise Him!

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Milton Villa, Cotham, *October* 3, 1860.

My bedroom is large and commodious, with a sweet south aspect, which favours the growth of my geraniums and other plants, which afford me much pleasure whilst I watch their development.

How many avenues to innocent, nay, profitable enjoyment has God opened to us! Oh for hearts full of love and gratitude!

Though the eye of my body grows dim, the eye of faith becomes stronger than ever, and a delightful acquiescence in the Divine will and providential arrangements keeps me always happy. In prayer I get so intensely pleading that my whole soul follows hard after all the mind that was in my Lord. Oh, tell your children, and let them tell the generation after them, "He never faileth them that trust in Him."

I shall soon be with your sainted mother. The sands of life flow down quickly, noiselessly; and evidently they will all be soon down, and the glass will be reversed; but oh how altered then! Eternal and undiminished fulness of a glorious consciousness of existence, new, fresh, pure, and blissful! What a change!

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Milton Villa, *December* 20, 1860.

My health continues good, but my sight fails more and more. I cannot read by night as formerly.

We have this day a new thing in Bristol, some snow; our late winters have been almost without a flake.

If you should meet on a book-stall a life of Mrs. Fletcher in French, buy it for me; it is for a Swiss housemaid who lives with us.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

Milton Villa, *April* 19, 1861.

This day I heard a beautiful letter from Cairo, enough to make one long for its sunny winters. But till we get the wings of our future movements, we must be patient and wait.

My classes are sweetly lying in sunshine. The Lord is very graciously in our midst, and we "press towards the mark." My health is good.

To Miss Anne Murray.

Milton Villa, *July* 26, 1861.

My health is still equal to my requirements. I have had a succession of colds since the spring came in; change of air to the sea-side has quite renewed my vigour. Miss Westcott took me there, and stayed with me; we only returned last night. I have such cause for praise in the manifestations of mercy as is only known to Him who supplies all my need, and gives me friends to care for me.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

January 12, 1862.

Advanced life calls for spectacles, and none will suit my short sight. I send you my verses on the Prince's death.[1]

[1] The following are the verses alluded to. They were printed in the *Bristol Times and Mirror:*—

THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

The angel of Death was sent forth and fled,
Whither, oh, whither went he?
With a steady aim and a stealthy tread,
Sternly and silently onward he sped;
But who might the doomed one be?

The old man was placed in his easy-chair,
Palsied and deaf and blind;

My health is better, but I do not write much or often to any one.

To Mr. Wm. Lutton.

September 8, 1862.

My old and valued friend, Miss Langtry, left all the letters I had written to her to me, and from them, at times of leisure, many years ago, I made extracts of the pious parts of their contents, and burned the originals, and intended to continue this, but for twenty years have not resumed it. Now I cannot, for my eyes grow dim, and it would be a trial to read them, if even possible. Could you not do the same with those you have?

I do not recollect if I told you that on 5th February, when visiting a sick person of my classes, I had fallen down an area of many steep stone steps, broken my collar-bone, and suffered very severe and protracted pain till partially recovered: then rheumatism set in. But out of all the Lord has brought me by His love. Praise Him for ever!

On the 2d of June in this year, I fell against a high, sharp, stone step, on one of our parades, and cut and bruised my right leg dangerously. I was confined to the

The snows of a century whitened his hair,
Men said he had lived too long, and nowhere
Could the visit of Death be so kind.

The invalid tossed on his couch of pain,
Weary and wasted and worn,
He had sighed for rest again and again,
The rest of the grave, but he sighed in vain,
He was still to suffer and mourn.

There were hovels of want and haunts of sin,
Dens of disease and despair;
How happy and pure the world might have been
Had the order been given to pass within
And slay all the living there!

On, on went the angel, unheeding their state,
A time was appointed for all;
The old man must live, and the sick man must wait,
But Albert the Prince, the Good and the Great,
The man in his prime must fall!

house two months, and not allowed to move from one room to another, but I was wheeled in a chair, with my foot always kept extended. I had the counsel of three surgeons during its continuance, as mortification was dreaded. Through infinite mercy, I am once more quite well, and shall hope and trust in the Lord for ever. My dear classes waited for spared life and restored health, and I am, as before, meeting one each day, and the Lord Himself meets the leader of the people. Oh, if you but knew His goodness!

PORTLAND CHAPEL VESTRY, BRISTOL.

CHAPTER X.

1863–1881.

A PERIOD in Miss Lutton's life is now reached when her graphic pen no longer supplies the history either of the outer or the still more important inner life, and my own recollections and those of our mutual friends can but very imperfectly fill up the blank of the last eighteen years.

Her extreme shortness of vision had always prevented objects being clearly seen, unless brought into very close proximity to the eye, and those at a greater distance could not be at all discerned, except by the aid of very powerful glasses. The sight had, by gradual and almost imperceptible degrees, become more and more dim. First she required a very strong light to read or write by; then she could do nothing by candle-light; then, by slow degrees, the fine, delicate writing became larger, the lines wider,

sometimes ruled; then came traces in the handwriting that she could not see what she had written, for she wrote after she was unable to read; and at length it became impossible to recognise, in the painfully-penned and irregular lines, the hand of the caligrapher of earlier days.

Long after this, however, she could discern the general features of a landscape, or the personality of a friend, if she chanced to know the dress; and with a quiet, subdued longing, she would attempt to distinguish some marked object when circumstances gave a hope of success. Then she could only distinguish between light and darkness. This power remained with her for some years, but at length she lost this last link that bound her to the visual world. Happily the impression conveyed to her mental perception was not that of blackness or night, but of a soft light surrounding her; though blind, she was not "dark, dark, dark."

And within, in the deep recesses of that happy spirit, there was no darkness. Writing on Sept. 7, 1862, she says:—

"When, some years ago, I first felt aware that the shadows "of evening were falling on my vision, there was a momentary "pang and shrinking, but it was brief, and my soul ran to "its Hiding-place, and has never since come out. It is "all well."

Yet she had so much to lose in losing her sight! Her keen, almost passionate enjoyment of the beautiful in the world around her; her intense delight in study, especially of the sacred Scriptures, in the multitudinous languages in which she could peruse them; the kindling glance and cordial smile of those who loved her; the power to record in her diary, as she had done for years, the secret communings of her spirit with God, and to open her heart wide in her multitudinous letters to friends; the helpfulness both to herself and others in which she had rejoiced; the ability to attend to her own personal wants, or to use her skilful needle, either in behalf of herself or

others,—all these were gone; but her unfailing trust in God, and her delight in His will, were not gone, and they never went till she went herself to Him.

Surely no one ever better knew how to "make the best of the situation." If we were in a beautiful country familiar to her, she would request us to describe it, and thus she realized each well-known object, and recalled it with delight to her mental vision. She much enjoyed descriptions of new places, or things, or persons, and evidently formed vivid pictures of them in her own mind. She put forth all her ingenuity to do as much as she could for herself, and to give "as little trouble as possible" to those who thought it no trouble at all to attend to her every want.

Her hearing, always acute, became, by close attention, preternaturally so, and thus she recognised footsteps with which she was familiar, and knew who entered or left the room, and who was about her. She was never once heard to regret that she could not see, but frequently expressed her gratitude that she had her sight so long, and especially that she was not deaf.

The loss of sight was not accompanied by any peculiarity in the appearance, so that strangers did not at once detect it; even when her likeness was taken, the year previous to her death, the photographer was not aware of it until informed. When listening to conversation, she would turn her clear brown eyes in the direction of the speaker, as though she saw him. Her skill in manipulation was truly wonderful. She studied successfully the system invented by Moon for the blind, for reading by means of raised characters and a simple alphabet, and speedily mastered it, her sensitive fingers being well adapted to the work. Her instructress was Mrs. Tucker, wife of the late Rev. Charles Tucker, Wesleyan missionary to the Friendly Islands, and daughter of her former class-member, Mrs. Hall. This lady was a sufferer from defective sight, and having learned

Moon's system, was very happy to teach it to her friend and leader; being a near neighbour, the task was the more easily accomplished.

Miss Lutton purchased by degrees a considerable part of the New Testament, and some portions of the Old, in the raised type, also of Bogatzky's morning and evening portions, texts of consolation, Keble's *Christian Year*, and several tracts. Later on, when reading had become more facile to her, she bought a portion of Euclid, some of the Psalms in German, St. John's Gospel in Italian, and the Sermon on the Mount in Arabic. This little library was a great joy and comfort to her.

She hoped to be able to read the Greek Testament in raised type, according to a system invented by Braillé, but the system is not as good as Moon's, and after studying its alphabet, she abandoned the design.

Her other principal home-occupation was knitting; she plied her busy needles industriously and patiently, in making large couvrettes for presentation to her friends. They were done in broad strips of coloured German wools, which she knitted separately and wonderfully well; for if a stitch were dropped, when she found it out, she would unravel the work of hours, and patiently knit it over again, rather than produce bungled work. She also knitted her fringe, and then the whole was put together for her by a friend. She sometimes folded tracts to vary the monotony of knitting, or newspaper covers, if they were required by any one.

How many of her friends will recall her, sitting in her arm-chair in her favourite corner in the morning-room, with her beautifully placid countenance, her knitting on her lap, her Scripture portions at hand, her class-books in a bag near her, and her little table close by, in the drawers of which were arranged, in perfect order, all the little things she required for daily use, and her canary singing beside her.

The history of Miss Lutton's remaining years must now

be briefly summarized. In 1864 she undertook to conduct a class in connection with Victoria Chapel, Clifton. After this chapel was built, the circuit was divided, when it was found that nearly all the female members residing in the Victoria circuit were members of Miss Lutton's classes, and every attempt to induce them to identify themselves with their new circuit was useless, until their beloved leader consented to cross the border, and meet them in their own locality.

We resorted to Weston during the summer for a little change of air, but our sojourn there was short. She longed to get back to her own home, her accustomed chapel, and her dear classes.

The suspension bridge which crosses the Avon at Clifton was opened this year, and she enjoyed a drive, with her young friend Mr. Edwin Vachell, to witness the illuminations at night in honour of the event, the brilliancy of which she could discern, though not their exact form, and she had also a consciousness of the multitudes of people who thronged to gaze at the wonderful spectacle.

Her large heart and genial character found in the late Dr. Punshon a spirit kindred to her own. The admiration was mutual, and when he was stationed in the Clifton circuit, between 1864 and 1867, on his not unfrequent visits to the house of his most intimate friends, Mr. and Mrs. May, he never failed to call and see Miss Lutton. I recall now his hearty laugh when told that, in her anxiety to be in time to hear him preach at Portland Chapel on Sunday morning, she had placed her umbrella, which she used as a walking-stick, in a convenient corner the night before.

She much enjoyed about this time, 1867, the singing of two musical friends, the more so that, for the sake of example, she always stedfastly refused to gratify her love of music by attending any public performances, which, however consistent with a Christian profession, might have led her

young members to indulge in kindred amusements less open to objection. To obtain influence, and then to use it for good, was her constant aim. On this subject of influence she gave a powerful address at one of her classes.

The Wesleyan Conference was held this year in Bristol, and we had three ministers as our guests, the Revs. Robert Perks, Nicholas Bishop, and Emile Cook. Miss Lutton much enjoyed their genial society, and entered with zest into the social amenities of the season. Very respectful and reverential was the demeanour of these beloved ministers towards one whom they looked upon as a mother in Israel, and as on the verge of the better land,—for she was then in her seventy-seventh year,—and yet each one of these dear friends, though seemingly in the prime of healthful manhood, passed into the other world before her.

In January 1868, Miss Lutton had a sad fall down-stairs, bruising her side. This confined her to bed for two or three weeks. She delighted in being read to, and her friend Miss S. Edmonson took part in this labour of love.

In October 1868, we went, accompanied by her attached friend Miss Kidd, to Weymouth. She enjoyed the change, and even ventured out in a boat on the water. Remembering Weymouth well, from our former visit there, she said: "In spots like these it is that we prize our memory, "and feel that she has eyes if we have not." Sitting on a rock in Portland isle one day, she began singing:

> "Rock of ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in Thee."

In the spring of 1869 she was very ill and weak. On the 11th of June, when she became convalescent, we went, accompanied by our faithful attendant Mrs. W——, to Portishead, near Bristol, driving down direct to avoid the difficulty of the rail. Whilst here, she had a relapse, and the doctor, Mr. Greenly, was telegraphed for. However she

speedily recovered, and we spent many a pleasant day in our quiet lodgings. Our kind friend, Mrs. Pethick, paid us a visit. Other attached friends came over to see Miss Lutton; and she enjoyed short walks and drives in the pretty country and woods, and listened with interest to a description or details of anything that was passing around her. She returned home recruited in health.

I often now regret that I did not at the time write down more of the expressions that fell from my dear friend, sometimes humorous and playful,—for she had the keenest perception of humour, and heartily enjoyed "a bit of fun," —sometimes intellectual, sometimes poetical, oftenest of all devotional, in the truest and deepest sense of the word.

But she would never have endured to be Boswellized; and blind though she was, I knew that her ready ear would at once have detected the scratch of pen or pencil, and it would have marred the frank confidence of her utterances to me had she supposed that they were to be perpetuated. The few that I did record must serve as specimens.

"Oh the happy days I shall spend when there are no "more days!"

On taking a drive: "The winds are like spirits sweeping "along. How beautiful to think how many spirits are in "heaven; so many!"

In the summer she exclaimed to me on smelling some roses, and seeing them in imagination, "Oh what beauti- "ful roses! I trust you will be where they bloom for "ever. We know not what is before us, but we know that "it will be full of beauty."

On the remark being made, in reference to a gentleman named, "Mr. J—— likes life," she rejoined, "It is well old "people enjoy life. I was never happier in my earliest "days than now I am old."

Referring to the future state, she said, "Archdeacon "Oldfield thought we should go from star to star to look

"at different worlds. I would rather remain in one place, "and look at and praise the Saviour."

On a warm summer's day she said, "Ah! there's sun-"shine in the earth, and sunshine in the soul, there's sun-"shine wherever the Saviour is!"

"In heaven there will be praise if not prayer."

"God will take care of me, He is bound to. His loving-"kindness is unspeakable."

When the wind was howling on a desolate day in winter, "I shall soon be where no wintry winds blow."

"I shall go straight to heaven as an arrow from a bow."

"If I fall down dead, it will be so well."

A friend said, "You are so hopeful;" her reply was, "My "hope is in the Lord."

"I shall soon begin to live a new life. I shall range "the sweet plains on the banks of the river."

"How good God is! I cannot tell you how good He is. "O Jennie, is He not good? I love God!"

Once she said with solemnity, "I feel a strange regret "that I shall not see God the Father."

"I must be near the heavenly country. I am getting "everything I wish. Something seems to say, 'Put on your "bonnet, take your stick, and walk.' It has been a merci-"fully pleasant journey."

About this time Miss Lutton attempted to use a writing-frame to guide the hand, hoping thus to be able to correspond with friends at a distance, but the attempt failed; the instrument was not then perfect enough to prevent the same portion of paper being written over more than once.

Although she frequently employed another's pen to write for her on trivial or business matters, it was rarely that she embodied thoughts in communications that had to pass through the medium of an amanuensis. The following, written to a class-member who was mourning the loss of her mother, is one of these exceptions:—

To Miss Rosa Bullock.

"*January* 25, 1870.

"I cannot call upon you, neither can I, as once I could, "write to you to express the overflowings of a sympathizing "heart; but through the medium of a friend's pen I can, "and do most sincerely, assure you that I feel for and with "you, on your late sad bereavement. I can also, and "do pray for you, that your mind may be maintained in "such communion with God as to hold the due equilibrium; "not selfishly sorrowing, not stoically deficient in proper "feeling, but saying and realizing, with the faith of a "Christian, 'Good is the will of the Lord.'

"The wound that has been inflicted on your sensibilities "will not soon heal; you will long experience the bitter- "ness of that great sorrow, a mother's death: it will meet "you in the coldness of friends where you expected kind- "ness; it will meet you in the cravings of a spirit which "can never again know a mother's love. But your cry will "not be loud; your grief will not ostentatiously solicit "kindred wailing; your physician must be Christ, and to "Him you will continually and unceasingly need to resort.

"You have many precious promises, full of consolation; "you have an ever-present, sympathizing High Priest. "Look at these; try to ascertain the extent of the good "they are designed to convey, and be comforted.

"In your case, as in that of many others, I feel more "than I can express; perhaps this brief note may tell you "that you are far from being forgotten, and that one of my "sweet anticipations must ever be that we shall meet and "dwell together, where sorrow and sighing flee away."

In 1871 Miss Lutton lost almost the last survivor of the friends of her early years, Mrs. Shillington of Portadown, formerly Miss Johnston of Lurgan. In memory of this lady,

she wrote, through the medium of an amanuensis, the following lines, which were the last she composed:—

"In Memory of a Deceased Friend.

" When first I knew her, she was in the prime
" Of early womanhood. Before her lay
" Two maps of travel through the vale of Time
" Into Eternity; and she must say
" Where her choice rested;—one was bright and gay,
" Full of companions on a broad, smooth road;
" The other was a narrow, lonely way,
" Gloomy its entrance, but its ending glowed.
" She chose the narrow path, and henceforth walked with God.

" When last we parted, she was at her post
" Of quiet duties, with domestic cares;
" The loving and the loved—distinguished most
" For close resemblance to her Lord, who bears
" His people's burdens, and their sorrows shares.
" Her soul was sympathy; she lived to bless,
" Yet deemed of little worth her praises—prayers—
" And holiest service—but would still confess
" Her only trust was Christ, His blood and righteousness.

" When next I see her—oh, the thought is bliss!
" Dazzling will be her crown, her robe pure white—
" Not in a land of shadows such as this,
" But in the region of unsullied light,
" Where God's own presence makes each object bright.
" There I shall see her full of love divine,
" Winging on errand high her rapid flight,
" And mingling with the hosts that sing and shine,
" Swelling the loud acclaim—'All glory, Lord, be Thine.'"

The Christmas of 1871 I spent in Rome, and a much respected friend and member of one of her classes,

who has passed before her into the other world, came and remained with Miss Lutton during my absence. To this friend Miss Lutton dictated the following letter to me :—

"LLANBERRIS VILLA, *Christmas Day*, 1871.

"Neither Miss Thomas nor myself has been able to go "to chapel this day, owing to the driving and continued "rain. But that you may praise the prudence of one at "least of your friends, I can inform you that we were both "able to go twice yesterday without injury, and with great "enjoyment. Dr. Waddy in the morning, Mr. Tucker at "night. A very happy Christmas to you, wherever you "may be, is the hearty wish of both writer and dictator.

"Oh how I long for the day of your return! My long- "ing is not sinful longing, not ill-tempered longing, but "such a longing as will welcome you with all the love of "which my nature is capable. Need I say that you are "always in my heart to pray for you?

"My cold was severe, and was considered to be bron- "chitic; but every trace of it is now fast disappearing, and "I have passed my eightieth birthday, blessing God, and "taking courage.

"We are all much interested in your details of travel; "it is only at night I alarm myself about possibilities, but "commit both you and myself to God.

"The Prince of Wales is recovering."

She had always delighted in the song of birds. Her old friend, Mrs. Wright, had in earlier years presented her with some canaries, but they were dead, so I bought her another, a dear little songster; she liked to listen to its notes, and would amuse herself with talking to it to encourage it to sing.

Flowers were still sources of pleasure to her; friends would bring her a bouquet from the country, a splendid rose, or a fragrant hyacinth, and she imagined their beauty

from descriptions minutely given, touching them with delicate handling, and inhaling their perfume. She was no cynic; all sources of enjoyment were gratefully hailed and made the most of.

She usually received a large number of Christmas and New Year's cards, and was much pleased in listening to the verses on them, and looking at their illustrations in imagination, as objects and tints were carefully described.

She was always on the watch for opportunities of doing good, or speaking words of counsel to any one who came in her way,—a person waiting in the hall, a woman assisting in house-cleaning, accompanied perhaps by a shilling to buy tea; and especially a young servant who, by her kind and sympathetic advice, was led to think seriously, and eventually to give her heart to God.

I may here note that it had been the habit of her life to care tenderly for the servants wherever she resided. An old servant of Mrs. Booth's,—still living,—a faithful Martha, who was Miss Lutton's doorkeeper when she held her meetings for females at Chepstow, told me lately how she would visit her in her bedroom, and talk to and pray with her; and showed me—as a precious relic, treasured for half a century—a little Bible given her by Miss Lutton in 1832, one which she had herself used, and which bore marginal notes of portions committed to memory. Another old servant has borne a similar testimony, adding, with a burst of genuine feeling, "She was always trying to do us good; we shall never see one like her again."

In March 1874, Miss Lutton had a serious fall in coming down the stairs which led to the vestry in which she met her classes at Portland Chapel. She soon recovered sufficiently to go to Clevedon for change of air; this she found very agreeable, and here she renewed her acquaintance with an old friend who used to attend her Bible readings, Mrs. F. Wills.

One day, in the month of May, when the sun was shining warmly, she observed, "He made the sun, He is "brighter than the sun." Again, "Oh, it is so beautiful to "be alive, and to know that you will never die—cannot "die! Oh, I shall have two beautiful eyes like an angel! "The Lord is only teaching me how happy He can make "me without them." "If this be my last year, it will be "my happiest."

Hymns were repeated concerning heaven, and the question was asked, "What are the white robes?" "Glory shining "on them from the immediate presence of God," was the spontaneous reply.

It was mentioned that a young lady had declined to join in a dance, saying, "Methodists do not dance." Miss Lutton at once rejoined with the brightest of smiles, "Dances my glad heart with joy." This was because she felt that a sacrifice had been made to consistency.

In May 1875, when feeling her strength lessening for a time, she said, "I shall get weaker until I go home. No "place like home, where Jesus is; but I am not in a hurry. "Oh how good He is, no one can tell! I shall walk "the golden streets. My sister Mary, on waking from a "trance, said the same words."

In July of this year, Miss Lutton left her home for a short excursion, which proved to be her last, to Weston. Our friend Miss Edmonson went with us, but although she seemed to enjoy the old place of our frequent resort in other days, she soon became anxious to return; her only reason appeared to be a fear lest her classes should suffer by her absence.

She remarked at this period, in her cheerful manner, "It is good to be old; one is offered the best of every-"thing." An elevated seat given her directed her thoughts upwards, and she playfully said, "My head will soon be up "in the heavens."

Later in the summer I had a severe and dangerous illness. Miss Lutton was truly an angel of mercy. How fervently she prayed with me, night after night, when we were alone, before she wished me good-night! Once, in the middle of the night, her loving concern caused her to rise and come into my room, to ascertain that all was well. In doing this she ran into serious danger, for I had a light burning which she could not see, and I roused only in time to prevent her night-dress from coming into contact with the flame.

In December 1875 she musingly said, "I wish," and broke off abruptly. "What do you wish?" I said. "That "heaven was won."

To a young lady, a conchologist, who was occasionally with us, she said, "How sweet it is to see the Lord's hand "in His works!" and after pausing a moment or two, she quoted, with beautiful emphasis, the passage of Scripture, "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them who have pleasure therein." She remarked that a new pleasure can be found in connecting the Lord's works with Himself, and spoke of the sweetness of ever looking from nature up to nature's God.

In 1877, Conference was again held in Bristol. Our guests were the Revs. William Cornforth and Josiah Pearson. To the former minister Miss Lutton presented some valuable books for the library of the Wesleyan college at Lausanne, over which he was president. Mr. Pearson's impressions of Miss Lutton, formed during this visit, are given hereafter (see p. 522). The society of these ministers was a great pleasure to her, and she also received with gratification the calls of several old friends—ministers who were at Conference. Among these was the Rev. William Cather, whom she had not seen since they parted in Ireland in 1839, nearly forty years before. He was not announced, but she instantly recognised his voice, and

said, "You are Mr. William Cather," and inquired after his brother, Dr. Cather. A talk of old times, especially the old times in Ireland, always gave her much delight.

In 1878 she was greatly gratified by receiving a letter from one of the Methodist preachers then in Ireland, which contained the following testimony to the value of her labours in her early days.

He said that when stationed in the Moira circuit, as he was one day walking along the street, he saw an aged woman sitting on a door-step reading. On accosting her, she informed him that sixty years ago or more, she met in class with Miss Lutton, that she had found the Saviour then, and was still travelling to Mount Zion.

In the spring of this year she suffered from a short illness, but she was not depressed by it, she said, "I try simply "to look heavenward, I try to say, 'Not my will, but "Thy will.' I would have no will."

On a Sabbath day in April, I said, "Shall I read to you from the Psalms or the Gospels?" "I prefer the words "of the Master," was the reply.

At another time she expressed the peculiar pleasure she felt in hearing portions read from the Psalms. One Sunday in June, after a wakeful night, she said, "They do not "sleep at all in heaven." She usually slept well in the first part of the night, but awoke in the early morning, and lay awake long hours before any of the family were stirring. In these hours she felt the value of the memory so well stored with Scripture and hymns, and would employ the time in recalling them. She had been so accustomed, all her life, to early rising for early work, that when the work was no longer possible, and the sleep would have been welcome, it would not come. Yet she rarely slept during the day.

At the close of 1878, a converted Jew visited Bristol, to try by conversing with the members of that community to

ascertain what their views and feelings were in reference to Christianity. He repeatedly called at our house and had deeply interesting conversations with Miss Lutton. He was greatly astonished at her intelligence, and especially her familiarity with Hebrew. Very wonderful it seemed to him to hear a lady converse in that language, in her eighty-eighth year, and totally blind.

On my offering the usual Christmas salutation in 1879, "I wish you a happy Christmas!" she replied, "I wish "you a happy one, and many of them, as many as I have "had." "You have had many happy Christmas days?" "Oh yes, I have had as happy a life as most people. God "has been very good to me. He has met my tastes as well "as my necessities. How wonderfully God works! We can "only see Him by the eye of faith; He must be looked to "and sought for diligently." She added fondly, in her own sweet way, "You have made my old age a happy one."

In the early part of January 1880, Miss Lutton invited the members of her Monday evening class to consult as to the propriety of giving it up. This was now her only evening class, and it was felt by her friends that it was not right for her to go out in the winter nights, in all weathers, at her age, and with a tendency to bronchial affection. They came to an early tea with us; and the gathering, under her genial guidance, soon became a kind of fellowship-meeting. At its close the beloved leader prayed, with a fulness and power that must have deeply impressed all. A discussion then took place, and the majority of the members agreed to try and meet in one or other of Miss Lutton's morning classes.

On 21st February 1880, after a brief illness, she said: "Since my recovery, I have been feeling as though I had "come into possession of a large fortune which I am "enjoying. I shall soon get full possession of the in-"heritance. No one else is heir to it; it is mine. He is

"so good, He never fails, never disappoints. He is all the "world to me. It is a sweet thing to sing—

"'With me no melancholy void,
"No moment lingers unemployed
"Or unimproved below.'"

Another time, when feeling very unwell, she requested that the 91st Psalm might be read to her,—"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High," etc.; also the 3d chapter of the first Epistle of St. John,—"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us," etc. She then repeated the hymn beginning—

"Behold the Saviour of mankind,"

adding, "That is my darling hymn, the first I ever sang. "All my life long God has been very good to me. He has "given me all things richly to enjoy through life. Some of "these days I shall just suddenly go. I shall have nothing "to do but just step into the coach, and go."

Whilst sitting quietly on the evening of 29th February 1880, she broke forth into the language of praise, saying, "The lines have fallen unto us in pleasant places; we have "a goodly heritage, one that can never be taken from us. "Oh no, it can never be taken from us!" Again she said, "Rejoice that our names are written in heaven. "Grace will be given till glory shall commence. I think "I never enjoyed religion as God is giving me to do now; "yet it is but a drop from an ocean. My health continues "very favourable, with occasional interruptions to remind "me this body must soon join its parent clay. Bless the "Lord! He owns us. What a happiness is this!" Again, "I have all things and abound; I have not a single desire "that is ungratified."

"Do you know what I longed for at class to-day? I "longed for the privilege of spending one hour a day with

"angels, and joining with angels and archangels in shouting "the praises of my God. Oh that would be delightful! It "would be beautiful, beautiful, to join with the disembodied "spirits in singing the praises of Immanuel!"

"We are going to be with Jesus, going to see Mrs. Westcott. We shall know them; oh yes! I believe so. I shall come to welcome you, Jane, and so will your mother."

In April she had a sudden attack of cramp in the stomach, which obliged her to remain in bed one day; but she was well in a few days.

In June 1880 she had an illness which affected her seriously. She said on the 27th, "Whenever I am afflicted, "there is so much compensation. When I think of that "verse, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it "entered into the heart of man to conceive what God hath "prepared for them that love Him,' I should like to shout "His praises so loudly that heaven and earth should hear "my voice. O Lord, I will praise Thee! It is a beautiful "thing to have a voice, a bell within us, to tell of His "wonderful dealings with us. All is well, and all shall "be well. I can scarcely make a sound; but if my "taste were gone, my speech gone, my hearing gone, I "have so much left,—the greatness of redeeming love! "Oh the peace! it is so sweet, so precious!"

Talking of the flight of time, a friend said, "To-morrow, six months of the year will be gone; is it not awful to think of the rapid flight of time?" She replied, "Not awful, but "beautiful; is it not the will of our heavenly Father that "time should go on? Oh to be lost in the ocean of God, "in His immensity, in His purity!"

On the 9th of July, after I had been reading aloud to her a good deal, she began to talk, and expressed a wish to die in Portland Chapel, but thought she should probably die in her sleep. "This," she said, "would be beautiful; but I

"must leave all with my heavenly Father, who will do "what is best. My limbs seem to think that they have "been working long enough, but they have not, for they "must work as long as my Father wills. Before very "long I shall be called home. I have been telling God "what my feelings are towards Him this morning. My "heart is so full of love, I almost wish there was to be a "love-feast to-day, I feel I should like to tell of the good-"ness of God to my soul." She then repeated a few verses of the 301st hymn, beginning—

"Jesus, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care,"

adding, "Bless the Lord! He never fails those that trust in "Him. The Lord is doing wonders; He is hastening on "His own work. Should I be unable to speak, rest assured "my heart is full of Jesus, full of love. Have no concern, "no anxiety about me. All is well, and all will be well. "Oh, He is so good, so good! I cannot tell you how "good He is to me; He leadeth me by the still waters, "by the green pastures. He is so good. Oh bless the "Lord our God! Did He ever fail those who trust in "Him? How often I have thought of God's gentleness "with me! I have no violent pain, no excessive pain, "but love and kindness. Thank you, my dear, for your "love and kindness. It is more than forty years since "you first sang to me; between prose and poetry, you "have given me a good day. I feel very thankful to the "Lord for His great goodness to me."

She inquired of her doctor, Mr. Greenly, if he had given her anything to exhilarate the spirits. "The temptation "is presented to me that my joy is not of the Lord." He assured her that he had not given her any medicine to produce such an effect. She then went on expressing her happiness in these words: "Oh the joy I have felt,

" the peace sealed of the Lord! Oh the joy of being His!
" I am His, yes, His for ever and ever."

During her illness, a friend asked her what message she would send to her classes. "Tell them He is able to save " to the uttermost. Through Him I am safe; He is the " First and the Last. I have nothing to say of myself, " but that I am a sinner saved by grace."

After hearing of a happy death, she remarked, "It " is delightful still to know that they are going from a " suffering church below to a reigning church above."

To one dear friend, who was staying in the house with us about this time, she spoke feelingly of "the deep peace " within, which nothing was able to disturb." This same friend also observes: "I well remember her prayers in the family, when the beauty of the form of words might have attracted admiration, had they not made a deep impression of direct communion with God, and this seemed never to vary. I think the wants of each worshipper were remembered, though the expression of them was always guarded by sympathy and delicacy of feeling. Miss Lutton always struck me as having an insight into even one's passing mood, and she was strangely quick in detecting a sigh of sorrow."

Friends had often earnestly implored her to have her likeness taken; it had even been pressed on her as a religious duty, yet her consent could not be obtained. But happily, after this illness, her objections were removed, and on the 28th of August we set off to a photographer at Clifton. She went in a wheel-chair, was perfectly calm, looked and felt well, and in her eighty-ninth year her likeness was successfully taken, and her happy, placid expression was caught. When the impressions were struck off, she presented each one of her members with a copy, giving it, when possible, with her own hand. This is the portrait which forms the frontispiece to the present volume.

When sitting at breakfast on 27th October, she exclaimed:

"And let this feeble body fail,
"And let it droop and die,
"My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
"And soar to worlds on high.

"Oh what hath Jesus bought for me!
"Before my ravished eyes
"Rivers of life Divine I see,
"And trees of Paradise."

On December 14, 1880, the anniversary of her birth, she completed her eighty-ninth year. This was her last birthday. Her friends, the Rev. C. Tucker and Mrs. R. Griffith, were the only guests. We spent a happy day, not supposing that before the day again came round, both my beloved friend and the aged minister—the Simeon and Anna, as they were happily termed—would have greeted each other on the eternal shore.

The winter of 1880–81 was unusually severe, but she bore its rigour without injury to health. She still was able to worship at Portland Chapel on Sunday mornings. In the evening she was sometimes persuaded to remain in the house, in consideration of the extreme cold. This was a great concession to make, because her life-long habit had been to attend a place of worship twice on the Sunday in all weathers. But on these Sunday evenings we had, with one of our servants, our own quiet little service at home, which she greatly enjoyed. It consisted of the reading of the psalms and lessons for the day, the singing of hymns, in which she sometimes joined with her still melodious voice, and the reading of religious biography, sermons, or some other Christian book.

She was scarcely ever prevented from meeting her three classes, although she had sometimes to go through snow,

and on a path dangerously slippery from ice. Once, when it was deemed positively unsafe, either for herself or her conductor, and she was with difficulty persuaded to remain at home, she regretted, almost with tears, that she had been deterred by what she considered needless fears.

She attended the watchnight service on the last day of the year, and heard the Rev. George Bowden preach from the 103d Psalm, a psalm of praise. In his discourse he took a review of the past year, and, under the figure of our years being as milestones, spoke of our being "one mile nearer home."

As we returned together, her step was firm, and the very severe cold of the night air did not distress her. At the garden gate many friends pressed around to shake her hand, and exchange the words of kindly greeting which thousands of the worshippers at the midnight services of the Methodist sanctuaries throughout the land were then uttering—"I wish you a happy new year."

Thus was ushered in Miss Lutton's last year. It was marked by symptoms of decline of strength but not of cheerfulness.

At home she pursued her accustomed routine of reading the Bible in the raised character, her little mark indicating that her last reading was from the Epistle to the Hebrews, the 5th and 6th chapters, on the High Priesthood of our Lord.

She also diligently knitted at her couvrettes; sometimes she was obliged to intermit the work from cramp in the hand, but she never was satisfied to be idle. She delighted to listen to reading, and took a lively interest in passing events, either political or social. She derived great pleasure from the society of her friends, and very kind they were in constantly coming to see her, so that we had rarely a day without a visitor. One of these, Miss Kidd, especially helped to cheer the winter evenings by coming to an early tea, and bringing an interesting book to read to our dear friend, who would eagerly listen and

enter with zest into the subject of the volume, and add a charm to the reading by her pungent, pithy, and intelligent observations. To read a book to her, or hear it read in her company, was tenfold more delightful than reading it alone.

This spring our friend, Miss M'Owen, came to spend the day, and read aloud to Miss Lutton. The book chanced to be one which contained a graphic account of the beauties of Cintra, and extolled its genial climate in winter. "How pleasant it would be for us to spend the next winter there!" I remarked. She replied, with a face radiant with smiles, "You can go there, I shall be "in heaven." But much as she loved to be read to, she was not dependent on outward aids to enjoyment; she feared to be burdensome to us in the reading, and she would sometimes remind us that she had other resources. "My mind is not a waste howling wilderness," she said, "I "am busy and happy, busy and happy."

On Easter Monday, April 18th, whilst rejoicing in the thought of a risen Christ, and her own near approach to heaven, she added: "But it would not be heaven to me "unless I thought every one else there were as happy as "myself."

From several remarks she made, it was evident that she thought the hour of her departure was not far off. In the class it was noticed that she looked pale, but with a face beaming with happiness, she seemed almost in heaven, so near the heavenly world, that some of her members thought she might be even then on the wing.

In spite of her age and feebleness, she had always persisted in rising to breakfast, but in June 1881 I persuaded her to begin to breakfast in bed. She referred with placid content to the time when further weakness might prevent her rising at all. In reference to some temporary indisposition, she observed: "It will wear out, or wear me out; "something must come to take me home, and will be very

" welcome. I have no anxiety; I do not care what " happens, if His will be done, if He is honoured."

Her hearing having become impaired, though very slightly, she said, " I was thinking why I do not sing— " because God wills it; why I do not hear perfectly— " because God wills it. Everything that He wills is right " and best."

At another time she remarked, " Oh it is beautiful! I " am just on the step, one foot on earth, one in heaven; I " praise Him for all."

She had so often anticipated the hour of her departure, that neither these expressions alarmed us, nor her evident feebleness, because she had so often rallied from illness and loss of strength. I was intending to pay a visit to an old friend at Kensington, when, for the first time on such an occasion, Miss Lutton said to me, in a half-pensive tone, " I am afraid I cannot do without you." This settled the matter, and I unhesitatingly declined the invitation. She had perceived in herself a significant symptom of declining health, but said I was not to be informed, as it would alarm me.

On reviewing her life she once said, " I can only compare " it to the Milky Way in the heavens. One stream of light, " composed of innumerable mercies, like the small stars " which compose that Way."

A dear friend living at a distance, who spent a day with her during this, her last summer, says, " I am so glad I saw so much of her, with the pleasing, happy expression that lighted up her face. Eyes could scarcely have beamed brighter than did that joyous smile."

She much enjoyed the occasional calls of her pastor, the Rev. G. Bowden; and the frequent visits, both pastoral and friendly, of the Rev. Charles Tucker cheered her very greatly, he being able so fully to sympathize in her high-toned religious experience.

On the day of the June quarterly meeting, which was held at Old Market Street Chapel, Mr. Tucker took the money which Miss Lutton had collected from her three classes to the vestry. During this meeting he was taken alarmingly ill, and was brought back to his house to die. The following morning the tidings of his death reached me. Knowing the effect that it would have on Miss Lutton, I communicated the news as gently as I could. She said little, but felt most deeply. It was the day for one of her classes to meet; she went to it, but said, "We shall have "a short meeting this morning," and then related the cause of her remark, and a member of this class said that this was the only occasion on which she had seen her leader really depressed.

Towards the end of July, not a month before her death, she felt unwell, but it was supposed to be only a passing ailment. On the 27th she was well enough to enjoy the society of several friends who came to see us. Never had she looked more placidly serene than on that afternoon, as she came into the drawing-room, in her black silk dress, white tulle cap with its spotless white strings, collar and cuffs, all in perfect order. One of our visitors was a friend of more than thirty years' standing, formerly Miss Sarah Holland, now Mrs. James Budgett of Knowle Park, Bristol. Later in the day her son, Mortimer Budgett, a youth of seventeen, a student in Taunton College, joined us. He had made a determined effort, and come a considerable distance for the express purpose of talking to Miss Lutton and obtaining her counsels. He recollects that "her remarks were nearly all on the love of God for us, and to encourage me, which they certainly did. She expressed a lively interest in my life at College, asking me what I found to be particularly hard to contend against, and, in return, advising and encouraging me very much. She, in her own impressive way, told me that she took a great interest in

me, and offered to take a message to heaven for me." It was proposed, no doubt by Miss Lutton, that each of our little party of four should repeat the text of Scripture most delighted in; the one she repeated was, "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life."

At the end of this month I went very reluctantly, in compliance with Miss Lutton's earnest wish, to spend a few days at Weston-super-Mare. I was not well; she became seriously alarmed for my health, and expressed, in tender words of love, her fear that I should die and leave her. An attached friend, a member of one of her classes, came to supply my place. Another who loved her called on the following Monday, and read to her one of Mr. Aitkin's addresses, which she enjoyed intensely. After the lapse of four days, I returned home, finding her unchanged in health. On Sunday, August 7th, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper being administered in the evening at Portland Chapel, she attended the service, although scarcely able to go.

On Wednesday the 10th, as she returned home from class with one of the members, this friend remarked that her step was very feeble, and that she seemed to have a presentiment that her work was done. She said, "You know, dear, I "shall soon be gone." And with undying care for her beloved classes, she talked about a suitable leader to succeed her.

On Thursday the 11th, one of her class days, the weather was very unfavourable, and from this cause, and the absence of several of the members from home, it was not likely that many would be there; I wished her not to go to the class, but she braved the rain, and walked to the chapel. There were only two present; one of these remembers that she appeared to be very poorly, and that the concluding prayer was intensely earnest, and expressed chiefly in brief sentences. Then she left the little vestry where she had

for so many years "allured to brighter worlds, and led the way," never to enter it more.

On the following Sunday, August 14th, she attended the morning service at Portland Chapel. This was the last time that she was seen in her place, in the sanctuary where she had worshipped for thirty-two years with such unfailing regularity; always in time for the commencement of the service, and frequently lingering in her pew until the congregation had retired, many of them stopping to exchange greetings with one whom all honoured, and most loved.

On returning she was able to join the group, Miss Gosse, Mr. Greenly, and myself, at the dinner-table, and appeared as usual. As soon as dinner was over, she rose suddenly and left the room, feeling very unwell; she went to her chamber, was assisted to undress, and went to bed. The illness did not assume a serious character until the morning of Wednesday the 17th, when her doctor first apprehended danger. A nurse was procured, who sat up with her during the night. She talked much to this attendant, a pious woman, saying at intervals, "How good God is to me! He "never sends me a pain too much; it is hard to bear, but it "is needful." "Blessed Jesus, how precious He is to me!" "Let us live nearer to Him, cleave closer to Him." "We "shall soon be in heaven, and 'what will it be to be there?' "Oh what happiness! There will be no sorrow, no pain, "because sin will be done away." "Be assured all is well; "yes, come life or death, all is well."

The next day fearful sickness came on. It was most affecting to witness her sufferings, and to hear her repeated prayers for aid. "Help me, dear Lord! My "loving Saviour, help me!" With these supplications were mingled ascriptions of praise. Often on falling back on the pillow, after an attack of agonizing sickness, she would feebly murmur, "Bless the Lord! Praise the Lord! The Lord is "good." These words, so familiar to her lips in health, when

they were uttered with an exulting joyousness, came now with strangely pathetic emphasis from the bed of sickness.

At various intervals she made use of the following expressions:—"I am so weary. Oh that God would let me "glide gently into my rest! God has a right to do what He "wills with those His hands have made. All He does is "right. I want none but Christ."

Distressed to see her suffer, I once said, "Oh this is dreadful!" She replied with dignified composure, "No; "trying." She thought my word too strong.

At another time she was heard to whisper—

"Angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come."

A watcher said, "I wish we could make you well." She replied, "I shall be well in heaven." Unable to talk much, her hand was often raised in prayer, or the clasped hands evidenced that she was holding silent communion with her God.

To a servant of the house she said, "We shall be singing "and praising God for ever when we get to heaven. There "will be no night there, for the light of His countenance "will shine on us for ever. Oh it will be delightful to see "all whom we have loved on earth standing around God's "throne in white; and I feel sure that you will be one of "God's children here on earth. I have prayed for you "every day since I have known you. I know He will "answer my prayers some day. Seek the Lord now, while "you are young, and He will hear you. None ever sought "Him in vain. If you seek Him with all your heart, He "will bless you. I shall know you when we meet in "heaven, although I cannot see you here. I am very "weary, so weary, but the Lord will give me rest. The "Lord is very good to me, His goodness never fails. I "cannot see the sunshine, but I am content to have sun-

"shine in my heart; that is what we must all get to be "happy. Be sure to meet me in heaven."

Feeling unable to give up my beloved friend, I said, "I am not prepared to part with you." "God will take care "of you," she answered. "I am so glad I am going before "you." Many, many tender words of love she said to me during these few sad days. She was not able to send many messages, but one friend was named to whom she was deeply attached, and who loved her devotedly. "Give her "my abundant love," she said. Once she remarked, "Had "I religion to seek now, I could not seek it."

The terrible sickness and inability to retain food completely exhausted her little remaining strength. But on Sunday the 21st, a gleam of hope appeared to cheer us. Alas! it soon vanished, and as the day wore on, it became too evident that she could not long be detained on earth. We sent a request to Portland Chapel for prayer to be offered for her. Fervently was this done, and fervently was it responded to by the loving people who had been so long her fellow-worshippers.

During the night I entered her room. She was lying quietly, with the nurse sitting by the bed. I stooped over and gently kissed her. Soon after she said distinctly, "What a pity!" as if grieved at my getting up to be with her. She half-dozed through the rest of the night, taking sometimes a little iced water. When the nurse and I left the room in the morning, a servant who loved her remained to watch. Still no one, not even the doctor, thought that the end was so near. On awaking from a short sleep, she exclaimed, "Mother, mother!" several times; "Mother dear!"

I had not long returned to the room before I noticed a change; the soothing medicine ceased to take effect, and she became restless. It was the restlessness of death. The hands became quite cold; once she clasped them in supplication, "Help me," she said; then with fervent emphasis,

although in a low tone, she said, "He will help me;" afterwards, "I trust in the Lord." Once she prayed for patience; she was reminded that, though suffering so much, she did not murmur; never can I forget her look, as her eyes expressed what the tongue seemed unable then to utter,—surprise that a murmur could be thought of, it being a thing so impossible to her.

Many beautiful words of holy trust were uttered, but, distracted by the agony of the parting, I lost them. Amongst the last spoken were, "I am going to a beautiful home." "I am going to heaven." "Blessed Jesus! Lord, take "me." Several times to me, "My dear, my dear."

Then a short period of unconsciousness supervened, then two or three gentle sighs, and the spirit escaped to its long-sought rest; the "consecrated life" was over at last.

During these days of suffering, the countenance remained placid, peaceful, even beautiful in its serene, trustful look, which was never lost until, covered with flowers, the loving offerings of devoted friends, the outward form was hidden from our eyes, awaiting the resurrection of the just.

We were tempted to ask why was suffering needed for one who lived so long as on the very threshold of heaven? The reply must come in her own words, "God's will is sure "to be the best."

It need hardly be said that Miss Lutton's removal cast a profound gloom over the society and congregation of which she was so distinguished an ornament. Her circle of friends truly mourned one whom they, one and all, were accustomed to speak of emphatically as "Dear Miss Lutton." Many of those who loved her came to take a last farewell look, as she reposed in the coffin.

The funeral took place on Saturday, August 27, at Arno's Vale Cemetery, where she had herself, many years before, purchased a grave as near as possible to that of my mother. Every token of respect was shown by her

friends, Wesleyans and others, many of whom attended the funeral, or sent their carriages if they were out of town. On the tombstone which was erected over the grave, was inscribed her name, age, place of birth and decease, and the one word selected by herself as her sole epitaph, "Alleluia."

The venerable Archdeacon Norris, late vicar of St. Mary Redcliffe Church, Bristol, in which Miss Lutton so long worshipped, kindly consented to allow her name to be added to those of several of my own family, who are interred there, on a memorial brass which has been recently placed in that church.

On Sunday the 4th of September, the chairman of the district, the Rev. G. Bowden, preached an impressive funeral sermon in Portland Chapel from Ps. xcii. 12, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree, he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon," to a sympathetic congregation, attired in mourning. Many tears were shed, as a graphic sketch of her life and character was ably given by her friend and pastor, who was at one time almost overcome by his own feelings. The "Dead March in Saul" was played on the organ, as the congregation sadly left the sanctuary.

Bristol Methodism was warm-hearted in its recognition of Miss Lutton's worth, and in its regret for her loss. Gladly would the friends at Portland have given her a grave, had she elected to be buried there.

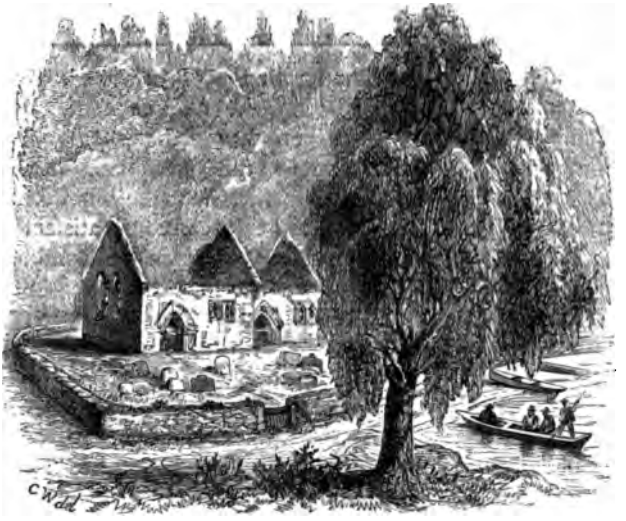
At the quarter-day of September 1881 a resolution was passed, of which the following is an extract:—

"The quarterly meeting of the Portland circuit, faithfully representing the feeling, not alone of the Portland society, but also of the entire circuit, desires to place on permanent record its sense of the great loss to Bristol Wesleyan Methodism by the death of Miss Lutton. She was richly endowed with mental gifts, which were diligently and conscientiously cultivated, and which she early laid at the feet of Christ. During the course of a long life, she consecrated

herself, with great zeal and untiring industry, to the extension of His kingdom."

A more permanent record is likely to be shortly erected, and called the "Anne Lutton Memorial Hall," a building which shall fitly supply convenient class-rooms and a large room for meetings connected with Portland Chapel.

The friends desired to erect a mural tablet, to be placed in the chapel itself, to her memory, but feeling that if they owed her much, I owed her still more, I preferred to perform myself this last office of love.



LANCAUT CHURCH, NEAR CHEPSTOW.

CHAPTER XI.

REMINISCENCES.

THIS biography, although mainly written by Miss Lutton herself, either in the form of autobiography, or personal diary, or letters to friends, cannot convey to strangers all that constituted the charm which attracted to its subject young and old, rich and poor, cultivated and homely. "There is an atmosphere around some people," she remarked to one of her earliest English friends. The mental rejoinder was, "Truly there *is* an atmosphere around Miss Lutton." The little child of three or four years old felt it, and would not be removed from her presence except by main force. Her youthful friends felt it. "I adored her," said one of those unhappy ones whom few loved. "I looked for her letters," said another, "as I would have done for those of a lover." Young men sought her company

even after eighty years had rolled over her head. Her ministers loved and venerated her. One of these, who became her pastor at this period, exclaimed, "What a grand old lady!" The humble, the poor, the sorrowful took refuge in her deep sympathy, and the intellectual members of her circle looked to her society for satisfaction in mental congeniality, and took pleasure in her sparkling humour.

A friend who has read much of these memorials in MS. has objected to my portraiture of Miss Lutton that it is like one which it is said Queen Elizabeth caused to be painted of herself, without a shadow. I cannot help it; either the failings did not exist, or, in the close intercourse of four-and-forty years, my loving eyes did not detect them, and I cannot invent them, even for the sake of satisfying the requirements of critics.

The only characteristic which I have not touched upon —yet to us it was most important and valuable—was that, to use a homely phrase, she was "good to live with." She possessed emphatically that priceless treasure in a home—

> "A heart at leisure from itself
> To soothe and sympathize."

She entered into our pursuits, shared our joys, and soothed our sorrows, and she allowed us to enter into hers, by speaking freely to us of the events in the wide circle of work in which she was engaged.

Then she was suggestive and helpful, ready to advise where advice was needed, and to give time and labour wherever they were called for. In little matters she always seemed to have at hand just what was wanted in her pocket. Oh that wonderfully capacious, that many-partitioned, that most useful pocket! what did it not contain? If any one was ill, there was a smelling-bottle; if tired with reading, a lozenge was offered; if a pin were required, the well-filled

pincushion was produced; if a memorandum were needed, there was an ivory tablet and the gold pencil-case[1] at hand; a pen-knife or fruit-knife was ready on occasion; if a letter had to be posted, the stamp case was brought out; if a sick person was visited, it never failed to produce a Testament for reading, and often a tract to be given, and the purse ever open to a case of distress; or if a point of Biblical criticism was on the tapis, the pocket always contained the Greek Testament.

In the summer of this present year 1882, I made a pilgrimage to the "haunts and homes" of my beloved friend before she became our guest, partly to gratify my own interest in tracing out every place connected with her, partly to gather up, from any old people whom I might find, reminiscences of her, on the field of her earlier life and labours. This latter was not an easy task, as may be imagined, when it is remembered that forty-five years had elapsed since she left Ireland.

Accompanied for the first part of my journey by dear friends of Miss Lutton and my own, I started for Chepstow, where she spent a considerable portion of the years 1832 to 1834. We visited Elm Villa, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Booth, and the spot where I first saw Miss Lutton, and we found it but slightly changed, and the beautiful views from its windows still the same. We then sought out the little Wesleyan chapel, in which she had worshipped and held many meetings, and found it no longer a sanctuary, but a smithy, and the pulpit was doing secular duty in a shop. A handsome modern structure has replaced the old chapel. We journeyed up the Wye to Tintern, where our beloved friend had often held meetings; but here again the old chapel was gone, and a new one, a gem of architecture, has

[1] It was very touching to me to find, after her death, in this pocket, a gold pencil-case which my mother had given her thirty years before, though for the last twenty years she had been unable to use it.

taken its place. We wended our way to Lancaut Cliffs, along the very walk that used to entrance her by its beauty, and to the church in the meadows, where she had expressed a wish to be buried, should she die in Chepstow; but the church is a ruin, and the cliffs have been disturbed by the axe and hammer of the quarrymen. Even the double view that she admired so much is marred by the growth of a group of young fir-trees on the brow of the hill.

We inquired after the old people, Wesleyans in particular, who might possibly remember her, and to our great satisfaction, we found old Martha, the former servant of Mrs. Booth, whose strong recollections of Miss Lutton's goodness to her have been already given (p. 484, *supra*).

This part of my pilgrimage ended, I went on from Chepstow to Liverpool; there my cousin Florence Westcott joined me. We sailed for Belfast, where we visited the Donegal Square Chapel, in which Miss Lutton used to speak. Thence we went by train to Dromore, and first sought out the Wesleyan minister, the Rev. C. H. Crookshank, M.A. He most kindly pointed out to us the two objects of which we were in quest,—the Wesleyan chapel, again a new one supplanting the simple structure in which Miss Lutton had so often taught; and the parish church or cathedral, interesting to us because it was from that pulpit that the clergyman had, in Miss Lutton's presence, denounced female teachers (see p. 97, *supra*). It also possesses an interest of its own, as being the burying-place of Jeremy Taylor, who was Bishop of Dromore as well as of Down.

Thence after a drive of seven miles, during which we had glimpses of the Mourne Mountains above Newcastle, we reached Moira, consecrated to us as the birth-place of Miss Lutton, and her home for nearly forty years. Mr. Douie, the agent of Sir Thomas Bateson, present owner of the Moira estates, showed us an old plan of Moira, in which the different properties were accurately described, and two

are marked Ralph Lutton. From this plan and the traditions of the place, we were able to ascertain the family home. Moira itself, and especially Miss Lutton's residences in it, have been already described. We wished to search the parish registers for the dates of birth, marriage, and death of the Lutton family, but found that those of the period required had been unfortunately destroyed by fire, having been removed by the sexton to his own house, which was burned down. We inspected the parish books, and found the names of Miss Lutton's father and grandfather, both Ralph Luttons, as churchwardens,—the elder in 1762, 1768, 1774, and 1777; the younger, 1797 and 1803. Here we saw two ladies, Mrs. Pearson and Mrs. Elliott, both wives of Wesleyan ministers, daughters of one of her dearly beloved friends, Mrs. George Ruddell, of Laurel Mount, near Lurgan, formerly Miss S. A. Stevenson of the Grove, Kilmore.

From Moira we drove to Lurgan, five miles distant, along the road, a pleasant one, lined with trees, along which she drove, or rode, or walked weekly for years, to meet her large class. Here the hand of time and of modern improvement has been more sparing. The little chapel is the same in which, from 1822 to 1831, she held many meetings, and in the gallery of which her class assembled; and the church is the same in which she frequently attended service, after meeting her class. In this church we worshipped on the Sunday morning which we spent there, and in the evening in the chapel.

We sought out and found the house occupied by Mrs. Johnston, her earliest member, which was her home whenever she chose to make it such. At Lurgan also we were introduced to an old woman who well remembered having been taken, when young, to one of her meetings; and to an aged man who recalled prayer-meetings in which the three friends, Miss Langtry, Miss Stevenson, and

Miss Lutton took part, and especially recalled Miss Lutton's singular power in prayer.

From Lurgan we drove to Soldierstown, also one of the scenes of Miss Lutton's labours, and to the very pretty village of Aghalee, the family burial-place. Here we waded through the long grass to a very large tombstone, inscribed, "Here lieth the body of Ralph Lutton, who died October 28, 1778, aged 55 years. Also Ellen, wife of Charles Lutton, who died 1811, aged 64." These were her grandfather and aunt, but the names of her parents, though buried there, we failed to find. The little chapel attached to the burying-ground is in ruins; only three walls, very thickly overgrown with ivy, remain. Our conductor kindly informed us that a "man named Oliver Cromwell had blown it up with cannon, about 600 years ago"!

The following day our pilgrimage was to Donaghclony, the "happy paradise" in which Miss Lutton spent the years 1811 to 1816, and which was the scene of her conversion. This place and her residence in it have also been already described (see pp. 8,26, *supra*). The house has been suffered to fall into partial decay, but the dining-room remains little changed, and we went into two bedrooms, one of which was undoubtedly hers. Despite the long wet grass, saturated with recent Irish showers, we rambled across the fields and by the hedgerows to the river Lagan, which encloses the little property on three sides, and visited the former orchard, and the site of what had been her dearly-loved flower-garden, but no relics of garden now remain. Here also we met with an aged woman who remembered Miss Lutton well, described her as a tall, fine-looking woman, and spoke with enthusiasm of having heard her speak ten or twelve times at Donaghclony.

The day following, being July 12th, and the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, arches of orange-coloured lilies were erected in many places, and there were gatherings

and processions, and bands, but fortunately without disturbance. We visited Maralin or Magheralin—where an old crone, to whom we applied for recollections, gave us a long and weird story of apparitions of the old Countess of Moira—and Banbridge, both scenes of Miss Lutton's labours. The latter is a poor and dirty place; the former Methodist chapel is down a lane in one of its lowest quarters, and is now only used as a schoolroom, a handsome new chapel being erected in the best part of the town, partly by Irish American money. Here we visited an old woman, who distinctly remembered Miss Lutton's giving an address in the chapel fifty-four years before.

On the 13th we left Lurgan for Rostrevor; unfortunately, we were on the route for Scarva, where this day some 60,000 Orangemen gathered, to commemorate by a sham fight the battle of Scarva. The scenes at the railway stations were very tumultuous, and there were disturbances in the evening at Lurgan, which were quelled by the police, assisted by the priest, who was said himself to have been hurt by a stone. We happily reached Rostrevor in safety, and next day arrived at Newcastle, the pleasant sea-side resort which Miss Lutton describes so graphically (see pp. 130-31), where we spent several days. Our hostess of the Annesley Arms Hotel—probably the very house where she sojourned in 1826—was familiar with her name and fame, and had heard of her book of poems; but neither there nor at Bryansford, the site of Lord Roden's park, which we visited on the 17th, could we find any one who had been present at the meetings she then held.

From Newcastle as a centre we visited Dundrum, a foreign-looking town, with a row of trees planted between the houses of its broad street and the river, and a fine old castle on a steep hill, with a round tower, built in 1180; the walls, of heavy stones without mortar, were partly

demolished by Oliver Cromwell. Here our persevering inquiries were rewarded by meeting a Methodist, Mrs. Quin, whose husband had been taken by his mother, when a little boy, to Miss Lutton's meeting; and also the Rev. W. Storey, Wesleyan minister, who knew her well by name as one of the excellent of the earth. He told us that his own father, who lived to the age of 104, had been one of the few fortunate men who had succeeded in eluding vigilance, and had heard one of Miss Lutton's addresses in Dundrum.

We next visited Castlewellan, a handsome town, with a large open square, trees, and a fountain; the chapel—a restored one—is now occupied by the amalgamated Methodists. Here an aged Christian, Tommy Cinnamon, remembered well that Miss Lutton gave addresses to females only, which were very numerously attended; he had endeavoured to slip in, and had got past the door, but was challenged at the foot of the stairs, and ordered back. The room in which the meeting was held is now used for a national school.

On July 22d we left Newcastle for Portadown, where we spent the Sunday. We found a Mrs. Lutton, a relative of the family, who received us with warm Irish hospitality, and would gladly have welcomed us to her house, had we not taken our rooms at the hotel. Her son has a large linen manufactory in Portadown, and a warehouse in Belfast. This son, Mr. A. J. Lutton, kindly gave me a copy of the family arms.

Mrs. Lutton also introduced us to Mrs. Tucker, a widow, whose late husband was a nephew of Miss Lutton, being the son of her sister, Martha Tucker; and she presented to us her son, a fine young man, the great-grandson of Mr. Ralph Lutton. Mrs. Tucker spoke with pleasure of the many times when she had heard Miss Lutton at her meetings in Belfast.

We sought in vain in the present handsome and ornamental structure any remains of the old Methodist chapel of Portadown, but at length met with Mr. Averill Shillington, who, after hospitably entertaining us at dinner, took us to see a few old walls, all that remained of the chapel. He told us that his uncle had once surreptitiously heard Miss Lutton speak in public. We were also introduced to old Mrs. Martin, an octogenarian and a Roman Catholic, who therefore never attended Miss Lutton's meetings, but she remembered them well, and especially that a man had been discovered in one of them, though Miss Lutton had "proclamated" that none were to be admitted. And as for old Mr. Lutton, didn't she remember him, for had she not lived in Moira, and knew the house, and the old gentleman who was blind, and so kind to her children, putting his hands on their heads to find out if they had grown? Mr. Lutton seemed her ideal of a kindly Irish gentleman, who had nothing to do but to enjoy his possessions.

Our next place of pilgrimage was Breagh near Portadown, the residence of her favourite maternal uncle, Richard Lutton, and of the aunt who died in 1857, and for whom she entertained so warm an affection, and also of his son William, the correspondent to whom so many of her later letters are addressed. He was, according to the testimony of Mr. Shillington, who knew him personally, "a consistent Christian, had a fine literary taste, and considerable talent for music and mechanics, and spent a great deal of time and energy in assisting his poor neighbours." He is now dead; but his son received us with much courtesy, and allowed us a peep into his father's very interesting study, which presented many indications of scientific tastes. He also introduced us to his sister, Mrs. Calvert, from whom we gleaned many details of the family history.

We next drove to Bluestone, a place often visited by Miss Lutton. The present neat chapel was all too modern for our purpose; but a loquacious little woman who kept the keys pointed out to us the site of the former sanctuary, now a field, and was delighted to reproduce and expatiate on the stories her deceased mother had told her of the crowds that flocked to hear the tall lady who could talk so well, fifty or sixty years ago.

In our last day of Irish travelling, we passed through seven, and on former days fifteen of the places which were the scenes of Miss Lutton's evangelistic labours for nearly twenty years. Some of the villages are small, but there is a numerous population in the scattered homesteads. Her memory even now is fragrant over the counties of Armagh and Down; for though few actually remember her ministrations, the generation that has succeeded has heard much of the impressions produced by them upon their parents.

It may be wondered why Miss Lutton should have almost entirely abandoned this field of usefulness, on her settlement in England. I think the reasons were twofold. One was, that she could never persuade herself that it was the province of women to speak in public before men, and the exclusion of one sex from the chapels presented a difficulty. The other was the objection felt in Methodism to the recognition of "female preachers;" for though Miss Lutton always refused to accept the term as applied to herself, she would probably have been so designated by others. Therefore, though on two occasions meetings for women were planned to be held by her in the small chapel at Portland, the project was never carried out.

If Miss Lutton was, in her own country, most extensively known through public meetings, in England she was chiefly known as, what a minister once designated her, "the great class-leader."

The Rev. George Bowden has furnished a table of the numbers composing her classes from 1839 to 1881. This list, when the class she met at Victoria Chapel, from September 1863 to June 1869, is added, indicates that her members averaged, during this period of forty-two years, more than eighty-seven persons yearly, the highest number in one year being 125.

These numbers would have been still larger had not successive divisions of what was formerly called the Bristol North Circuit necessarily subtracted many members, who felt it their duty to sacrifice their own preference for a leader to whom they were warmly attached, for the sake of membership at their own place of worship. In a few cases the ministers kindly allowed this rule to be suspended, when the severance of the tie between leader and member would have been especially distressing.

It often happened that the mother and each of the daughters of Methodist families in her circuit were enrolled on one or other of her class-books; and in more than one instance, three generations were thus represented.

The attraction which drew to her so many members, and which retained them, was not alone the appropriate counsel, given in eloquent language, with an enfolding, loving sympathy, and great insight into character, but it was, in a pre-eminent degree, what she was herself. The members could not fail to be conscious of a peculiar influence which pervaded the meeting, as if, by her presence, they were brought into the audience-chamber of God. It was a solemn place, and yet bright with a holy light.

Miss Lutton was very punctual in commencing the class, and careful, even when she had twenty or more members to speak to, not to exceed the allotted hour. She gave out the hymn with much animation, and sang it to an inspiriting tune. After the loss of sight, she often gave out the verses of an entire hymn from memory. Her first prayer seemed

to take us away from the scenes of recent interest, and to lift us into a higher and purer region; it was an act of true worship. At its conclusion, she liked us to unite with her in audibly repeating the Lord's Prayer.

On taking our seats, she related her own religious experience in impassioned strains, often with eyes tearful from strong emotion. It was usually of an exulting character; if a minor chord were ever touched, it was only a passing vibration. Sentiments of profound gratitude and love to God were mingled with those of deep self-abasement, and her countenance, often more especially in her later years, beamed with rapture.[1]

After this the usual dialogue commenced between leader and member, which brought her peculiar talents for dealing with varied experiences into exercise. She seemed to know by intuition the mood and temperament of each individual, when, as it not unfrequently happened, they were only expressed in two or three half-whispered words; and the most delicate hint informed her of special trial or temptation. Then appropriate advice followed, as from an overflowing fountain of love, wisdom, and goodness. On one occasion, one of her members, who was a great sufferer, feeling ill, begged to remain silent. Miss Lutton willingly consented, and addressing her, recommended her not to give way to a feeling of depression, etc. On asking her at the conclusion if the advice given had been suitable to her condition, and the reply being in the affirmative, Miss Lutton said, "The Lord told me the right thing to say."

It occasionally happened that some good old saint would indulge her loquacity in the class-room in a tedious recital of thoughts and feelings. In such a case Miss Lutton's tact interposed, and catching up some utterance, she would con-

[1] An attached member told me that she used to gaze with admiration on the radiant face of her leader, when her blindness prevented the earnest look from being remarked.

tinue it so skilfully that the member could scarcely tell where her own speech ended and the response of her leader commenced.

In this quiet hour, what fervent exhortations were given to abandonment of the soul to God, to "give *all* for *all*,"[1] to put on the beautiful garments of salvation! To be—

> "Bold to take up, firm to sustain
> The consecrated cross"!

What instruction concerning the practical duties of the Christian life! The counsel given was always encouraging, whilst faithful and uncompromising.

The following illustrations may be given of her striking mode of address. One who met in the class for twenty-three years supplies some of these recollections. On a member speaking of some depressing circumstances of the past week, it was said, "My dear friends, I was this morn-"ing in the conservatory, and there were some little plants "removed into the shade. They could not bear the sun; it "was not good for them." She was left to draw the parallel herself. To a member whose mind was harassed by the fear of coming trouble, she replied, "If the breeze ruffles "the foliage, do not say, 'There will be a storm.' My dear, "put your hand in His; He will lead you on."

Another member writes:—"There surely never was such a class-leader. I remember how she always wished me to sit by her; and she felt for me to know that I was at my place at her left hand, in the little vestry at Portland. How she cheered the gloomy and desponding, saying, 'Come 'up on the deck into the sunlight, and feel the fresh 'breezes blowing upon your cheek; do not stay in the 'stifling cabin, cooped up. Come out of it, and enjoy 'the freshness and life of the quarter-deck.'"

She occasionally altered the order of the meeting by

[1] Thomas à Kempis, *Imitation of Christ*, chap. xxvii. sec. 1.

substituting an address, which was always listened to with interest and pleasure. The concluding hymn was generally a short one, not unfrequently—

"Up unto Thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things rise."

Or—

"What now is my object and aim?
What now is my hope and desire?"

Miss Lutton preferred that the last prayer should be offered by one of the members; but she often found it difficult to induce them, especially the younger ones, to engage in prayer in her presence. No one would have joined in the act of devotion with less of the spirit of criticism; but notwithstanding this, many were unwilling to respond to her call.

The very judicious way in which she managed the financial business of her classes ought also to be named. Of a most liberal and generous spirit herself, she wished that her members should give to the support of the ministry according to their ability; but it was impossible to be more tender and considerate than she was in regard to those whose means were limited. For many years she paid in more than £100 a year from her classes.

She adopted an ingenious device for including an absent friend in the benefit of her class-meetings. This lady, who resided in Dublin, had written to Miss Lutton in a way that had deeply grieved her, and excited fears respecting the religious condition of the writer. Miss Lutton was at that time just beginning her Friday morning's class, and it occurred to her that a nominal membership in that class might be useful to her friend; so she thus proposes it:—"Last Friday was our first meeting at eleven. It was "very sweet. I think I shall look on you as a member of "that class till I see you in Dublin; and if you agree to

"this, then I shall require you, at that hour, on that day, "to go in private, search your heart, pray fervently for "grace, and we shall remember you here. I am afraid "one cause of your declension has been reading many works "of fiction. There are very few minds that can bear it; "perhaps the strongest suffer some loss by it."

A young friend who had been induced by her loving entreaties to join her class, says:—"As regards dearest Miss Lutton, I cannot describe to you what she was to me in those early days (twenty years ago),—friend, counsellor, mother, confessor, the very joy of my heart and life. I used to look forward to our class hour, and especially to the little private talks connected with it, as one of the happiest times in the week. Won by her warm-heartedness, we loved her with a love of devotion; hence she exercised a marvellous power for good over her members. She always seemed to take a special interest in the lambs of the flock."

Another member adds the following graphic record of counsel given out of the class-room:—"How many quiet little chats we have had! how much gentle advice I have received! She always began a little lecture by praising first, and then gradually telling me all that was in her heart; then at the end speaking soothingly, admitting all the good, and not glossing over the evil."

Another member says:—"One of the characteristics of Miss Lutton in meeting classes, which often struck the members, was the constant variety both in her experience and her prayers. There was always a freshness, which those who heard her speak from week to week could only attribute to a highly cultivated mind, in constant communion with the great spring of all spiritual life."

It is difficult to over-estimate the blank caused in the society by the loss of such a leader.

To the testimony of Miss Lutton's general character,

which will have been gathered from the preceding pages, must now be added a few extracts, longer or shorter, selected from the numerous letters which poured in upon me after her decease. The most lengthened is the following from the Rev. Paul Orchard :—

"For six years in succession I had the pleasure of visiting the late Miss Lutton. I was always warmly welcomed, and always found her cheerful, thankful, and happy. Neither age nor blindness seemed at all to interfere with a pure and constant faith, a holy and triumphant joy in Christ. On one or two occasions of great trial, she has spoken of the providence of God with a serenity and assurance charming to witness.

"She was fond of asking questions, especially on portions of Scripture which had been read to her, or on various ethical, doctrinal, or experimental subjects which had occupied her thoughts.[1] One was tempted almost to think sometimes that she was trying to gauge her interrogated friend, seeing that she herself was both learned and wise. But all was so good-humoured.

"Two or three points that specially struck me were :—

"1st. Her grateful appreciation of any attentions shown her. The lady with whom she lived, whose untiring devotion to her was shown to the last, was often spoken of with deep feeling; also the Rev. Charles Tucker, one of her own ministers, and some others.

"2d. Her thorough self-humiliation and self-surrender to

[1] *A propos* of this feature of Miss Lutton's conversation, I append two extracts from letters written by our late valued friend, the Rev. Nicholas Bishop, in 1873 :—

"I want to chat with you, and puzzle over those curious questions which Miss Lutton so frequently proposed."

"Tell Miss Lutton that I give her full liberty to ask me as many questions as she likes, metaphysical and otherwise. Of course I do not bind myself to answer them all."

Christ. She spoke of herself as 'a poor sinner,' 'unworthy.' Christ was her all in all. She did not, however, so enlarge on her unworthiness as to make one think she was making a merit of that; but she did pour out her soul in admiration and love of her Saviour. Of Him she could never say enough.

"3d. As she belonged to what was more immediately my pastoral charge while at Portland, I generally met her classes quarterly. I was struck with the style of her own remarks, the simplicity of a child, the warmth of one who 'loves much,' the elevation of the saint, expressed for the most part in the very words of Holy Scripture.

"4th. I do not remember ever hearing her speak a word against any one. She was a proficient in the lessons taught by St. Paul as to the 'charity that never faileth.' She reverenced ministers, 'esteeming them very highly in love for their work's sake.' While her own preferences as to preaching were strong and decided, she always found something to lead her to say, 'It was very good;' 'Plenty to profit if we will.'

"5th. She was indefatigable in her attendance on the public ordinances in her own chapel, Sunday and week-day, rough weather or calm, sunshine or rain, frost and snow, or what not. I have heard her say, 'I don't know 'what has come to people, that they can't go to chapel 'except in fine weather.'"

The following are from other ministers and friends:—

"Hers was truly a beautiful life, spent in doing good, and in influencing others for good."

"She spoke of going to heaven with the same glad anticipation as we would of an expected visit to some dear friend, whilst her face was all radiant with smiles."

"I shall much miss her wise counsel. I think her constant thanksgiving impressed me, and the beautiful humility of her mind."

"Her dedication was so entire and beautiful, no marvel that she had the 'Light of Life' ever with her; this was the great secret of her usefulness. What must heaven be to one who loved so much?"

"To me, during a long illness, it ever seemed a rich privilege to get her occasional visits. As I look back upon them, I am struck at the deep humility and child-like simplicity of her loving spirit. She seemed ever leaning on the bosom of her Lord."

"She had always a smile for those she loved, and deep and tender sympathy in times of sorrow and trouble. With regard to yourself, it always appeared to me that her whole aim and desire was, when in your presence, to give you pleasure and spare you anxiety; in fact, she appeared to live to give you happiness."

"Her character was altogether beautiful, I had almost said perfect. I have a reverence for her that I never felt in the same degree for any other. I admired her extraordinary gifts and attainments, blent with so much humble and true simplicity, her deep unassuming piety, and her rich experience and knowledge of the things of God."

"She was true-hearted, and one believed in her. Her unwearied cheerfulness was her strong point; she was not a gloomy Christian, but bright and intelligent, full of interest in others, with a keen insight into human character, sympathetic to a degree."

"Her exalted piety and entire consecration to her Saviour's cause, her holy life and beautiful character, her extraordinary gifts and energy, directed in daily dedication to her Lord, her love of Christ, so full, so flowing, so refreshing to others in her continual fellowship, her abilities as a leader of so many classes for so many years, ever stimulating and strengthening the experience of her numerous members, her attachment to the temple of our God,—for she loved 'the habitation of His house,' and

the prosperity of our Jerusalem certainly was her 'chief joy,'—and her radiant walk with God, encouraged the church of her choice to fuller enjoyment of Christian privileges, and your precious home was ever brightened by the pervading presence of that Divine Spirit whose joy in her soul's raptures seemed always to overflow."—*Rev. Josiah Pearson.*

I now commit these memorials to the Christian public, in the hope that they may lead others to follow in the footsteps of my sainted friend, and to lay upon God's altar the welcome sacrifice of a CONSECRATED LIFE.

THE END.

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